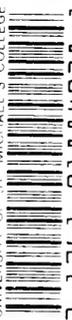


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THE
POETRY OF ARCHITECTURE

COTTAGE, VILLA, ETC.

TO WHICH IS ADDED SUGGESTIONS ON
WORKS OF ART

BY

“KATA PHUSIN”

CONJECTURED NOM-DE-PLUME OF

JOHN RUSKIN





The Old Water Wheel

St. Mark's Edition

THE
POETRY OF ARCHITECTURE
—
POEMS
—

GIOTTO AND HIS WORKS IN PADUA

BY
JOHN RUSKIN



With Illustrations

BOSTON
DANA ESTES & COMPANY
SUCCESSORS TO ESTES & LAURIAT
PUBLISHERS

St. Mark's Edition.

Limited to One Thousand Copies, of which this is

No. 344.....



64 15

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THE POETRY
OF
ARCHITECTURE.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Science of Architecture, followed out to its full extent, is one of the noblest of those which have reference only to the creations of human minds. It is not merely a science of the rule and compass, it does not consist only in the observation of just rule, or of fair proportion: it is, or ought to be, a science of feeling more than of rule, a ministry to the mind, more than to the eye. If we consider how much less the beauty and majesty of a building depend upon its pleasing certain prejudices of the eye, than upon its rousing certain trains of meditation in the mind, it will show in a moment how many intricate questions of feeling are involved in the raising of an edifice; it will convince us of the truth of a proposition, which might at first have appeared startling, that no man can be an architect, who is not a metaphysician.

To the illustration of the department of this noble science which may be designated the Poetry of Architecture, this and some future articles will be dedicated. It is this peculiarity of the art which constitutes its nationality; and it will be found as interesting as it is useful, to trace in the distinctive characters of the architecture of nations, not only its adaptation to the situation and climate in which it has arisen, but its strong similarity to, and connection with, the prevailing

turn of mind by which the nation who first employed it is distinguished.

I consider the task I have imposed upon myself the more necessary, because this department of the science, perhaps regarded by some who have no ideas beyond stone and mortar as chimerical, and by others who think nothing necessary but truth and proportion as useless, is at a miserably low ebb in England. And what is the consequence? We have Corinthian columns placed beside pilasters of no order at all, surmounted by monstrosified pepper-boxes, Gothic in form and Grecian in detail, in a building nominally and peculiarly national; we have Swiss cottages, falsely and calumniously so entitled, dropped in the brick-fields around the metropolis; and we have staring, square-windowed, flat-roofed gentlemen's seats, of the lath and plaster, mock-magnificent, Regent's Park description, rising on the woody promontories of Derwent Water.

How deeply is it to be regretted, how much is it to be wondered at, that, in a country whose school of painting, though degraded by its system of meretricious colouring, and disgraced by hosts of would-be imitators of inimitable individuals, is yet raised by the distinguished talent of those individuals to a place of well-deserved honour; and the studios of whose sculptors are filled with designs of the most pure simplicity, and most perfect animation; the school of architecture should be so miserably debased!

There are, however, many reasons for a fact so lamentable. In the first place, the patrons of architecture (I am speaking of all classes of buildings, from the lowest to the highest,) are a more numerous and less capable class than those of painting. The general public, and I say it with sorrow, because I know it from observation, have little to do with the encouragement of the school of painting, beyond the power which they unquestionably possess, and unmercifully use, of compelling our artists to substitute glare for beauty. Observe the direction of public taste at any of our exhibitions. We see visitors, at that of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, passing Taylor with anathemas and Lewis with indifference, to remain in reverence and admiration before certain amiable white

lamps and water-lilies, whose artists shall be nameless. We see them, in the Royal Academy, passing by Wilkie, Turner, and Calcott, with shrugs of doubt or of scorn, to fix in gazing and enthusiastic crowds upon kettles-full of witches, and His Majesty's ships so and so lying to in a gale, &c., &c. But these pictures attain no celebrity because the public admire them, for it is not to the public that the judgment is intrusted. It is by the chosen few, by our nobility and men of taste and talent, that the decision is made, the fame bestowed, and the artist encouraged. Not so in architecture. There, the power is generally diffused. Every citizen may box himself up in as barbarous a tenement as suits his taste or inclination; the architect is his vassal, and must permit him not only to criticise, but to perpetrate. The palace or the nobleman's seat may be raised in good taste, and become the admiration of a nation; but the influence of their owner is terminated by the boundary of his estate; he has no command over the adjacent scenery, and the possessor of every thirty acres around him has him at his mercy. The streets of our cities are examples of the effects of this clashing of different tastes; and they are either remarkable for the utter absence of all attempt at embellishment, or disgraced by every variety of abomination.

Again, in a climate like ours, those few who have knowledge and feeling to distinguish what is beautiful, are frequently prevented by various circumstances from erecting it. John Bull's comfort perpetually interferes with his good taste, and I should be the first to lament his losing so much of his nationality, as to permit the latter to prevail. He cannot put his windows into a recess, without darkening his rooms; he cannot raise a narrow gable above his walls, without knocking his head against the rafters; and, worst of all, he cannot do either, without being stigmatized by the awful, inevitable epithet, of "a very odd man." But, though much of the degradation of our present school of architecture is owing to the want or the unfitness of patrons, surely it is yet more attributable to a lamentable deficiency of taste and talent among our architects themselves. It is true, that in a country affording so little encouragement, and presenting so many

causes for its absence, it cannot be expected that we should have any Michael Angelo Buonarottis. The energy of our architects is expended in raising, "neat" poor-houses, and "pretty" charity schools; and, if they ever enter upon a work of a higher rank, economy is the order of the day: plaster and stucco are substituted for granite and marble; rods of splashed iron for columns of verd-antique; and, in the wild struggle after novelty, the fantastic is mistaken for the graceful, the complicated for the imposing, superfluity of ornament for beauty, and its total absence for simplicity.

But all these disadvantages might in some degree be counteracted, and all these abuses in a great degree prevented, were it not for the slight attention paid by our architects to that branch of the art which I have above designated as the Poetry of Architecture. All unity of feeling (which is the first principle of good taste) is neglected; we see nothing but incongruous combination: we have pinnacles without height, windows without light, columns with nothing to sustain, and buttresses with nothing to support. We have parish paupers smoking their pipes and drinking their beer under Gothic arches and sculptured niches; and quiet old English gentlemen reclining on crocodile stools, and peeping out of the windows of Swiss chalets.

I shall attempt, therefore, to endeavour to illustrate the principle from the neglect of which these abuses have arisen; that of unity of feeling, the basis of all grace, the essence of all beauty. We shall consider the architecture of nations as it is influenced by their feelings and manners, as it is connected with the scenery in which it is found, and with the skies under which it was erected; we shall be led as much to the street and the cottage as to the temple and the tower; and shall be more interested in buildings raised by feeling, than in those corrected by rule. We shall commence with the lower class of edifices, proceeding from the road-side to the village, and from the village to the city; and, if we succeed in directing the attention of a single individual more directly to this most interesting department of the science of architecture, we shall not have written in vain.

THE COTTAGE.

1. *The Lowland Cottage.—England and France.*

OF all embellishments by which the efforts of man can enhance the beauty of natural scenery, those are the most effective which can give animation to the scene, while the spirit which they bestow is in unison with its general character. It is generally desirable to indicate the presence of animated existence in a scene of natural beauty ; but only of such existence as shall be imbued with the spirit, and shall partake of the essence, of the beauty, which, without it, would be dead. If our object, therefore, is to embellish a scene the character of which is peaceful and unpretending, we must not erect a building fit for the abode of wealth or pride. However beautiful or imposing in itself, such an object immediately indicates the presence of a kind of existence unsuited to the scenery which it inhabits ; and of a mind which, when it sought retirement, was unacquainted with its own ruling feelings, and which consequently excites no sympathy in ours ; but, if we erect a dwelling which may appear adapted to the wants, and sufficient for the comfort, of a gentle heart and lowly mind, we have instantly attained our object : we have bestowed animation, but we have not disturbed repose.

It is for this reason that the cottage is one of the embellishments of natural scenery which deserve attentive consideration. It is beautiful always, and everywhere ; whether looking out of the woody dingle with its eye-like window, and sending up the motion of azure smoke between the silver trunks of aged trees ; or grouped among the bright cornfields of the fruitful plain ; or forming grey clusters along the slope of the mountain side, the cottage always gives the idea of a thing to be beloved : a quiet life-giving voice, that is as peaceful as silence itself.

With these feelings, we shall devote some time to the con-

sideration of the prevailing characters, and national peculiarities, of European cottages. The principal thing worthy of observation in the lowland cottage of England is its finished neatness. The thatch is firmly pegged down, and mathematically leveled at the edges; and, though the martin is permitted to attach his humble domicile, in undisturbed security, to the eaves, he may be considered as enhancing the effect of the cottage, by increasing its usefulness, and making it contribute to the comfort of more beings than one. The white-wash is stainless, and its rough surface catches a side light as brightly as a front one: the luxuriant rose is trained gracefully over the window; and the gleaming lattice, divided not into heavy squares, but into small pointed diamonds, is thrown half open, as is just discovered by its glance among the green leaves of the sweetbrier, to admit the breeze, that, as it passes over the flowers, becomes full of their fragrance. The light wooden porch breaks the flat of the cottage face by its projection; and a branch or two of wandering honeysuckle spread over the low hatch. A few square feet of garden, and a latched wicket, persuading the weary and dusty pedestrian, with expressive eloquence, to lean upon it for an instant, and request a drink of water or milk, complete a picture, which, if it be far enough from London to be unspoiled by town sophistications, is a very perfect thing in its way. The ideas it awakens are agreeable; and the architecture is all that we want in such a situation. It is pretty and appropriate; and, if it boasted of any other perfection, it would be at the expense of its propriety.

Let us now cross the Channel, and endeavour to find a country cottage on the other side, if we can; for it is a difficult matter. There are many villages; but such a thing as an isolated cottage is extremely rare. Let us try one or two of the green valleys among the chalk eminences which sweep from Abbeville to Rouen. Here is a cottage at last, and a picturesque one, which is more than we could say for the English domicile. What, then, is the difference? There is a general air of *nonchalance* about the French peasant's habitation, which is aided by a perfect want of everything like neatness:

and rendered more conspicuous by some points about the building which have a look of neglected beauty, and obliterated ornament. Half of the whitewash is worn off, and the other half coloured by various mosses and wandering lichens, which have been permitted to vegetate upon it, and which, though beautiful, constitute a kind of beauty from which the ideas of age and decay are inseparable. The tall roof of the garret window stands fantastically out; and underneath it, where, in England, we had a plain double lattice, is a deep recess, flatly arched at the top, built of solid masses of grey stone, fluted on the edge; while the brightness of the glass within (if there be any) is lost in shade, causing the recess to appear to the observer like a dark eye. The door has the same character: it is also of stone, which is so much broken and disguised as to prevent it from giving any idea of strength or stability. The entrance is always open: no roses, or anything else, are wreathed about it; several out-houses, built in the same style, give the building extent; and the group (in all probability, the dependency of some large old château in the distance) does not peep out of copse, or thicket, or a group of tall and beautiful trees, but stands comfortlessly between two individuals of the column of long-trunked fac-simile elms, which keep guard along the length of the public road.

Now, let it be observed how perfectly, how singularly the distinctive characters of these two cottages agree with those of the countries in which they are built; and of the people for whose use they are constructed. England is a country whose every scene is in miniature. Its green valleys are not wide; its dewy hills are not high; its forests are of no extent, or, rather, it has nothing that can pretend to a more sounding title than that of "wood." Its champaigns are minutely chequered into fields: we never can see far at a time; and there is a sense of something inexpressible, except by the truly English word, "snug," in every quiet nook and sheltered lane. The English cottage, therefore, is equally small, equally sheltered, equally invisible at a distance.

But France is a country on a large scale. Low, but long, hills sweep away for miles into vast uninterrupted cham-

paigns ; immense forests shadow the country for hundreds of square miles, without once letting through the light of day ; its pastures and arable land are divided on the same scale ; there are no fences ; we can hardly place ourselves in any spot where we shall not see for leagues around ; and there is a kind of comfortless sublimity in the size of every scene. The French cottage, therefore, is on the same scale, equally large and desolate-looking ; but we shall see, presently, that it can arouse feelings which, though they cannot be said to give it sublimity, yet are of a higher order than any which can be awakened at the sight of the English cottage.

Again, every bit of cultivated ground in England has a finished neatness ; the fields are all divided by hedges or fences ; the fruit trees are neatly pruned, the roads beautifully made, &c. Everything is the reverse in France : the fields are distinguished by the nature of the crops they bear ; the fruit trees are overgrown with moss and mistletoe ; and the roads immeasurably wide, and miserably made.

So much for the character of the two cottages, as they assimilate with the countries in which they are found. Let us now see how they assimilate with the character of the people by whom they are built. England is a country of perpetually increasing prosperity and active enterprise ; but, for that very reason, nothing is allowed to remain till it gets old. Large old trees are cut down for timber ; old houses are pulled down for the materials ; and old furniture is laughed at and neglected. Everything is perpetually altered and renewed by the activity of invention and improvement. The cottage, consequently, has no dilapidated look about it ; it is never suffered to get old ; it is used as long as it is comfortable, and then taken down and rebuilt ; for it was originally raised in a style incapable of resisting the ravages of time. But, in France, there prevail two opposite feelings, both in the extreme : that of the old-pedigreed population, which preserves unlimitedly ; and that of the modern revolutionists, which destroys unmercifully. Every object has partly the appearance of having been preserved with infinite care from an indefinite age, and partly exhibits the evidence of recent ill-treatment and disfig-

uration. Primeval forests rear their vast trunks over those of many younger generations growing up beside them ; the château or the palace, showing, by its style of architecture, its venerable age, bears the marks of the cannon ball, and, from neglect, is withering into desolation. Little is renewed : there is little spirit of improvement ; and the customs which prevailed centuries ago are still taught by the patriarchs of the families to their grandchildren. The French cottage, therefore, is just such as we should have expected from the disposition of its inhabitants : its massive windows, its broken ornaments, its whole air and appearance, all tell the same tale of venerable age, respected and preserved, till at last its dilapidation wears an appearance of neglect. Again, the Englishman will sacrifice everything to comfort, and will not only take great pains to secure it, but he has generally also the power of doing so ; for the English peasant is, on the average, wealthier than the French. The French peasant has no idea of comfort, and, therefore, makes no effort to secure it. This difference in the character of their inhabitants is, as we have seen, written on the fronts of the respective cottages. The Englishman is, also, fond of display ; but the ornaments, exterior and interior, with which he adorns his dwelling, however small it may be, are either to show the extent of his possessions, or to contribute to some personal profit or gratification : they never seem designed for the sake of ornament alone. Thus, his wife's love of display is shown by the rows of useless crockery in her cupboard ; and his own by the rose tree at the front door, from which he may obtain an early bud to stick in the button-hole of his best blue coat on Sundays : the honeysuckle is cultivated for its smell, the garden for its cabbages. Not so in France. There, the meanest peasant, with an equal or greater love of display, embellishes his dwelling as much as lies in his power, solely for the gratification of his feeling of what is agreeable to the eye. The gable of his roof is prettily shaped ; the niche at its corner is richly carved ; the wooden beams, if there be any, are fashioned into grotesque figures ; and even the "air négligé" and general dilapidation of the building tell a thousand times

more agreeably to an eye accustomed to the picturesque than the spruce preservation of the English cottage.

No building which we feel to excite a sentiment of mere complacency can be said to be in good taste. On the contrary, when the building is of such a class, that it can neither astonish by its beauty, nor impress by its sublimity, and when it is likewise placed in a situation so uninteresting as to render something more than mere fitness or propriety necessary, and to compel the eye to expect something from the building itself, a gentle contrast of feeling in that building is exceedingly desirable; and, if possible, a sense that something has passed away, the presence of which would have bestowed a deeper interest on the whole scene. The fancy will immediately try to recover this, and, in the endeavour, will obtain the desired effect from an indefinite cause.

Now, the French cottage cannot please by its propriety, for it can only be adapted to the ugliness around; and, as it ought to be, and cannot but be, adapted to this, it is still less able to please by its beauty. How, then, can it please? There is no pretence to gaiety in its appearance, no green flower-pots in ornamental lattices; but the substantial style of any ornaments it may possess, the recessed windows, the stone carvings, and the general size of the whole, unite to produce an impression of the building having once been fit for the residence of prouder inhabitants; of its having once possessed strength, which is now withered, and beauty, which is now faded. This sense of something lost; something which has been, and is not, is precisely what is wanted. The imagination is set actively to work in an instant; and we are made aware of the presence of a beauty, the more pleasing because visionary; and, while the eye is pitying the actual humility of the present building, the mind is admiring the imagined pride of the past. Every mark of dilapidation increases this feeling; while these very marks (the fractures of the stone, the lichens of the mouldering wall, and the graceful lines of the sinking roof) are all delightful in themselves.

Thus, we have shown that, while the English cottage is pretty from its propriety, the French cottage, having the same

connexion with its climate, country, and people, produces such a contrast of feeling as bestows on it a beauty addressing itself to the mind, and is therefore in perfectly good taste. If we are asked why, in this instance, good taste produces only what every traveller feels to be not in the least striking, we reply that, where the surrounding circumstances are unfavourable, the very adaptation to them which we have declared to be necessary renders the building uninteresting; and that, in the next paper, we shall see a very different result from the operations of equally good taste in adapting a cottage to its situation, in one of the noblest districts of Europe. Our subject will be, the Lowland Cottage of North Italy.

Oxford, Sept., 1837.

II. *The Lowland Cottage.—Italy.*

“Most musical, most melancholy.”

LET it not be thought that we are unnecessarily detaining our readers from the proposed subject, if we premise a few remarks on the character of the landscape of the country we have now entered. It will always be necessary to obtain some definite knowledge of the distinctive features of a country, before we can form a just estimate of the beauties or the errors of its architecture. We wish our readers to imbue themselves as far as may be with the spirit of the clime which we are now entering; to cast away all general ideas; to look only for unison of feeling, and to pronounce everything wrong which is contrary to the *humours* of nature. We must make them feel where they are; we must throw a peculiar light and colour over their imaginations; then we will bring their judgment into play, for then it will be capable of just operation.

We have passed, it must be observed (in leaving England and France for Italy), from comfort to desolation; from excitement to sadness: we have left one country prosperous in its prime, and another frivolous in its age, for one glorious in its death.

Now, we have prefixed the hackneyed line of *Il Penseroso* to our paper, because it is a definition of the essence of the beautiful. What is most musical will always be found most melancholy; and no real beauty can be obtained without a touch of sadness. Whenever the beautiful loses its melancholy, it degenerates into prettiness. We appeal to the memories of all our observing readers, whether they have treasured up any scene, pretending to be more than pretty, which has not about it either a tinge of melancholy or a sense of danger: the one constitutes the beautiful, the other the sublime.

This postulate being granted, as we are sure it will by most (and we beg to assure those who are refractory or argumentative, that, were this a treatise on the sublime and beautiful, we could convince and quell their incredulity to their entire satisfaction by innumerable instances), we proceed to remark here, once for all, that the principal glory of the Italian landscape is its extreme melancholy. It is fitting that it should be so: the dead are the nations of Italy; her name and her strength are dwelling with the pale nations underneath the earth; the chief and chosen boast of her utmost pride is the *hic jacet*; she is but one wide sepulchre, and all her present life is like a shadow or a memory. And, therefore, or, rather, by a most beautiful coincidence, her national tree is the cypress; and whoever has marked the peculiar character which these noble shadowy spires can give to her landscape, lifting their majestic troops of waving darkness from beside the fallen column, or out of the midst of the silence of the shadowed temple and worshipless shrine, seen far and wide over the blue of the faint plain, without loving the dark trees for their sympathy with the sadness of Italy's sweet cemetery shore, is one who profanes her soil with his footsteps. Every part of the landscape is in unison; the same glory of mourning is thrown over the whole; the deep blue of the heavens is mingled with that of the everlasting hills, or melted away into the silence of the sapphire sea; the pale cities, temple and tower, lie gleaming along the champaign; but how calmly! no hum of men; no motion of multitude in the

midst of them ; they are voiceless as the city of ashes. The transparent air is gentle among the blossoms of the orange and the dim leaves of the olive ; and the small fountains, which, in any other land, would spring merrily along, sparkling and singing among tinkling pebbles, here flow calmly and silently into some pale font of marble, all beautiful with life, worked by some unknown hand, long ago nerveless, and fall and pass on among wan flowers, and scented copse, through cool leaf-lighted caves or grey Egerian grottos, to join the Tiber or Eridanus, to swell the waves of Nemi, or the Larian Lake. The most minute objects (leaf, flower, and stone), while they add to the beauty, seem to share in the sadness of the whole.

But, if one principal character of Italian landscape is melancholy, another is elevation. We have no simple rusticity of scene, no cowslip and buttercup humility of seclusion. Tall mulberry trees, with festoons of the luxuriant vine, purple with ponderous clusters, trailed and trellised between and over them, shade the wide fields of stately Indian corn ; luxuriance of lofty vegetation (catalpa, and aloe, and olive), ranging itself in lines of massy light along the wan champaign, guides the eye away to the unfailing wall of mountain, Alp or Apennine no cold long range of shivery grey, but dazzling light of snow, or undulating breadth of blue, fainter and darker in infinite variety ; peak, precipice, and promontory passing away into the wooded hills, each with its tower or white village sloping into the plain ; castellated battlements cresting their undulations ; some wide majestic river gliding along the champaign, the bridge on its breast and the city on its shore ; the whole canopied with cloudless azure, basking in mistless sunshine, breathing the silence of odoriferous air. Now comes the question. In a country of this pomp of natural glory, tempered with melancholy memory of departed pride, what are we to wish for, what are we naturally to expect, in the character of her most humble edifices ; those which are most connected with present life, least with the past ? What are we to consider fitting or beautiful in her cottage ?

We do not expect it to be comfortable, when everything

around it betokens decay and desolation in the works of man. We do not wish it to be neat, where nature is most beautiful because neglected. But we naturally look for an elevation of character, a richness of design or form, which, while the building is kept a cottage, may yet give it a peculiar air of cottage aristocracy; a beauty (no matter how dilapidated) which may appear to have been once fitted for the surrounding splendour of scene and climate. Now, let us fancy an Italian cottage before us. The reader who has travelled in Italy will find little difficulty in recalling one to his memory, with its broad lines of light and shadow, and its strange, but not unpleasing mixture of grandeur and desolation. Let us examine its details, enumerate its architectural peculiarities, and see how far it agrees with our preconceived idea of what the cottage ought to be?

The first remarkable point of the building is the roof. It generally consists of tiles of very deep curvature, which rib it into distinct vertical lines, giving it a far more agreeable surface than that of our flatter tiling. The *form* of the roof, however, is always excessively flat, so as never to let it intrude upon the eye; and the consequence is, that, while an English village, seen at a distance, appears all red roof, the Italian is all white wall; and, therefore, though always bright, is never gaudy. We have in these roofs an excellent example of what should always be kept in mind, that everything will be found beautiful, which climate or situation render useful. The strong and constant heat of the Italian sun would be intolerable if admitted at the windows; and, therefore, the edges of the roof project far over the walls, and throw long shadows downwards, so as to keep the upper windows constantly cool. These long oblique shadows on the white surface are always delightful, and are alone sufficient to give the building character. They are peculiar to the buildings of Spain and Italy; for owing to the general darker colour of those of more northerly climates, the shadows of their roofs, however far thrown, do not tell distinctly, and render them, not varied, but gloomy. Another ornamental use of these shadows is, that they break the line of junction of the wall with the roof: a

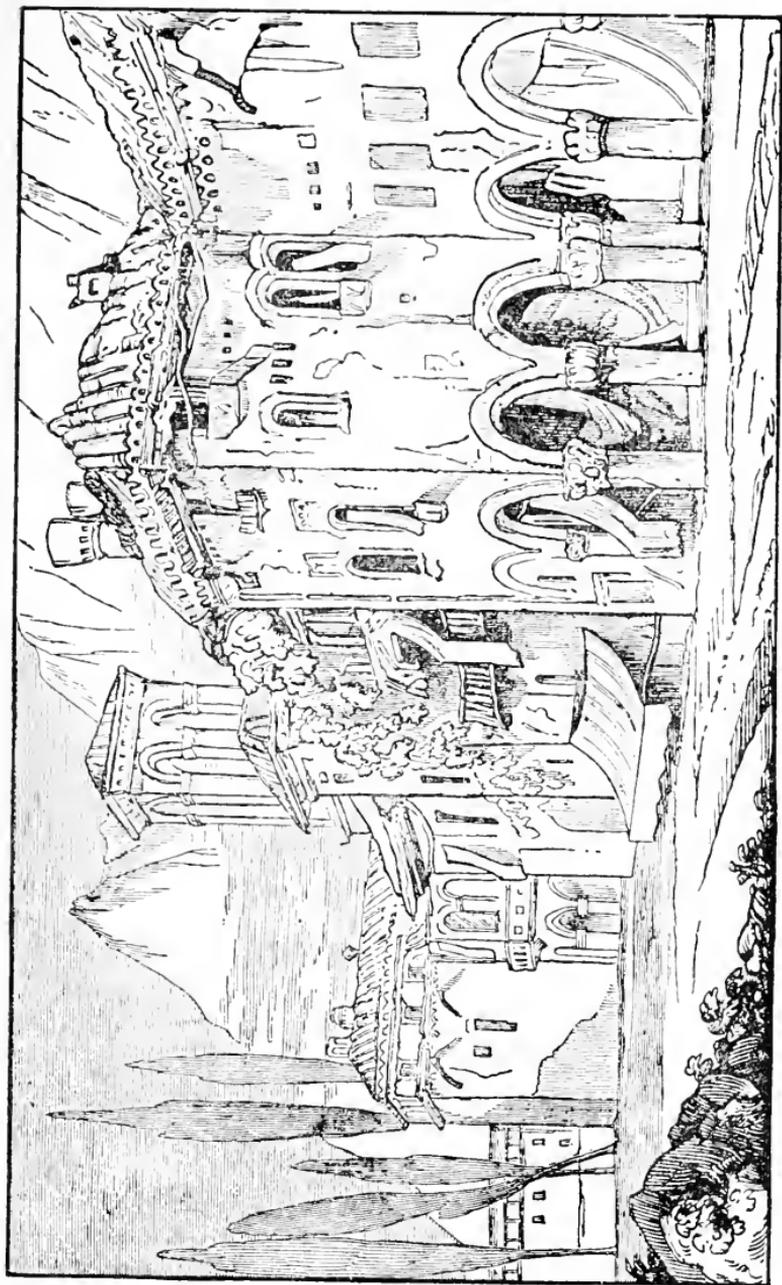


FIG. 1.

point always desirable, and in every kind of building, whether we have to do with lead, slate, tile, or thatch, one of extreme difficulty. This object is farther forwarded in the Italian cottage, by putting two or three windows up under the very eaves themselves, which is also done for coolness, so that their tops are formed by the roof; and the wall has the appearance of having been terminated by large battlements, and roofed over. And, finally, the eaves are seldom kept long on the same level: double or treble rows of tiling are introduced; long sticks and irregular woodwork are occasionally attached to them, to assist the festoons of the vines; and the graceful irregularity and marked character of the whole; must be dwelt on with equal delight by the eye of the poet, the artist, or the unprejudiced architect. All, however, is exceedingly humble; we have not yet met with the elevation of character we expected. We shall find it, however, as we proceed.

The next point of interest is the window. The modern Italian is completely owl-like in his habits. All the daytime, he lies idle and inert; but during the night he is all activity; but it is mere activity of inoccupation. Idleness, partly induced by the temperature of the climate, and partly consequent on the decaying prosperity of the nation, leaves indications of its influence on all his undertakings. He prefers patching up a ruin to building a house; he raises shops and hovels, the abodes of inactive, vegetating, brutish poverty, under the protection of the aged and ruined, yet stalwart, arches of the Roman amphitheatre; and the habitations of the lower orders frequently present traces of ornament and stability of material evidently belonging to the remains of a prouder edifice. This is the case sometimes to such a degree as, in another country, would be disagreeable from its impropriety; but, in Italy, it corresponds with the general prominence of the features of a past age, and is always beautiful. Thus, the eye rests with delight on the broken mouldings of the windows, and the sculptured capitals of the corner columns, contrasted, as they are, the one with the glassless blackness within, the other with the ragged and dirty confusion of drapery around. The Italian window, in general, is a mere

hole in the thick wall, always well proportioned ; occasionally arched at the top, sometimes with the addition of a little rich ornament ; seldom, if ever, having any casement or glass, but filled up with any bit of striped or colored cloth, which may have the slightest chance of deceiving the distant observer into the belief that it is a legitimate blind. This keeps off the sun, and allows a free circulation of air, which is the great object. When it is absent, the window becomes a mere black hole, having much the same relation to a glazed window that the hollow of a skull has to a bright eye ; not unexpressive, but frowning and ghastly, and giving a disagreeable impression of utter emptiness and desolation within. Yet there is character in them : the black dots tell agreeably on the walls at a distance, and have no disagreeable sparkle to disturb the repose of surrounding scenery. Besides, the temperature renders everything agreeable to the eye, which gives it an idea of ventilation. A few roughly constructed balconies, projecting from detached windows, usually break the uniformity of the wall. In some Italian cottages there are wooden galleries, resembling those so frequently seen in Switzerland ; but this is not a very general character, except in the mountain valleys of North Italy, although sometimes a passage is effected from one projecting portion of a house to another by means of an exterior gallery. These are very delightful objects ; and, when shaded by luxuriant vines, which is frequently the case, impart a gracefulness to the building otherwise unattainable.

The next striking point is the arcade at the base of the building. This is general in cities ; and, though frequently wanting to the cottage, is present often enough to render it an important feature. In fact, the Italian cottage is usually found in groups. Isolated buildings are rare ; and the arcade affords an agreeable, if not necessary shade in passing from one building to another. It is a still more unfailling feature of the Swiss city, where it is useful in deep snow. But the supports of the arches in Switzerland are generally square masses of wall, varying in size, separating the arches by irregular intervals, and sustained by broad and massy buttresses ; while, in Italy, the arches generally rest on legitimate columns,

varying in height from one and a half to four diameters, with huge capitals, not unfrequently rich in detail. These give great gracefulness to the buildings in groups: they will be spoken of more at large when we are treating of arrangement and situation.

The square tower, rising over the roof of the farther cottage, will not escape observation. It has been allowed to remain, not because such elevated buildings ever belong to mere cottages, but, first, that the truth of the scene might not be destroyed; and, secondly, because it is impossible, or nearly so, to obtain a group of buildings of any sort, in Italy, without one or more such objects rising behind them, beautifully contributing to destroy the monotony, and contrast with the horizontal lines of the flat roofs and square walls. We think it right, therefore, to give the cottage the relief and contrast which, in reality, it possessed, even though we are at present speaking of it in the abstract.

Having now reviewed the distinctive parts of the Italian cottage in detail, we shall proceed to direct our attention to points of general character. 1. Simplicity of form. The roof, being flat, allows of no projecting garret windows, no fantastic gable ends: the walls themselves are equally flat; no bow-windows or sculptured oriel, such as we meet with perpetually in Germany, France or the Netherlands, vary their white fronts. Now, this simplicity is, perhaps, the principal attribute by which the Italian cottage attains the elevation of character we desired and expected. All that is fantastic in form, or frivolous in detail, annihilates the aristocratic air of a building: it at once destroys its sublimity and size, besides awakening, as is almost always the case, associations of a mean and low character. The moment we see a gable roof, we think of cocklofts; the instant we observe a projecting window, of attics and tent-bedsteads. Now the Italian cottage assumes, with the simplicity, *l'air noble* of buildings of a higher order; and, though it avoids all ridiculous miniature mimicry of the palace, it discards the humbler attributes of the cottage. The ornament it assumes is dignified: no grinning faces, or unmeaning notched planks, but well-propor-

tioned arches, or tastefully sculptured columns. While there is nothing about it unsuited to the humility of its inhabitant, there is a general dignity in its air, which harmonises beautifully with the nobility of the neighbouring edifices, or the glory of the surrounding scenery.

2. Brightness of effect. There are no weather stains on the wall; there is no dampness in air or earth, by which they could be induced; the heat of the sun scorches away all lichens, and mosses, and mouldy vegetation. No thatch or stone crop on the roof unites the building with surrounding vegetation; all is clear, and warm, and sharp on the eye; the more distant the building, the more generally bright it becomes, till the distant village sparkles out of the orange copse, or the cypress grove, with so much distinctness as might be thought in some degree objectionable. But it must be remembered that the prevailing colour of Italian landscape is blue; sky, hills, water, are equally azure: the olive, which forms a great proportion of the vegetation, is not green, but grey; the cypress, and its varieties, dark and neutral, and the laurel and myrtle far from bright. Now, white, which is intolerable with green, is agreeable contrasted with blue; and to this cause it must be ascribed that the white of the Italian building is not found startling or disagreeable in the landscape. That it is not, we believe, will be generally allowed.

3. Elegance of feeling. We never can prevent ourselves from imagining that we perceive, in the graceful negligence of the Italian cottage, the evidence of a taste among the lower orders refined by the glory of their land, and the beauty of its remains. We have always had strong faith in the influence of climate on the mind, and feel strongly tempted to discuss the subject at length; but our paper has already exceeded its proposed limits, and we must content ourselves with remarking what will not, we think, be disputed, that the eye, by constantly resting either on natural scenery of noble tone and character, or on the architectural remains of classical beauty, must contract a habit of feeling correctly and tastefully; the influence of which, we think, is seen in the style of edifices the most modern and the most humble.

Lastly, Dilapidation. We have just used the term "graceful negligence:" whether it be graceful, or not, is a matter of taste; but the uncomfortable and ruinous disorder and dilapidation of the Italian cottage is one of observation. The splendour of the climate requires nothing more than shade from the sun, and occasionally shelter from a violent storm: the outer arcade affords them both: it becomes the nightly lounge and daily dormitory of its inhabitant, and the interior is abandoned to filth and decay. Indolence watches the tooth of Time with careless eye and nerveless hand. Religion, or its abuse, reduces every individual of the population to utter inactivity three days out of the seven; and the habits formed in the three regulate the four. Abject poverty takes away the power, while brutish sloth weakens the will; and the filthy habits of the Italian prevent him from suffering from the state to which he is reduced. The shattered roofs, the dark, confused, ragged windows, the obscure chambers, the tattered and dirty draperies, altogether present a picture which, seen too near, is sometimes revolting to the eye, always melancholy to the mind. Yet even this many would not wish to be otherwise. The prosperity of nations, as of individuals, is cold, and hardhearted, and forgetful. The dead die, indeed, trampled down by the crowd of the living; the place thereof shall know them no more, for that place is not in the hearts of the survivors for whose interest they have made way. But adversity and ruin point to the sepulchre, and it is not trodden on; to the chronicle, and it doth not decay. Who would substitute the rush of a new nation, the struggle of an awakening power, for the dreamy sleep of Italy's desolation, for her sweet silence of melancholy thought, her twilight time of everlasting memories?

Such, we think, are the principal distinctive attributes of the Italian cottage. Let it not be thought that we are wasting time in the contemplation of its beauties; even though they are of a kind which the architect can never imitate, because he has no command over time, and no choice of situation; and which he ought not to imitate, if he could, because they are only locally desirable or admirable. Our object, let

it always be remembered, is not the attainment of architectural data, but the formation of taste.

October 12, 1837.

III. *The Mountain Cottage.—Switzerland.*

IN the three instances of the lowland cottage which have been already considered, are included the chief peculiarities of style which are interesting or important. I have not, it is true, spoken of the carved oaken gable and shadowy roof of the Norman village; of the black crossed rafters and fantastic projections which delight the eyes of the German; nor of the Moorish arches and confused galleries which mingle so magnificently with the inimitable fretwork of the grey temples of the Spaniard. But these are not peculiarities solely belonging to the cottage: they are found in buildings of a higher order, and seldom, unless where they are combined with other features. They are therefore rather to be considered, in future, as elements of street effect, than, now, as the peculiarities of independent buildings. My remarks on the Italian cottage might, indeed, be applied, were it not for the constant presence of Moorish feeling, to that of Spain. The architecture of the two nations is intimately connected: modified, in Italy, by the taste of the Roman; and, in Spain, by the fanciful creations of the Moor. When I am considering the fortress and the palace, I shall be compelled to devote a very large share of my attention to Spain; but, for characteristic examples of the cottage, I turn rather to Switzerland and England. Preparatory, therefore, to a few general remarks on modern ornamental cottages, it will be instructive to observe the peculiarities of two varieties of the mountain cottage, diametrically opposite to each other in most of their features; one always beautiful, and the other frequently so.

First, for Helvetia. Well do I remember the thrilling and exquisite moment when first, first in my life (which had not been over long), I encountered, in a calm and shadowy dingle, darkened with the thick spreading of tall pines, and voiceful

with the singing of a rock-encumbered stream, and passing up towards the flank of a smooth green mountain, whose swarded summit shone in the summer snow like an emerald set in silver ; when, I say, I first encountered in this calm defile of the Jura, the unobtrusive, yet beautiful, front of the Swiss cottage. I thought it the loveliest piece of architecture I had ever had the felicity of contemplating ; yet it was nothing in itself, nothing but a few mossy fir trunks, loosely nailed together, with one or two grey stones on the roof : but its power was the power of association ; its beauty, that of fitness and humility.

How different is this from what modern architects erect, when they attempt to produce what is, by courtesy, called a Swiss cottage. The modern building known in Britain by that name has very long chimneys (see Fig. 2), covered with various exceedingly ingenious devices for the convenient reception and hospitable entertainment of soot, supposed by the innocent and deluded proprietor to be "meant for ornament." Its gable roof slopes at an acute angle, and terminates in an interesting and romantic manner, at each extremity, in a tooth-pick. Its walls

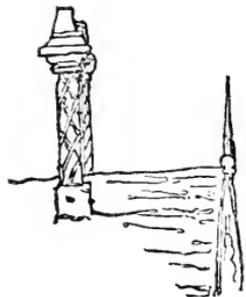


FIG. 2.

are very precisely and prettily plastered ; and it is rendered quite complete by the addition of two neat little bow-windows, supported on neat little mahogany brackets, full of neat little squares of red and yellow glass. Its door is approached under a neat little veranda, "uncommon green," and is flanked on each side by a neat little round table, with all its legs of different lengths, and by a variety of neat little wooden chairs, all very peculiarly uncomfortable, and amazingly full of earwigs : the whole being surrounded by a garden full of flints, burnt bricks, and cinders, with some water in the middle, and a fountain in the middle of it, which won't play ; accompanied by some goldfish, which won't swim ; and by two or three ducks, which will splash. Now, I am excessively sorry to inform the members of any respectable English family, who are

making themselves uncomfortable in one of these ingenious conceptions, under the idea that they are living in a Swiss cottage, that they labour under a melancholy deception; and shall now proceed to investigate the peculiarities of the real building.

The life of a Swiss peasant is divided into two periods; that in which he is watching his cattle at their summer pasture on the high Alps,* and that in which he seeks shelter from the violence of the winter storms in the most retired parts of the low valleys. During the first period, he requires only occasional shelter from storms of excessive violence; during the latter, a sufficient protection from continued inclement weather. The Alpine or summer cottage, therefore, is a rude log hut, formed of unsquared pine trunks, notched into each other at the corners (see Fig. 3).

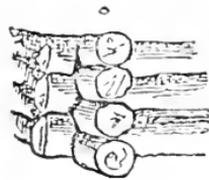


FIG. 3.

The roof, being excessively flat, so as to offer no surface to the wind, is covered with fragments of any stone that will split easily, held on by crossing logs; which are, in their turn, kept down by masses of stone; the whole being generally sheltered behind some protecting rock, or resting against the slope of the mountain, so that, from one side, you may step upon the roof. This is the *châlet*. When well grouped, running along a slope of mountain side, these huts produce a very pleasing effect, being never obtrusive (owing to the prevailing greyness of their tone), uniting well with surrounding objects, and bestowing at once animation and character.

But the winter residence, the Swiss cottage, properly so called, is a much more elaborate piece of workmanship. The principal requisite is, of course, strength; and this is always observable in the large size of the timbers, and the ingenious manner in which they are joined, so as to support and relieve each other, when any of them are severely tried. The roof is always very flat, generally meeting at an angle of 155° , and projecting from 5 ft. to 7 ft. over the cottage side, in order to

* I use the word Alp here, and in future, in its proper sense, of a high mountain pasture; not in its secondary sense, of a snowy peak.

prevent the windows from being thoroughly clogged up with snow. That this projection may not be crushed down by the enormous weight of snow which it must sometimes sustain, it is assisted by strong wooden supports (seen in Figs. 4 and 5).



FIG. 4.

which sometimes extend half down the walls for the sake of strength, divide the side into regular compartments, and are rendered ornamental by grotesque carving. Every canton has its own window. That of Uri, with its diamond wood-work at the bottom, is, perhaps, one of the richest. (See Fig. 5.)

The galleries are generally rendered ornamental by a great deal of labour bestowed upon their wood-work. This is best executed in the canton of Berne. The door is always 6 or 7 feet from the ground, and occasionally much more, that it may be accessible in snow; and it is reached by an oblique gallery, leading up to a horizontal one, as shown in Fig. 4. The base of the cottage is formed of stone, generally white-washed. The chimneys must have a chapter to themselves: they are splendid examples of utility combined with ornament.

Such are the chief characteristics of the Swiss cottage, separately considered. I must now take notice of its effect in scenery.

When one has been wandering for a whole morning through a valley of perfect silence, where everything around, which is motionless, is colossal, and everything which has motion resistless; where the strength and the glory of nature are principally developed in the very forces which feed upon her majesty; and where, in the midst of mightiness, which seems imperishable, all that is indeed eternal is the influence of desolation; one is apt to be surprised, and by no means agreeably, to find, crouched behind some projecting rock, a piece of architecture which is neat in the extreme, though in the midst of wildness, weak in the midst of strength, contemptible in the midst of immensity. There is something offensive in its neatness: for the wood is almost always perfectly clean, and looks as if it had been just cut; it is consequently raw in its colour, and destitute of all variety of tone. This is especially disagreeable when the eye has been previously accustomed to, and finds, everywhere around, the exquisite mingling of colour, and confused, though perpetually graceful, forms, by which the details of mountain scenery are peculiarly distinguished. Every fragment of rock is finished in its effect, tinted with thousands of pale lichens and fresh mosses; every pine trunk is warm with the life of various vegetation; every grassy bank glowing with mellowed colour, and waving with delicate leafage. How, then, can the contrast be otherwise than painful, between this perfect love-

liness, and the dead, raw, lifeless surface of the deal boards of the cottage. Its weakness is pitiable ; for though there is always evidence of considerable strength on close examination, there is no *effect* of strength : the real thickness of the logs is concealed by the cutting and carving of their exposed surfaces ; and even what is seen is felt to be so utterly contemptible, when opposed to the destructive forces which are in operation around, that the feelings are irritated at the imagined audacity of the inanimate object, with the self-conceit of its impotence ; and, finally, the eye is offended at its want of size. It does not, as might be at first supposed, enhance the sublimity of surrounding scenery by its littleness, for it provokes no comparison ; and there must be proportion between objects, or they cannot be compared. If the Parthenon, or the Pyramid of Cheops, or St. Peter's, were placed in the same situation, the mind would first form a just estimate of the magnificence of the building, and then be trebly impressed with the size of the masses which overwhelmed it. The architecture would not lose, and the crags would gain, by the juxtaposition ; but the cottage, which must be felt to be a thing which the weakest stream of the Alps could toss down before it like a foam globe, is offensively contemptible ; it is like a child's toy let fall accidentally on the hillside ; it does not unite with the scene ; it is not content to sink into a quiet corner, and personify humility and peace ; but draws attention upon itself by its pretension to decoration, while its decorations themselves cannot bear examination, because they are useless, unmeaning, and incongruous.

So much for its faults ; and I have had no mercy upon them, the rather, because I am always afraid of being biassed in its favour by my excessive love for its sweet nationality. Now for its beauties. Wherever it is found, it always suggests ideas of a gentle, pure, and pastoral life. One feels that the peasants whose hands carved the planks so neatly, and adorned their cottage so industriously, and still preserve it so perfectly, and so neatly, can be no dull, drunken, lazy boors : one feels, also, that it requires both firm resolution, and determined industry, to maintain so successful a struggle against

“the crush of thunder, and the warring winds.” Sweet ideas float over the imagination of such passages of peasant life as the gentle Walton so loved ; of the full milkpail, and the mantling cream-bowl ; of the evening dance, and the matin song ; of the herdsmen on the Alps, of the maidens by the fountain ; of all that is peculiarly and indisputably Swiss. For the cottage is beautifully national ; there is nothing to be found the least like it in any other country. The moment a glimpse is caught of its projecting galleries, one knows that it is the land of Tell and Winkelried ; and the traveller, feels that, were he indeed Swiss-born, and Alp-bred, a bit of that carved plank, meeting his eye in a foreign land, would be as effectual as a note of the *Ranz des Vaches* upon the ear. Again, when a number of these cottages are grouped together, they break upon each other’s formality, and form a mass of fantastic projection, of carved window and overhanging roof, full of character, and picturesque in the extreme : an excellent example of this is the Bernese village of Unterseen. Again, when the ornament is not very elaborate, yet enough to preserve the character, and the cottage is old, and not very well kept (suppose in a Catholic canton), and a little rotten, the effect is beautiful : the timber becomes weather-stained, and of a fine warm brown, harmonising delightfully with the grey stones on the roof, and the dark green of surrounding pines. If it be fortunate enough to be situated in some quiet glen, out of sight of the gigantic features of the scene, and surrounded with cliffs to which it bears some proportion ; and if it be partially concealed, not intruding on the eye, but well united with everything around, it becomes altogether perfect ; humble, beautiful, and interesting. Perhaps no cottage can then be found to equal it ; and none can be more finished in effect, graceful in detail, and characteristic as a whole.

The ornaments employed in the decoration of the Swiss cottage do not demand much attention : they are usually formed in a most simple manner, by thin laths, which are carved into any fanciful form, or in which rows of holes are cut, generally diamond-shaped ; and they are then nailed one above another, to give the carving depth. Pinnacles are never

raised on the roof, though carved spikes are occasionally suspended from it at the angles. No ornamental work is ever employed to disguise the beams of the projecting part of the roof, nor does any run along its edges. The galleries, in the



FIG. 5.

canton of Uri, are occasionally supported on arched beams, as shown in Fig. 5, which have a very pleasing effect.

Of the adaptation of the building to climate and character, little can be said. When I called it "national," I meant only that it was quite *sui generis*, and, therefore, being only found in Switzerland, might be considered as a national building ;

though it has none of the mysterious connexion with the mind of its inhabitants which is evident in all really fine edifices. But there is a reason for this : Switzerland has no climate, properly speaking, but an assemblage of every climate, from Italy to the pole ; the vine wild in its valleys, the ice eternal on its crags. The Swiss themselves are what we might have expected of persons dwelling in such a climate : they have no character. The sluggish nature of the air of the valleys has a malignant operation on the mind ; and even the mountaineers, though generally shrewd and intellectual, have no perceptible nationality : they have no language, except a mixture of Italian and bad German ; they have no peculiar turn of mind ; they might be taken as easily for Germans as for Swiss. No correspondence, consequently, can exist between national architecture and national character, where the latter is not distinguishable. Generally speaking, then, the Swiss cottage cannot be said to be built in good taste ; but it is occasionally picturesque, frequently pleasing, and under a favourable concurrence of circumstances, beautiful. It is not, however, a thing to be imitated : it is always, when out of its own country, incongruous ; it never harmonises with anything around it, and can therefore be employed only in mimicry of what does not exist, not in improvement of what does. I mean, that any one who has on his estate a dingle shaded with larches or pines, with a rapid stream, may manufacture a bit of Switzerland as a toy ; but such imitations are always contemptible, and he cannot use the Swiss cottage in any other way. A modified form of it, however, as will be hereafter shown, may be employed with advantage. I hope, in my next paper, to derive more satisfaction from the contemplation of the mountain cottage of Westmoreland, than I have been able to obtain from that of the Swiss.

IV. *The Mountain Cottage.—Westmoreland.*

WHEN I devoted so much time to the consideration of the peculiarities of the Swiss cottage, I did not previously endeavour to ascertain what the mind, influenced by the feelings

excited by the nature of its situation, would be induced to expect, or disposed to admire. I thus deviated from the general rule which I hope to be able to follow out ; but I did so only because the subject of consideration was incapable of fulfilling the expectation when excited, or corresponding with the conception when formed. But now, in order to appreciate the beauty of the Westmoreland cottage, it will be necessary to fix upon a standard of excellence, with which it may be compared.

One of the principal charms of mountain scenery is its solitude. Now, just as silence is never perfect or deep without motion, solitude is never perfect without some vestige of life. Even desolation is not felt to be utter, unless in some slight degree interrupted : unless the cricket is chirping on the lonely hearth, or the vulture soaring over the field of corpses, or the one mourner lamenting over the red ruins of the devastated village, that devastation is not felt to be complete. The anathema of the prophet does not wholly leave the curse of loneliness upon the mighty city, until he tells us that "the satyr shall dance there." And, if desolation, which is the destruction of life, cannot leave its impression perfect without some interruption, much less can solitude, which is only the absence of life, be felt without some contrast. Accordingly, it is, perhaps, never so perfect as when a populous and highly cultivated plain, immediately beneath, is visible through the rugged ravines, or over the cloudy summits of some tall, vast, and voiceless mountain. When such a prospect is not attainable, one of the chief uses of the mountain cottage, paradoxical as the idea may appear, is to increase this sense of solitude. Now, as it will only do so when it is seen at a considerable distance, it is necessary that it should be visible, or, at least, that its presence should be indicated, over a considerable portion of surrounding space. It must not, therefore, be too much shaded with trees, or it will be useless ; but if, on the contrary, it be too conspicuous on the open hill side, it will be liable to most of the objections which were advanced against the Swiss cottage, and to another, which was not then noticed. Anything which, to the eye, is split into

parts, appears less as a whole than what is undivided. Now, a considerable mass, of whatever tone or colour it may consist, is as easily divisible by dots as by lines; that is, a conspicuous point, on any part of its surface, will divide it into two portions, each of which will be individually measured by the eye, but which will never make the impression which they would have made had their unity not been interrupted. A conspicuous cottage on a distant mountain side has this effect in a fatal degree, and is, therefore, always intolerable. It should accordingly, in order to reconcile the attainment of the good, with the avoidance of the evil, be barely visible: it should not tell as a cottage on the eye, though it should on the mind; for be it observed that if it is only by the closest investigation that we can ascertain it to be a human habitation, it will answer the purpose of increasing the solitude quite as well as if it were evidently so; because this impression is produced by its appeal to the thoughts, not by its effect on the eye. Its colour, therefore, should be as nearly as possible that of the hill on which, or the crag beneath which, it is placed: its form, one that will incorporate well with the ground, and approach that of a large stone more than of anything else. The colour will consequently, if this rule be followed, be subdued and greyish, but rather warm; and the form simple, graceful, and unpretending. The building should retain the same general character on a closer examination. Everything about it should be natural, and should appear as if the influences and forces which were in operation around it had been too strong to be resisted, and had rendered all efforts of art to check their power, or conceal the evidence of their action, entirely unavailing. It cannot but be an alien child of the mountains; but it must show that it has been adopted and cherished by them. This effect is only attainable by great ease of outline and variety of colour; peculiarities which, as will be presently seen, the Westmoreland cottage possesses in a supereminent degree.

Another feeling, with which one is impressed during a mountain ramble, is humility. I found fault with the insignificance of the Swiss cottage, because "it was not content to

sink into a quiet corner, and personify humility." Now, had it not been seen to be pretending, it would not have been felt to be insignificant; for the feelings would have been gratified with its submission to, and retirement from, the majesty of the destructive influences which it rather seemed to rise up against in mockery. Such pretension is especially to be avoided in the mountain cottage: it can never lie too humbly in the pastures of the valley, nor shrink too submissively into the hollows of the hills; it should seem to be asking the storm for mercy, and the mountain for protection; and should appear to owe to its weakness, rather than to its strength, that it is neither overwhelmed by the one, nor crushed by the other.

Such are the chief attributes, without which a mountain cottage cannot be said to be beautiful. It may possess others, which are desirable or objectionable, according to their situation, or other accidental circumstances. The nature of these will be best understood by examining an individual building. The material is, of course, what is most easily attainable and available without much labour. The Cumberland and Westmoreland hills are, in general, composed of clay-slate and greywacke, with occasional masses of chert (like that which forms the summit of Seawfell), porphyritic greenstone, and syenite. The chert decomposes deeply, and assumes a rough, brown, granular surface, deeply worn and furrowed. The clay-slate and greywacke, as it is shattered by frost, and carried down by the torrents, of course forms itself into irregular flattish masses. The splintery edges of these are in some degree worn off by the action of water; and, slight decomposition taking place on the surface of the clay-slate furnishes an aluminous soil, which is immediately taken advantage of by innumerable lichens, which change the dark grey of the original substance into an infinite variety of pale and warm colours. These stones, thus shaped to his hand, are the most convenient building materials the peasant can obtain. He lays his foundation and strengthens his angles with large masses, filling up the intervals with pieces of a more moderate size; and using here and there a little cement to bind the whole together, and to keep the wind from getting through the interstices; but

never enough to fill them altogether up, or to render the face of the wall smooth. At intervals of from 4 ft. to 6 ft. a horizontal line of flat and broad fragments is introduced projecting about a foot from the wall. Whether this is supposed to give strength, I know not; but, as it is invariably covered by luxuriant stonecrop, it is always a delightful object.

The door is flanked and roofed by three large oblong sheets of grey rock, whose form seems not to be considered of the slightest consequence. Those which form the cheeks of the window (Fig. 6), are generally selected with more care from the debris of some rock, which is naturally smooth and polished, after being subjected to the weather, such as granite or syenite. The window itself is narrow and deep set: in the

better sort of cottages, latticed, but with no affectation of sweetbriar or eglantine about it. It may be observed of the whole of the cottage, that, though all is beautiful, nothing is pretty. The roof is rather flat, and covered with heavy fragments of the stone of which the walls are built,



FIG. 6.

originally very loose; but generally cemented by accumulated soil, and bound together by houseleek, moss, and stonecrop: brilliant in colour, and singular in abundance. The form of the larger cottages, being frequently that of a cross, would hurt the eye by the sharp angles of the roof, were it not for the cushion-like vegetation with which they are rounded and concealed. Varieties of the fern sometimes relieve the massy forms of the stonecrop, with their light and delicate leafage. Windows in the roof are seldom met with. Of the chimney I shall speak hereafter.

Such are the prevailing peculiarities of the Westmoreland cottage. "Is this all?" some one will exclaim: "a hovel, built of what first comes to hand, and in the most simple and convenient form; not one thought of architectural beauty ever

coming into the builder's head ! " Even so, to this illustration of an excellent rule, I wish particularly to direct attention ; that the material which Nature furnishes, in any given country, and the form which she suggests, will always render the building the most beautiful, because the most appropriate. Observe how perfectly this cottage fulfils the conditions which were before ascertained to be necessary to perfection. Its colour is that of the ground on which it stands, always subdued and grey, but exquisitely rich, the colour being disposed crumblingly, in groups of shadowy spots ; a deep red brown, passing into black, being finely contrasted with the pale yellow of the *Lichen geographicus*, and the subdued white of another lichen, whose name I do not know ; all mingling with each other as on a native rock, and with the same beautiful effect : the mass, consequently, at a distance, tells only as a large stone would, the simplicity of its form contributing still farther to render it inconspicuous. When placed on a mountain side, such a cottage will become a point of interest, which will relieve its monotony, but will never cut the hill in two, or take away from its size. In the valley, the colour of these cottages agrees with everything : the green light which trembles through the leafage of the taller trees, falls with exquisite effect on the rich grey of the ancient roofs ; the deep pool of clear water is not startled from its peace by their reflection ; the ivy or the creepers, to which the superior wealth of the peasant of the valley does now and then pretend, in opposition to the general custom, cling gracefully and easily to its innumerable crevices ; and rock, lake, and meadow seem to hail it with a brotherly affection, as if Nature had taken as much pains with it as she has with them.

Again, observe its ease of outline. There is not a single straight line to be met with from foundation to roof, all is bending or broken. The form of every stone in its walls is a study ; for, owing to the infinite delicacy of structure in all minerals, a piece of stone 3 in. in diameter, irregularly fractured, and a little worn by the weather, has precisely the same character of outline which we should find and admire in a mountain of the same material 6,000 ft. high ; and, therefore,

the eye, though not feeling the cause, rests on every cranny, and crack, and fissure with delight. It is true that we have no idea that every small projection, if of chert, has such an outline as Scawfell's; if of greywacke, as Skidaw's; or if of slate, as Helvellyn's; but their combinations of form are, nevertheless, felt to be exquisite, and we dwell upon every bend of the rough roof, and every hollow of the loose wall, feeling it to be a design which no architect on earth could ever equal, sculptured by a chisel of unimaginable delicacy, and finished to a degree of perfection, which is unnoticed only because it is everywhere.

This ease and irregularity is peculiarly delightful; here, gracefulness and freedom of outline and detail are, as they always are in mountain countries, the chief characteristics of every scene. It is well that, where every plant is wild and every torrent free, every field irregular in its form, every knoll various in its outline, one is not startled by well-built walls, or unyielding roofs, but is permitted to trace in the stones of the peasant's dwelling, as in the crags of the mountain side, no evidence of the line or the mallet, but the operation of eternal influences, the presence of an Almighty hand. Another perfection connected with its ease of outline is, its severity of character: there is no foppery about it; not the slightest effort at any kind of ornament, but what nature chooses to bestow; it wears all its decorations wildly, covering its nakedness, not with what the peasant may plant, but with what the winds may bring. There is no gay colour or neatness about it; no green shutters or other abomination: all is calm and quiet, and severe, as the mind of a philosopher, and, withal, a little sombre. It is evidently old, and has stood many trials in its day; and the snow, and the tempest, and the torrent, have all spared it, and left it in its peace, with its grey head unbowed, and its early strength unbroken, even though the spirit of decay seems creeping, like the moss and the lichen, through the darkness of its crannies. This venerable and slightly melancholy character is the very soul of all its beauty.

There remains only one point to be noticed, its humility. This was before stated to be desirable, and it will here be

found in perfection. The building draws as little attention upon itself as possible ; since, with all the praise I have bestowed upon it, it possesses not one point of beauty in which it is not equalled or excelled by every stone at the side of the road. It is small in size, simple in form, subdued in tone, easily concealed or overshadowed ; often actually so ; and one is always delighted and surprised to find that what courts attention so little is capable of sustaining it so well. Yet it has no appearance of weakness : it is stoutly, though rudely, built ; and one ceases to fear for its sake the violence of surrounding which, it may be seen, will be partly resisted by its strength, and which we feel will be partly deprecated by its humility. Such is the mountain cottage of Westmoreland ; and such, with occasional varieties, are many of the mountain cottages of England and Wales. It is true that my memory rests with peculiar pleasure in a certain quiet valley near Kirkstone, little known to the general tourist, distant from any public track, and, therefore, free from all the horrors of improvement ; in which it seemed to me that the architecture of the cottage had attained a peculiar degree of perfection. But I think that this impression was rather produced by a few seemingly insignificant accompanying circumstances, than by any distinguished beauty of design in the cottages themselves. Their inhabitants were evidently poor, and apparently had not repaired their dwellings since their first erection ; and certainly, had never torn one tuft of moss or fern from roofs or walls which were green with the rich vegetation of years. The valley was narrow, and quiet, and deep, and shaded by reverend trees, among whose trunks the grey cottages looked out, with a perfection of effect which I never remember to have seen equalled, though I believe that, in many of the mountain districts of Britain, the peasant's domicile is erected with equal good taste. I have always rejoiced in the thought, that our native highland scenery, though, perhaps, wanting in sublimity, is distinguished by a delicate finish in its details, and by a unanimity and propriety of feeling in the works of its inhabitants, which are elsewhere looked for in vain ; and the reason of this is evident. The mind of

the inhabitant of the continent, in general, is capable of deeper and finer sensations than that of the islander. It is higher in its aspirations, purer in its passions, wilder in its dreams, and fiercer in its anger ; but it is wanting in gentleness, and in its simplicity ; naturally desirous of excitement, and incapable of experiencing, in equal degree, the calmer flow of human felicity, the stillness of domestic peace, and the pleasures of the humble hearth, consisting in every-day duties performed, and every-day mercies received ; consequently, in the higher walks of architecture, where the mind is to be impressed or elevated, we never have equalled, and we never shall equal, them. It will be seen hereafter, when we leave the lowly valley for the torn ravine, and the grassy knoll for the ribbed precipice, that, if the continental architects cannot adorn the pasture with the humble roof, they can crest the crag with eternal battlements ; if they cannot minister to a landscape's peace, they can add to its terror ; and it has been already seen, that, in the lowland cottages of France and Italy, where high and refined feelings were to be induced, where melancholy was to be excited, or majesty bestowed, the architect was successful, and his labor was perfect : but now, nothing is required but humility and gentleness ; and this, which he does not feel, he cannot give : it is contrary to the whole force of his character, nay, even to the spirit of his religion. It is unfelt even at the time when the soul is most chastened and subdued ; for the epitaph on the grave is affected in its sentiment, and the tombstone gaudily gilded, or wreathed with vain flowers. We cannot, then, be surprised at the effort at ornament and other fancied architectural beauties, which injure the effect of the more peaceful mountain scenery abroad ; but still less should we be surprised at the perfect propriety which prevails in the same kind of scenery at home ; for the error which is there induced by one mental deficiency, is here prevented by another. The uncultivated mountaineer of Cumberland has no taste, and no idea of what architecture means : he never thinks of what is right, or what is beautiful, but he builds what is most adapted to his purposes, and most easily erected : by suiting the building to the uses of his own

life, he gives it humility ; and, by raising it with the nearest material, adapts it to its situation. This is all that is required, and he has no credit in fulfilling the requirement, since the moment he begins to think of effect, he commits a barbarism by whitewashing the whole. The cottages of Cumberland would suffer much by this piece of improvement, were it not for the salutary operation of mountain rains and mountain winds.

So much for the hill dwellings of our own country. I think the examination of the five examples of the cottage which I have given have furnished all the general principles which are important or worthy of consideration ; and I shall therefore devote no more time to the contemplation of individual buildings. But, before I leave the cottage altogether, it will be necessary to notice a part of the building which I have in the separate instances purposely avoided mentioning, that I might have the advantage of immediate comparison ; a part exceedingly important, and which seems to have been essential to the palace as well as to the cottage, ever since the time when Perdicas received his significant gift of the sun from his Macedonian master, περιγράψας τὸν ἥλιον, ὃς ἦν κατὰ τὴν καπνοδόκην ἐς τὸν οἶκον ἐσέχων ; and then I shall conclude the subject by a few general remarks on modern ornamental cottages, illustrative of the principle so admirably developed in the beauty of the Westmoreland building, to which, it must be remembered, the palm was assigned, in preference to the Switzer's ; not because it was more laboured, but because it was more natural.

Oxford, Jan. 1838.

V. A Chapter on Chimneys.

It appears from the passage in Herodotus, which we alluded to in the last paper, that there has been a time even in the most civilised countries, when the king's palace was entirely unfurnished with anything having the slightest pretension to the dignity of chimney tops : and the savoury vapors which were wont to arise from the hospitable hearth, at which

The queen or princess prepared the feast with the whitest of hands, escaped with indecorous facility through a simple hole in the flat roof. The dignity of smoke, however, is now better understood, and it is dismissed through Gothic pinnacles, and (as at Burleigh House) through Tuscan columns, with a most praiseworthy regard to its comfort and convenience. Let us consider if it is worth the trouble. We advanced a position in the last paper, that silence is never perfect without motion, that is, unless something which might possibly produce sound, is evident to the eye : the absence of sound is not surprising to the ear, and, therefore, not impressive. Let it be observed, for instance, how much the stillness of a summer's evening is enhanced by the perception of the gliding and majestic motion of some calm river, strong but still ; or of the high and purple clouds ; or of the voiceless leaves, among the opening branches : to produce this impression, however, the motion must be uniform, though not necessarily slow. One of the chief peculiarities of the ocean thoroughfares of Venice, is the remarkable silence which rests upon them, enhanced, as it is, by the swift, but beautifully uniform motion of the gondola. Now, there is no motion more uniform, silent, or beautiful, than that of smoke ; and, therefore, when we wish the peace or stillness of a scene to be impressive, it is highly useful to draw the attention to it.

In the cottage, therefore, a building peculiarly adapted for scenes of peace, the chimney, as conducting the eye to what is agreeable, may be considered an important, and, if well managed, a beautiful accompaniment. But in buildings of a higher class, smoke ceases to be interesting. Owing to their general greater elevation, it is relieved against the sky, instead of against a dark back-ground, thereby losing the fine silvery blue which, among trees, or rising out of distant country, is so exquisitely beautiful, and assuming a dingy yellowish black : its motion becomes useless ; for the idea of stillness is no longer desirable, or, at least, no longer attainable, being interrupted by the nature of the building itself : and, finally, the associations it arouses are not dignified ; we may think of a comfortable fireside, perhaps, but are quite as likely to

dream of kitchens, and spits, and shoulders of mutton. None of these imaginations are in their place, if the character of the building be elevated; they are barely tolerable in the dwelling-house and the street. Now, when smoke is objectionable, it is certainly improper to direct attention to the chimney; and, therefore, for two weighty reasons, *decorated* chimneys, of any sort or size whatsoever, are inexcusable barbarisms; first, because, where smoke is beautiful, decoration is unsuited to the building; and, secondly, because, where smoke is ugly, decoration directs attention to its ugliness. It is unfortunately a prevailing idea with some of our architects, that what is a disagreeable object in itself may be relieved or concealed by lavish ornament; and there never was a greater mistake. It should be a general principle, that what is intrinsically ugly should be utterly destitute of ornament, that the eye may not be drawn to it. The pretended skulls of the three Magi at Cologne are set in gold, and have a diamond in each eye; and are a thousand times more ghastly than if their brown bones had been left in peace. Such an error as this ought never to be committed in architecture. If any part of the building has disagreeable associations connected with it, let it alone: do not ornament it; keep it subdued, and simply adapted to its use; and the eye will not go to it, nor quarrel with it. It would have been well if this principle had been kept in view in the renewal of some of the public buildings in Oxford. In All Souls College, for instance, the architect has carried his chimneys half as high as all the rest of the building, and fretted them with Gothic. The eye is instantly caught by the plated-candlestick-like columns, and runs with some complacency up the groining and fret-work, and alights finally and fatally on a red chimney top. He might as well have built a Gothic aisle at an entrance to a coal wharf. We have no scruple in saying that the man who could desecrate the Gothic trefoil into an ornament for a chimney has not the slightest feeling, and never will have any, of its beauty or its use; he was never born to be an architect, and never will be one.

Now, if chimneys are not to be decorated (since their exist-

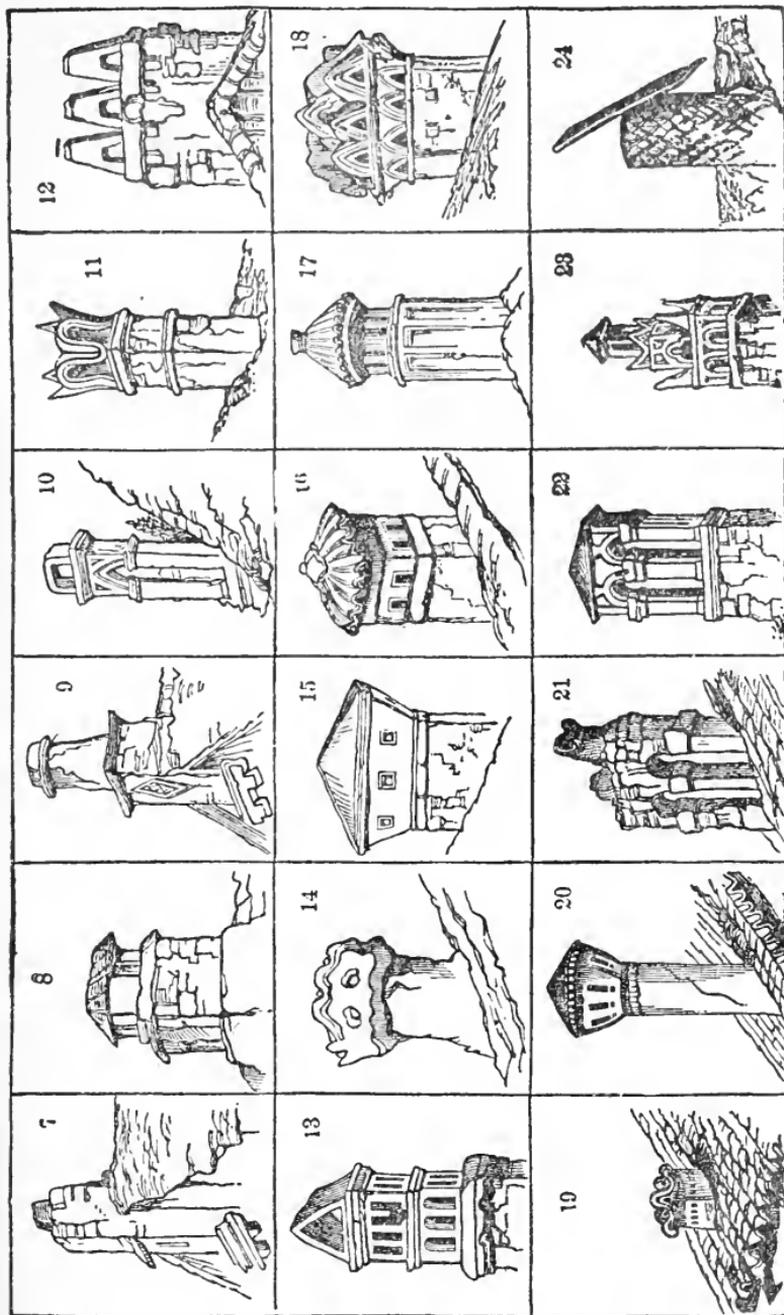
ence is necessary), it becomes an object of some importance to know what is to be done with them : and we enter into the enquiry before leaving the cottage, as in its most proper place ; because, in the cottage, and only in the cottage, it is desirable to direct attention to smoke.

Speculation, however, on the beau-ideal of a chimney can never be unshackled ; because, though we may imagine what it ought to be, we can never tell, until the house is built, what it *must* be ; we may require it to be short, and find that it will smoke, unless it is long ; or we may desire it to be covered, and find it will not go unless it is open. We can fix, therefore, on no one model ; but by looking over the chimneys of a few nations, we may deduce some general principles from their varieties, which may always be brought into play, by whatever circumstances our own imaginations may be confined.

Looking first to the mind of the people, we cannot expect to find good examples of the chimney, as we go to the south. The Italian or the Spaniard does not know the use of a chimney : properly speaking, they *have* such things, and they light a fire, five days in the year, chiefly of wood, which does not give smoke enough to teach the chimney its business ; but they have not the slightest idea of the meaning or the beauty of such things as hobs, and hearths, and Christmas blazes ; and we should, therefore, expect, *à priori*, that there would be no soul in their chimneys ; that they would have no practised substantial air about them ; that they would, in short, be as awkward and as much in the way, as individuals of the human race are, when they don't know what to do with themselves, or what they were created for. But in England, sweet carbonaceous England, we flatter ourselves we *do* know something about fire, and smoke too, or our eyes have strangely deceived us ; and from the whole comfortable character and fireside disposition of the nation, we should conjecture that the architecture of the chimney would be understood, both as a matter of taste and as a matter of comfort, to the *ne plus ultra* of perfection. Let us see how far our expectations are realised.

Figs. 7, 8, and 9, are English chimneys. They are distinguishable, we think, at a glance, from all the rest, by a downright serviceableness of appearance, a substantial, unaffected, decent, and chimney-like deportment, in the contemplation of which we experience infinite pleasure and edification, particularly as it seems to us to be strongly contrasted with an appearance, in all the other chimneys of an indefinable something, only to be expressed by the interesting word "humbug." Fig. 7 is a chimney of Cumberland, and the north of Lancashire. It is, as may be seen at a glance, only applicable at the extremity of the roof, and requires a bent flue. It is built of unhewn stones, in the same manner as the Westmoreland cottages; the flue itself being not one-third the width of the chimney, as is seen at the top, where four flat stones placed on their edges form the termination of the flue itself, and give lightness of appearance to the whole. Cover this with a piece of paper, and observe how heavy and square the rest becomes. A few projecting stones continue the line of the roof across the centre of the chimney, and two large masses support the projection of the whole, and unite it agreeably with the wall. This is exclusively a cottage chimney; it cannot, and must not, be built of civilized materials; it must be rough, and mossy, and broken; but it is decidedly the best chimney of the whole set. It is simple and substantial, without being cumbrous; it gives great variety to the wall from which it projects, terminates the roof agreeably, and dismisses its smoke with infinite propriety.

Fig. 8 is a chimney common over the whole of the north of England; being, as I think, one that will go well in almost any wind, and is applicable at any part of the roof. It is also roughly built, consisting of a roof of loose stones, sometimes one large flat slab, supported above the flue by four large supports, each of a single stone. It is rather light in its appearance, and breaks the ridge of a roof very agreeably. Separately considered, it is badly proportioned; but, as it just equals the height to which a long chimney at the extremity of the building would rise above the roof (as in Fig. 7) it is quite right *in situ*, and would be ungainly if it were higher. The



FIGS. 7 TO 24.

upper part is always dark, owing to the smoke, and tells agreeably against any background seen through the hollow.

Fig. 9 is the chimney of the Westmoreland cottage which formed the subject of the last paper (p. 33). The good taste which prevailed in the rest of the building is not so conspicuous here, because the architect has begun to consider effect instead of utility, and has put a diamond-shaped piece of ornament on the front (usually containing the date of the building), which was not necessary, and looks out of place. He has endeavoured to build neatly too, and has bestowed a good deal of plaster on the outside, by all which circumstances the work is infinitely deteriorated. We have always disliked cylindrical chimneys, probably because they put us in mind of glasshouses and manufactories, for we are aware of no more definite reason; yet this example is enduring, and has a character about it which it would be a pity to lose. Sometimes when the square part is carried down the whole front of the cottage, it looks like the remains of some grey tower, and is not felt to be a chimney at all. Such deceptions are always very dangerous, though in this case sometimes attended with good effect, as in the old building called Coniston Hall, on the shores of Coniston Water, whose distant outline (Fig. 25) is rendered light and picturesque, by the size and shape of its chimneys, which are the same in character as Fig. 9.

Of English chimneys adapted for buildings of a more elevated character, we can adduce no good examples. The old red brick mass, which we see in some of our venerable manor-houses, has a great deal of English character about it, and is always agreeable, when the rest of the building is of brick. Fig. 21 is a chimney of this kind: there is nothing remarkable in it; it is to be met with all over England; but we have placed it beside its neighbour Fig. 22, to show how the same form and idea are modified by the mind of the nations who employ it. The design is the same in both, the proportions also; but the one is a chimney, the other a paltry model of a paltrier edifice. Fig. 22 is Swiss, and is liable to all the objections advanced against the Swiss cottages; it is a despicable mimicry of a large building, like the tower in the engrav-

ing of the Italian cottage (Fig. 40, p. 118), carved in stone, it is true, but not the less to be reprobated. Fig. 21, on the contrary, is adapted to its use, and has no affectation about it. It would be spoiled, however, if built in stone; because the marked bricks tell us the size of the whole at once, and prevent the eye from suspecting any intention to deceive it with a mockery of arches and columns, the imitation of which



FIG. 25.

would be too perfect in stone; and therefore, even in this case, we have failed to discover a chimney adapted to the higher class of edifices.

Fig. 10 is a Netherland chimney, Figs. 11 and 12 German. Fig. 10 belongs to an old Gothic building in Malines, and is a good example of the application of the same lines to the chimney which occur in other parts of the edifice, without bestowing any false elevation of character. It is roughly carved

in stone, projecting at its base grotesquely from the roof, and covered at the top. The pointed arch, by which its character is given, prevents it from breaking in upon the lines of the rest of the building, and, therefore, in reality it renders it less conspicuous than it would otherwise have been. We never should have noticed its existence, had we not been looking for chimneys.

Fig. 11 is also carved in stone, and where there is much variety of architecture, or where the buildings are grotesque, would be a good chimney, for the very simple reason that it resembles nothing but a chimney, and its lines are graceful. Fig. 12, though ugly in the abstract, might be used with effect in situations where perfect simplicity would be too conspicuous; but both Figs. 11 and 12 are evidently the awkward efforts of a tasteless nation, to produce something original: they have lost the chastity which we admired in Fig. 7, without obtaining the grace and spirit of Figs. 17 and 20. In fact, they are essentially German.

Figs. 14 to 18 inclusive, are Spanish, and have a peculiar character, which would render it quite impossible to employ them out of their own country. Yet they are not decorated chimneys. There is not one fragment of ornament on any of them. All is done by variety of form; and with such variety no fault can be found, because it is necessary to give them the character of the buildings, out of which they rise. For we may observe here, once for all, that character may be given either by form or by decoration, and that where the latter is improper, variety of the former is allowable, because the humble associations which render ornament objectionable, also render simplicity of form unnecessary.* We need not then find fault with *fantastic* chimneys, provided they are kept in unison with the rest of the building, and do not draw too much attention.

Fig. 14, according to this rule, is a very good chimney. It is graceful without being pretending, and its grotesqueness

* Elevation of character, as was seen in the Italian cottage, depends upon simplicity of form.

well suits the buildings round it—we wish we could give them ; they are at Cordova.

Figs. 16 and 17 ought to be seen, as they would be in reality, rising brightly up against the deep blue heaven of the south, the azure gleaming through their hollows ; unless perchance a slight breath of refined, pure, pale vapour finds its way from time to time out of them into the light air ; their tiled caps casting deep shadows on their white surfaces, and their *tout ensemble* causing no interruption to the feelings excited by the Moresco arches and grotesque dwelling-houses with which they would be surrounded ; they are sadly spoiled by being cut off at their bases.

Figs. 13, 19, and 20 are Italian. Fig. 13 has only been given because it is constantly met with among the more modern buildings of Italy. Figs. 19 and 20 are almost the only two varieties of chimneys which are to be found on the old Venetian palaces (whose style is to be traced partly to the Turk, and partly to the Moor). The curved lines of Fig. 19 harmonise admirably with those of the roof itself, and its diminutive size leaves the simplicity of form of the large building to which it belongs entirely uninterrupted and uninjured. Fig. 20 is seen perpetually carrying the whiteness of the Venetian marble up into the sky ; but it is too tall, and attracts by far too much attention, being conspicuous on the sides of all the canals. Figs. 22, 23, and 24 are Swiss. Fig. 23 is one specimen of an extensive class of decorated chimneys met with in the north-eastern cantons. It is never large, and consequently having no false elevation of character, and being always seen with eyes which have been prepared for it, by resting on the details of the Swiss cottage, is less disagreeable than might be imagined, but ought never to be imitated. The pyramidal form is generally preserved, but the design is the same in no two examples.

Fig. 24 is a chimney very common in the eastern cantons, the principle of which we never understood. The oblique part moves on a hinge so as to be capable of covering the chimney like a hat, and the whole is covered with wooden scales, like those of a fish. This chimney sometimes comes in

very well among the confused rafters of the mountain cottage, though it is rather too remarkable to be in good taste.

It seems then, that out of the eighteen chimneys which we have noticed, though several possess character, and one or two elegance, only two are to be found fit for imitation ; and, of these, one is exclusively a *cottage* chimney. This is somewhat remarkable, and may serve as a proof :—

1st. Of what we at first asserted, that chimneys which in any way attract notice (and if these had not, we should not have sketched them) were seldom to be imitated ; that there are few buildings which require them to be singular, and none which can tolerate them if decorated ; and that the architect should always remember that the size and height being by necessity fixed, the form which draws least attention is the best.

2dly. That this inconspicuousness is to be obtained, not by adhering to any model of simplicity, but by taking especial care that the lines of the chimneys are no interruption, and its colour no contrast, to those of the building to which it belongs. Thus, Figs. 14 to 18 would be far more actually remarkable, in their natural situation, if they were more simple in their form ; for they would interrupt the character of the rich architecture by which they are surrounded. Fig. 10, rising as it does above an old Gothic window, would have attracted instant attention, had it not been for the occurrence of the same lines in it which prevail beneath it. The form of Fig. 19 only assimilates it more closely with the roof on which it stands. But we must not *imitate* chimneys of this kind, for their excellence consists only in their agreement with other details, separated from which they would be objectionable ; we can only follow the principle of the design, which appears, from all that we have advanced, to be this : we require, in a good chimney, *the character of the building to which it belongs divested of all its elevation, and its prevailing lines deprived of all their ornament.*

This it is, no doubt, excessively difficult to give ; and, in consequence, there are very few cities or edifices in which the chimneys are not objectionable. We must not, therefore, omit to notice the fulfilment of our expectations, founded on

English character ; the only two chimneys fit for imitation, in the whole eighteen, are English ; and we would not infer anything from this, tending to invalidate the position formerly advanced, that there was no taste in England ; but we would adduce it as a farther illustration of the rule, that what is most adapted to its purpose is most beautiful. For that we have no taste, even in chimneys, is sufficiently proved by the roof effects, even of the most ancient, unaffected, and unplastered of our streets, in which the chimneys, instead of assisting in the composition of the groups of roofs, stand out in staring masses of scarlet and black, with foxes and cocks whisking about, like so many black devils, in the smoke on the top of them, interrupting all repose, annihilating all dignity, and awaking every possible conception which would be picturesque, and every imagination which would be rapturous, to the mind of master-sweeps.

On the other hand, though they have not on the Continent the same knowledge of the use and beauty of chimneys in the abstract, they display their usual good taste in grouping or concealing them ; and, whether we find them mingling with the fantastic domiciles of the German, with the rich imaginations of the Spaniard, with the classical remains and creations of the Italian, they are never intrusive or disagreeable ; and either assist the grouping, and relieve the horizontality of the lines of the roof, or remain entirely unnoticed and insignificant, smoking their pipes in peace.

It is utterly impossible to give rules for the attainment of these effects, since they are the result of a feeling of the proportion and relation of lines, which, if not natural to a person, cannot be acquired but by long practice and close observation ; and it presupposes a power rarely bestowed on an English architect, of setting regularity at defiance, and sometimes comfort out of the question. We could give some particular examples of this grouping ; but, as this paper has already swelled to an unusual length, we shall defer them until we come to the consideration of street effects in general. Of the chimney in the abstract, we are afraid we have only said enough to illustrate, without removing, the difficulty of de-

signing it ; but we cannot but think that the general principles which have been deduced, if carefully followed out, would be found useful, if not for the attainment of excellence, at least for the prevention of barbarism.

Oxford, Feb. 10.

It now only remains for us to conclude the subject of the Cottage, by a few general remarks on the just application of modern buildings to adorn or vivify natural scenery.

There are, we think, only three cases in which the cottage is considered as an element of architectural, or any other kind of beauty, since it is ordinarily raised by the peasant where he likes, and how he likes ; and, therefore, as we have seen, frequently in good taste.

1. When a nobleman, or man of fortune, amuses himself with superintending the erection of the domiciles of his domestics.
2. When ornamental summer-houses, or mimicries of wigwams, are to be erected as ornamental adjuncts to a prospect which the owner has done all he can to spoil, that it may be worthy of the honour of having him to look at it.
3. When the landlord exercises a certain degree of influence over the cottages of his tenants, or the improvements of the neighbouring village, so as to induce such a tone of feeling in the new erections as he may think suitable to their situation.

In the first of these cases, there is little to be said ; for the habitation of the domestic is generally a dependent feature of his master's, and, therefore, to be considered as a part of it. Porters' lodges are also dependent upon, and to be regulated by, the style of the architecture to which they are attached ; and they are generally well managed in England, properly united with the gate, and adding to the effect of the entrance.

In the second case, as the act is in itself a barbarism, it would be useless to consider what would be the best mode of perpetrating it.

In the third case, we think it will be useful to apply a few general principles, deduced from positions formerly advanced.

All buildings are, of course, to be considered in connexion

with the country in which they are to be raised. Now, all landscape must possess one out of four distinct characters.

It must be either woody, the green country ; cultivated, the blue country ; wild, the grey country ; or hilly, the brown country.

1. The Woody, or green, Country. By this is to be understood the mixture of park, pasture, and variegated forest, which is only to be seen in temperate climates, and in those parts of a kingdom which have not often changed proprietors, but have remained in unproductive beauty (or at least, furnishing timber only), the garden of the wealthier population. It is to be seen in no other country, perhaps, so well as in England. In other districts, we find extensive masses of black forest, but not the mixture of sunny glade, and various foliage, and dewy sward, which we meet with in the richer park districts of England. This kind of country is always surgy, oceanic, and massy, in its outline ; it never affords blue distances, unless seen from a height ; and, even then, the nearer groups are large, and draw away the attention from the background. The under soil is kept cool by the shade, and its vegetation rich ; so that the prevailing colour, except for a few days at the fall of the leaf, is a fresh green. A good example of this kind of country is the view from Richmond Hill.

Now, first, let us consider what sort of feeling this green country excites ; and, in order to do so, be it observed, that anything which is apparently enduring and unchangeable gives us an impression rather of future, than of past, duration of existence ; but anything which being perishable, and from its nature subject to change, has yet existed to a great age, gives us an impression of antiquity, though, of course, none of stability. A mountain, for instance (not geologically speaking, for then the furrows on its brow give it age as visible as was ever wrinkled on human forehead, but considering it as it appears to ordinary eyes), appears to be beyond the influence of change : it does not put us in mind of its past existence by showing us any of the effect of time upon itself ; we do not feel that it is old, because it is not approaching any

kind of death : it is a mass of un sentient undecaying matter, which, if we think about it, we discover must have existed for some time, but which does not tell this fact to our feelings, or, rather, which tells us of no time at which it came into existence ; and, therefore, gives us no standard by which to measure its age, which, unless measured, cannot be distinctly felt. But a very old forest tree is a thing subject to the same laws of nature as ourselves : it is an energetic being, liable to and approaching death ; its age is written on every spray ; and, because we see it is susceptible of life and annihilation, like our own, we imagine it must be capable of the same feelings, and possess the same faculties, and, above all others, memory : it is always telling us about the past, never pointing to the future ; we appeal to it, as to a thing which has seen and felt during a life similar to our own, though of ten times its duration, and therefore receive from it a perpetual impression of antiquity. So, again, a ruined tower gives us an impression of antiquity : the stones of which it is built, none ; for their age is not written upon them.

This being the case, it is evident that the chief feeling induced by woody country is one of reverence for its antiquity. There is a quiet melancholy about the decay of the patriarchal trunks, which is enhanced by the green and elastic vigour of the young saplings ; the noble form of the forest aisles, and the subdued light which penetrates their entangled boughs, combine to add to the impression ; and the whole character of the scene is calculated to excite conservative feeling. The man who could remain a radical in a wood country is a disgrace to his species.

Now, this feeling of mixed melancholy and veneration is the one of all others which the modern cottage must not be allowed to violate. It may be fantastic or rich in detail ; for the one character will make it look old-fashioned, and the other will assimilate with the intertwining of leaf and bough around it ; but it must not be spruce or natty, or very bright in colour ; and the older it looks the better.

A little grotesqueness in form is the more allowable, because the imagination is naturally active in the obscure and

indefinite daylight of wood scenery ; conjures up innumerable beings, of every size and shape, to people its alleys and smile through its thickets ; and is by no means displeased to find some of its inventions half-realized, in a decorated panel or grinning extremity of a rafter.

These characters being kept in view, as objects to be attained, the remaining considerations are technical.

For the form. Select any well-grown group of the tree which prevails most near the proposed site of the cottage. Its summit will be a rounded mass. Take the three principal points of its curve ; namely, its apex (*c*), and the two points where it unites itself with neighbouring masses (*a* and



FIG. 26.

b, Fig. 26). Strike a circle through these three points ; and the angle contained in the segment cut off by a line joining *a* and *b* is to be the angle of the cottage roof. (Of course we are not thinking of interior convenience ; the architect must establish his model of beauty first, and then approach it as nearly as he can.) This angle will generally be very obtuse ; and this is one reason why the Swiss cottage is always beautiful when it is set among walnut or chestnut trees. Its obtuse roof is just about the true angle. With pines or larches, the angle should not be regulated by the form of the tree, but by the slope of the branches. The building itself should be low and long, so that, if possible, it may not be seen all at once, but may be partially concealed by trunks or leafage at various distances.

For the colour, that of wood, is always beautiful. If the wood of the near trees be used, so much the better ; but the timber should be rough-hewn, and allowed to get weather-stained. Cold colours will not suit with green ; and, there-

fore, slated roofs are disagreeable, unless, as in the Westmoreland cottage, the grey roof is warmed with lichenous vegetation, when it will do well with anything; but thatch is better. If the building be not of wood, the walls may be built of anything which will give them a quiet and unobtruding warmth of tone. White, if in shade, is sometimes allowable; but, if visible at any point more than 200 yards off, it will spoil the whole landscape. In general, as we saw before, the building will bear some fantastic finishing, that is, if it be entangled in forest; but if among massive groups of trees, separated by smooth sward, it must be kept simple.

2. The Cultivated, or blue, Country. This is the rich champaign land, in which large trees are more sparingly scattered, and which is chiefly devoted to the purposes of agriculture. In this we are perpetually getting blue distances from the slightest elevation, which are rendered more decidedly so by their contrast with warm corn or ploughed fields in the foreground. Such is the greater part of England. The view from the hills of Malvern is a good example. In districts of this kind, all is change; one year's crop has no memory of its predecessor; all is activity, prosperity and usefulness; nothing is left to the imagination; there is no obscurity, no poetry, no nonsense; the colours of the landscape are bright and varied; it is thickly populated, and glowing with animal life. Here, then, the character of the cottage must be cheerfulness: its colours may be vivid; white is always beautiful; even red tiles are allowable, and red bricks enduring. Neatness will not spoil it; the angle of its roof may be acute, its windows sparkling, and its roses red and abundant; but it must not be ornamented nor fantastic, it must be evidently built for the uses of common life, and have a matter-of-fact, business-like air about it. Its outhouses, and pigsties, and dunghills should, therefore, be kept in sight: the latter may be made very pretty objects by twisting them with the pitchfork, and plaiting them into braids, as the Swiss do.

The Wild, or grey, Country. "Wild" is not exactly a correct epithet; we mean wide, unenclosed, treeless undulations

of land, whether cultivated or not. The greater part of northern France, though well brought under the plough, would come under the denomination of grey country. Occasional masses of monotonous forest do not destroy this character. Here, size is desirable, and massiveness of form; but we must have no brightness of colour in the cottage, otherwise it would draw the eye to it at three miles off, and the whole landscape would be covered with conspicuous dots. White is agreeable, if sobered down; slate allowable on the roof, as well as thatch. For the rest, we need only refer to the remarks formerly made on the propriety of the French cottage.

Lastly, Hill, or brown, Country. And here, if we look to England alone, as peculiarly a cottage country, the remarks formerly advanced, in the consideration of the Westmoreland cottage, are sufficient; but, if we go into mountain districts of more varied character, we shall find a difference existing between every range of hills, which will demand a corresponding difference in the style of their cottages. The principles, however, are the same in all situations, and it would be a hopeless task to endeavour to give more than general principles. In hill country, however, another question is introduced, whose investigation is peculiarly necessary in cases in which the ground has inequality of surface, that of position. And the difficulty here is, not so much to ascertain where the building ought to be, as to put it there, without suggesting any enquiry as to the mode in which it got there; to prevent its just application from appearing artificial. But we cannot enter into this enquiry, before laying down a number of principles of composition, which are applicable, not only to cottages, but generally, and which we cannot deduce until we come to the consideration of buildings in groups.

Such are the great divisions under which country and rural buildings may be comprehended; but there are intermediate conditions, in which modified forms of the cottage are applicable; and it frequently happens that country which, considered in the abstract, would fall under one of these classes, possesses, owing to its peculiar climate or associations, a very different character. Italy, for instance, is blue country; yet

it has not the least resemblance to English blue country. We have paid particular attention to wood ; first, because we had not, in any previous paper, considered what was beautiful in a forest cottage ; and, secondly, because in such districts there is generally much more influence exercised by proprietors over their tenantry, than in populous and cultivated districts ; and our English park scenery, though exquisitely beautiful, is sometimes, we think, a little monotonous, from the want of this very feature.

And now, farewell to the cottage, and, with it, to the humility of natural scenery. We are sorry to leave it ; not that we have any idea of living in a cottage, as a comfortable thing ; not that we prefer mud to marble, or deal to mahogany ; but that, with it, we leave much of what is most beautiful of earth, the low and bee-inhabited scenery, which is full of quiet and prideless emotion, of such calmness as we can imagine prevailing over our earth when it was new in heaven. We are going into higher walks of architecture, where we shall find a less close connexion established between the building and the soil on which it stands, or the air with which it is surrounded, but a closer connexion with the character of its inhabitant. We shall have less to do with natural feeling, and more with human passion ; we are coming out of stillness into turbulence, out of seclusion into the multitude, out of the wilderness into the world.

THE VILLA.

The Mountain Villa.—Lago di Como.

IN all arts or sciences, before we can determine what is just or beautiful in a group, we must ascertain what is desirable in the parts which compose it, separately considered ; and therefore it will be most advantageous in the present case to keep out of the village and the city, until we have searched hill and dale for examples of isolated buildings. This mode of considering the subject is also agreeable to the feelings, as the transition from the higher orders of solitary edifices, to groups of associated edifices, is not too sudden or startling, as that from nature's most humble peace, to man's most turbulent pride.

We have contemplated the rural dwelling of the peasant ; let us next consider the ruralised domicile of the gentleman : and here, as before, we shall first determine what is theoretically beautiful, and then observe how far our expectations are fulfilled in individual buildings. But a few preliminary observations are necessary.

Man, the peasant, is a being of more marked national character, than man, the educated and refined. For nationality is founded, in a great degree, on prejudices and feelings inculcated and aroused in youth, which grow inveterate in the mind as long as its views are confined to the place of its birth ; its ideas moulded by the customs of its country, and its conversation limited to a circle composed of individuals of habits and feelings like its own ; but which are gradually softened down, and eradicated, when the mind is led into general views of things, when it is guided by reflection instead of habit, and has begun to lay aside opinions contracted under the influence of association and prepossession, substituting in their room philosophical deductions from the calm contemplation of the various

temper, and thoughts, and customs, of mankind. The love of its country will remain with undiminished strength in the cultivated mind, but the national modes of thinking will vanish from the disciplined intellect. Now as it is only by these mannerisms of thought that architecture is affected, we shall find that the more polished the mind of its designer, the less national will be the building; for its architect will be led away by a search after a model of ideal beauty, and will not be involuntarily guided by deep-rooted feelings, governing irresistibly his heart and hand. He will therefore be in perpetual danger of forgetting the necessary unison of scene and climate, and following up the chase of the ideal, will neglect the beauty of the natural; an error which he could not commit, were he less general in his views, for then the prejudices to which he would be subject, would be as truly in unison with the objects which created them, as answering notes with the chords which awaken them. We must not, therefore, be surprised, if buildings bearing impress of the exercise of fine thought and high talent in their design, should yet offend us by perpetual discords with scene and climate; and if, therefore, we sometimes derive less instruction, and less pleasure, from the columnar portico of the Palace, than from the latched door of the Cottage.

Again: man, in his hours of relaxation, when he is engaged in the pursuits of mere pleasure, is less national than when he is under the influence of any of the more violent feelings which agitate every-day life. The reason of this may at first appear somewhat obscure, but it will become evident, on a little reflection. Aristotle's definition of pleasure, perhaps the best ever given, is, "an agitation, and settling of the spirit into its own proper nature;" similar, by the by, to the giving of liberty of motion to the molecules of a mineral, followed by their crystallisation, into their own proper form. Now this "proper nature," *ἐπιάρχονον θύσιν*, is not the acquired national habit, but the common and universal constitution of the human soul. This constitution is kept under by the feelings which prompt to action, for those feelings depend upon parts of character, or of prejudice, which are pecu-

liar to individuals or to nations ; and the pleasure which all men seek is a kind of partial casting away of these more active feelings, to return to the calm and unchanging constitution of mind which is the same in all. We shall, therefore, find that man, in the business of his life, in religion, war, or ambition, is national, but in relaxation he manifests a nature common to every individual of his race. A Turk, for instance, and an English farmer, smoking their evening pipes, differ only in so much as the one has a mouth-piece of amber, and the other one of sealing-wax ; the one has a turban on his head, and the other a night-cap ; they are the same in feeling, and to all intents and purposes the same men. But a Turkish janissary and an English grenadier differ widely in all their modes of thinking, feeling, and acting ; they are strictly national. So again, a Tyrolese evening dance, though the costume, and the step, and the music may be different, is the same in feeling as that of the Parisian guinguette ; but follow the Tyrolese into their temples, and their deep devotion and beautiful though superstitious reverence will be found very different from any feeling exhibited during a mass in Notre-Dame. This being the case, it is a direct consequence, that we shall find much nationality in the Church or the Fortress, or in any building devoted to the purposes of active life, but very little in that which is dedicated exclusively to relaxation, the Villa. We shall be compelled to seek out nations of very strong feeling and imaginative disposition, or we shall find no correspondence whatever between their character, and that of their buildings devoted to pleasure. In our own country, for instance, there is not the slightest. Beginning at the head of Windermere, and running down its border for about six miles, there are six important gentlemen's seats, villas they may be called, the first of which is a square white mass, decorated with pilasters of no order, set in a green avenue, sloping down to the water ; the second is an imitation, we suppose, of something possessing theoretical existence in Switzerland, with sharp gable ends, and wooden flourishes turning the corners, set on a little dumpy mound, with a slate wall running all round it, glittering with iron

pyrites ; the third is a blue dark-looking box, squeezed up into a group of straggly larches, with a bog in front of it ; the fourth is a cream-coloured domicile, in a large park, rather quiet and unaffected, the best of the four, though that is not saying much ; the fifth is an old-fashioned thing, formal, and narrow-windowed, yet grey in its tone, and quiet, and not to be maligned ; and the sixth is a nondescript, circular, putty-coloured habitation, with a leaden dome on the top of it. If, however, instead of taking Windermere, we trace the shore of the Lago di Como, we shall find some expression and nationality, and there, therefore, will we go, to return, however, to England, when we have obtained some data by which to judge of her more fortunate edifices. We notice the Mountain Villa first, for two reasons ; because effect is always more considered in its erection, than when it is to be situated in a less interesting country, and because the effect desired is very rarely given, there being far greater difficulties to contend with. But one word more, before setting off for the south. Though, as we saw before, the gentleman has less *national* character than the boor, his *individual* character is more marked, especially in its finer features, which are clearly and perfectly developed by education ; consequently, when the inhabitant of the villa has had anything to do with its erection, we might expect to find indications of individual and peculiar feelings, which it would be most interesting to follow out. But this is no part of our present task ; at some future period we hope to give a series of essays on the habitations of the most distinguished men of Europe, showing how the alterations which they directed, and the expression which they bestowed, corresponded with the turn of their emotions, and leading intellectual faculties ; but at present we have to deal only with generalities ; we have to ascertain, not what will be pleasing to a single mind, but what will afford gratification to every eye possessing a certain degree of experience, and every mind endowed with a certain degree of taste.

Without further preface, therefore, let us endeavour to ascertain what would be theoretically beautiful, on the shore,

or among the scenery of the Larian Lake, preparatory to a sketch of the general features of those villas which exist there, in too great a multitude to admit, on our part, of much individual detail.

For the general tone of the scenery, we may refer to the paper on the Italian cottage ;* for the shores of the Lake of

* *The Character of the Italian Mountain Scenery.*—That Italian mountain scenery has less elevation of character than the plains may appear singular ; but there are many simple reasons for a fact which, we doubt not, has been felt by every one (capable of feeling anything) who ever left the Alps to pass into Lombardy. The first is, that a mountain scene, as we saw in the last paper, bears no traces of decay, since it never possessed any of life. The desolation of the sterile peaks, never having been interrupted, is altogether free from the melancholy which is consequent on the passing away of interruption. They stood up in the time of Italy's glory, into the voiceless air, while all the life and light which she remembers now was working and moving at their feet, an animated cloud, which they did not feel, and do not miss. That region of life never reached up their flanks, and has left them no memorials of its being ; they have no associations, no monuments, no memories ; we look on them as we would on other hills : things of abstract and natural magnificence, which the presence of man could not increase, nor his departure sadden. They are, in consequence, destitute of all that renders the name of Ausonia thrilling, or her champaigns beautiful, beyond the mere splendour of climate ; and even that splendour is unshared by the mountain ; its cold atmosphere being undistinguished by any of that rich, purple, ethereal transparency, which gives the air of the plains its depth of feeling : we can find no better expression.

Secondly. In all hill scenery, though there is increase of size, there is want of distance. We are not speaking of views from summits, but of the average aspect of valleys. Suppose the mountains be 10,000 ft. high, their summits will not be more than six miles distant in a direct line ; and there is a general sense of confinement, induced by their wall-like boundaries, which is painful, contrasted with the wide expatiation of spirit induced by a distant view over plains. In ordinary countries, however, where the plain is an uninteresting mass of cultivation, the sublimity of distance is not to be compared to that of size : but, where every yard of the cultivated country has its tale to tell, where it is perpetually intersected by rivers whose names are meaning music, and glancing with cities and villages, every one of which has its own halo round its head ; and where the eye is carried by the clearness of the air over the blue of the farthest horizon, without finding one

Como have generally the character there described, with a little more cheerfulness, and a little less elevation, but aided by great variety of form. They are not quite so rich in vegetation as the plains: both because the soil is scanty, there being, of course, no decomposition going on among the rocks of black marble which form the greater part of the shore; and because the mountains rise steeply from the water, leaving only a narrow zone at their bases in the climate of Italy. In that zone, however, the olive grows in great luxuriance, with the cypress, orange, aloe, myrtle, and vine, the latter always trellised.

Now, as to the situation of the cottage, we have already seen that great humility was necessary, both in the building and its site, to prevent it from offending us by an apparent struggle with forces, compared with which its strength was dust: but we cannot have this extreme humility in the villa, the dwelling of wealth and power, and yet we must not, any more,

wreath of mist, or one shadowy cloud, to check the distinctness of the impression; the mental emotions excited are richer, and deeper, and swifter than could be awakened by the noblest hills of the earth, unconnected with the deeds of men.

Lastly. The plain country of Italy has not even to choose between the glory of distance and of size, for it has both. I do not think there is a spot, from Venice to Messina, where two ranges of mountains, at the least, are not in sight at the same time. In Lombardy, the Alps are on one side, the Apennines on the other; in the Venetian territory, the Alps, Apennines, and Euganean Hills; going southwards, the Apennines always, their outworks running far towards the sea, and the coast itself frequently mountainous. Now, the aspect of a noble range of hills, at a considerable distance, is, in our opinion, far more imposing (considered in the abstract) than they are seen near: their height is better told, their outlines softer and more melodious, their majesty more mysterious. But, in Italy, they gain more by distance than majesty: they gain life. They cease to be the cold forgetful things they were; they hold the noble plains in their lap, and become venerable, as having looked down upon them, and watched over them for ever, unchanging; they become part of the pictures of associations; we endow them with memory, and then feel them to be possessed of all that is glorious on earth.

For these three reasons, then, the plains of Italy possess far more elevation of character than her hill scenery. To the northward, this con-

suggest the idea of its resisting natural influences under which the Pyramids could not abide. The only way of solving the difficulty is, to select such sites as shall seem to have been set aside by nature as places of rest, as points of calm and enduring beauty, ordained to sit and smile in their glory of quietness, while the avalanche brands the mountain top, and the torrent desolates the valley; yet so preserved, not by shelter amidst violence, but by being placed wholly out of the influence of violence. For in this they must differ from the site of the cottage, that the peasant may seek for protection under some low rock or in some narrow dell, but the villa must have a domain to itself, at once conspicuous, beautiful, and calm.

As regards the form of the cottage, we have seen how the Westmoreland cottage harmonised with the ease of outline so conspicuous in hill scenery, by the irregularity of its details; but, here, no such irregularity is allowable or consistent, and is not even desirable. For the cottage enhances the wildness

trast is felt very strikingly, as the distinction is well marked, the Alps rising sharply and suddenly. To the southward, the plain is more mingled with low projecting promontories, and unites almost every kind of beauty. However, even among her northern lakes, the richness of the low climate, and the magnificence of form and colour presented by the distant Alps, raise the character of the scene immeasurably above that of most hill landscapes, even were those natural features entirely unassisted by associations which, though more sparingly scattered than in the south, are sufficient to give light to every leaf, and voice to every wave.

The Avalanche brands the Mountain Top.—There are two kinds of winter avalanches; the one, sheets of frozen snow, sliding on the surface of others. The swiftness of these, as the clavendier of the Convent of St. Bernard told me, he could compare to nothing but that of a cannon ball of equal size. The other is a rolling mass of snow, accumulating in its descent. This, grazing the bare hill side, tears up its surface like dust, bringing away soil, rock, and vegetation, as a grazing ball tears flesh; and leaving its withered path distinct on the green hill side, as if the mountain had been branded with red-hot iron. They generally keep to the same paths; but, when the snow accumulates, and sends down one the wrong way, it has been known to cut down a pine forest, as a scythe mows grass. The tale of its work is well told by the seared and branded marks on the hill summits and sides.

of the surrounding scene, by sympathising with it ; the villa must do the same thing, by contrasting with it. The eye feels, in a far greater degree, the terror of the distant and desolate peaks, when it passes down their ravined sides to sloping and verdant hills, and is guided from these to the rich glow of vegetable life in the low zones, and through this glow to the tall front of some noble edifice, peaceful even in its pride. But this contrast must not be sudden, or it will be startling and harsh ; and therefore, as we saw above, the villa must be placed where all the severe features of the scene, though not concealed, are distant, and where there is a graduation, so to speak, of impressions, from terror to loveliness, the one softened by distance, the other elevated in its style : and the form of the villa must not be fantastic or angular, but must be full of variety, so tempered by simplicity as to obtain ease of outline united with elevation of character ; the first being necessary for reasons before advanced, and the second, that the whole may harmonise with the feelings induced by the lofty features of the accompanying scenery in any hill country, and yet more, on the Larian Lake, by the deep memories and everlasting associations which haunt the stillness of its shore. Of the colour required by Italian landscape we have spoken before, and we shall see that, particularly in this case, white or pale tones are agreeable.

We shall now proceed to the situation and form of the villa. As regards situation ; the villas of the Lago di Como are built, *par préférence*, either on jutting promontories of low crag covered with olives, or on those parts of the shore where some mountain stream has carried out a bank of alluvium into the lake. One object proposed in this choice of situation is, to catch the breeze as it comes up the main opening of the hills, and to avoid the reflection of the sun's rays from the rocks of the actual shore ; and another is, to obtain a prospect up or down the lake, and of the hills on whose projection the villa is built : but the effect of this choice, when the building is considered the object, is to carry it exactly into the place where it ought to be, far from the precipice and dark mountain, to the border of the bending bay and citron-

scented cape, where it stands at once conspicuous and in peace. For instance, in Fig. 27, (Bellaggio, Lago di Como), although the eye falls suddenly from the crags above to the promontory below, yet all the sublime and severe features of



FIG. 27.

the scene are kept in the distance, and the villa itself is mingled with graceful lines, and embosomed in rich vegetation. The promontory separates the Lake of Lecco from that of Como, properly so called, and is three miles from the oppo-

site shore, which gives room enough for aerial perspective. So also in Fig. 28.

We shall now consider the form of the villa. It is generally the apex of a series of artificial terraces, which conduct through its gardens to the water. These are formal in their design, but extensive, wide, and majestic in their slope,

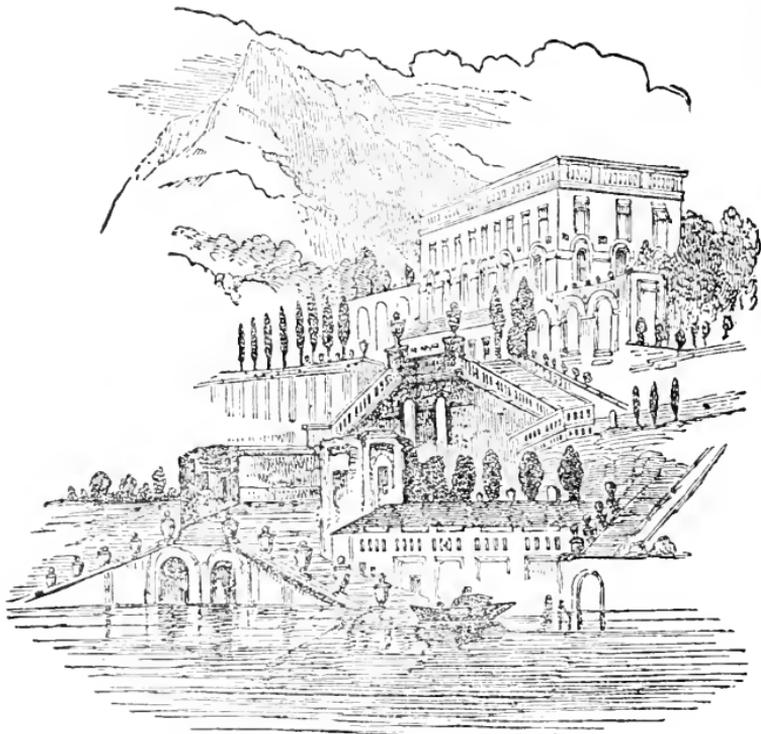


FIG. 28.

the steps being generally about $\frac{1}{2}$ ft. high and $4\frac{1}{2}$ ft. wide (sometimes however much deeper). They are generally supported by white wall, strengthened by unfilled arches, the angles being turned by sculptured pedestals, surmounted by statues, or urns. Along the terraces are carried rows, sometimes of cypress, more frequently of orange or lemon trees, with myrtles, sweet bay, and aloes, intermingled, but always with dark and spiry cypresses occurring in groups ;

and attached to these terraces, or to the villa itself, are series of arched grottos (seen well in Fig. 27), built (or sometimes cut in the rock) for coolness, frequently overhanging the water, kept dark and fresh, and altogether delicious to the feelings. A good instance of these united peculiarities is seen in Fig. 28. (Villa Somma-Riva, Lago di Como.) There are a few slight additions made to the details of the approach, that it may be a good example of general style.

The effect of these approaches is disputable. It is displeasing to many, from its formality; but we are persuaded that it is right, because it is a national style, and therefore has in all probability due connexion with scene and character; and this connexion we shall endeavour to prove.

The frequent occurrence of the arch is always delightful in distant effect, partly on account of its graceful line, partly because the shade it casts is varied in depth, becoming deeper and deeper as the grotto retires, and partly because it gives great apparent elevation to the walls which it supports. The grottos themselves are agreeable objects seen near, because they give an impression of coolness to the eye; and they echo all sounds with great melody; small streams are often conducted through them, occasioning slight breezes by their motion. Then the statue and the urn are graceful in their outline, classical in their meaning, and correct in their position, for where could they be more appropriate than here: the one ministering to memory, and the other to mourning. The terraces themselves are dignified in their character (a necessary effect, as we saw above), and even the formal rows of trees are right in this climate, for a peculiar reason. Effect is always to be considered, in Italy, as if the sun were always to shine, for it does nine days out of ten. Now the shadows of foliage regularly disposed, fall with a grace which it is impossible to describe, running up and down across the marble steps, and casting alternate statues into darkness; and chequering the white walls with a "method in their madness," altogether unattainable by loose grouping of trees; and therefore, for the sake of this kind of shade, to which the eye, as well as the feeling, is attracted, the long row of cypresses

or orange trees is allowable. But there is a still more important reason for it, of a directly contrary nature to that which its formality would seem to require. In all beautiful designs of exterior descent, a certain regularity is necessary; the lines should be graceful, but they must balance each other, slope answering to slope, statue to statue. Now this mathematical regularity would hurt the eye excessively in the midst of scenes of natural grace, were it executed in bare stone; but, if we make part of the design itself foliage, and put in touches of regular shade, alternating with the stone, whose distances and darkness are as mathematically limited as the rest of the grouping but whose nature is changeful, and varied in individual forms, we have obtained a link between nature and art, a step of transition, leading the feelings gradually from the beauty of regularity to that of freedom. And this effect would not be obtained, as might at first appear, by intermingling trees of different kinds, at irregular distances, or wherever they choose to grow; for then the design and the foliage would be instantly separated by the eye, the symmetry of the one would be interrupted, the grace of the other lost; the nobility of the design would not be seen, but its formality would be felt; and the wildness of the trees would be injurious, because it would be felt to be out of place. On principles of composition, therefore, the regular disposition of decorative foliage is right, when such foliage is mixed with architecture; but it requires great taste, and long study, to design this disposition properly. Trees of dark leaf and little colour should be invariably used, for they are to be considered, it must be remembered, rather as free touches of shade than as trees. Take, for instance, the most simple bit of design, such as the hollow balustrade Fig. 29, and suppose that it is found to look cold or raw, when executed, and to want depth. Then put small pots, with any dark shrub, the darker the better, at fixed places behind them, at the same distance as the balustrades, or between every two or three, as shown in Fig. 30, and keep them cut down to a certain height, and we have immediate depth and increased ease, with undiminished symmetry. But the great difficulty is to keep the thing within

proper limits, since too much of it will lead to paltriness, as is the case in a slight degree in Isola Bella, on Lago Maggiore ; and not to let it run into small details : for, be it remembered, that it is only in the majesty of art, in its large and general effects, that this regularity is allowable ; nothing but variety should be studied in detail, and therefore there can be no barbarism greater than the lozenge borders and beds of the French garden. The scenery around must be naturally rich,

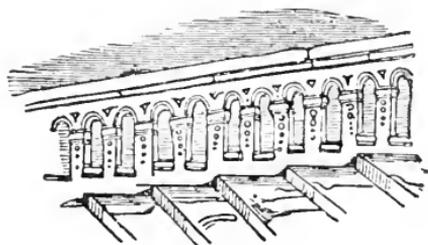


FIG. 29.

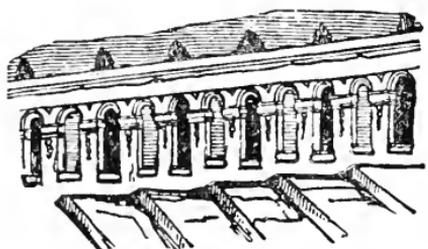


FIG. 30.

that its variety of line may relieve the slight stiffness of the architecture itself ; and the climate must always be considered ; for, as we saw, the chief beauty of these flights of steps depends upon the presence of the sun ; and, if they are to be in shade half the year, the dark trees will only make them gloomy, the grass will grow between the stones of the steps, black weeds will flicker from the pedestals, damp mosses discolour the statues and urns, and the whole will become one incongruous ruin, one ridiculous decay. Besides, the very dignity of its character, even could it be kept in proper order, would be out of place in any country but Italy. Busts of

Virgil or Ariosto would look astonished in an English snow-storm ; statues of Apollo and Diana would be no more divine, where the laurels of the one would be weak, and the crescent of the other would never gleam in pure moonlight. The whole glory of the design consists in its unison with the dignity of the landscape, and with the classical tone of the country. Take it away from its concomitant circumstances, and instead of conducting the eye to it by a series of lofty and dreamy impressions, bring it through green lanes, or over copse-covered crags, as would be the case in England, and the whole system becomes utterly and absolutely absurd, ugly in outline, worse than useless in application, unmeaning in design, and incongruous in association.

It seems, then, that in the approach to the Italian villa, we have discovered great nationality and great beauty, which was more than we could have expected, but a beauty, utterly untransferable from its own settled habitation. In our next paper we shall proceed to the building itself, which will not detain us long, as it is generally simple in its design, and take a general view of villa architecture over Italy.

We have bestowed considerable attention on this style of Garden Architecture, because it has been much abused by persons of high authority, and general good taste, who forgot, in their love of grace and ideal beauty, the connexion with surrounding circumstances so manifest even in its formality. Eustace, we think, is one of these ; and although it is an error of a kind he is perpetually committing, he is so far right, that this mannerism is frequently carried into excess even in its own peculiar domain, then becoming disagreeable, and is always a dangerous style in inexperienced hands. We think, however, paradoxical as the opinion may appear, that every one who is a true lover of Nature, and has been bred in her wild school, will be an admirer of this symmetrical designing, in its place ; and will feel, as often as he contemplates it, that the united effect of the wide and noble steps, with the pure water dashing over them like heated crystal, the long shadows of the cypress groves, the golden leaves and glorious light of blossom of the glancing aloes, the pale statues gleaming along

the heights in their everlasting death in life, their motionless brows looking down forever on the loveliness in which their beings once dwelt, marble forms of more than mortal grace lightening along the green arcades, amidst dark cool grottoes, full of the voice of dashing waters, and of the breath of myrtle blossoms, with the blue of the deep lake and the distant precipice mingling at every opening with the eternal snows glowing in their noontide silence, is one not unworthy of Italy's most noble remembrances.

Having considered the propriety of the approach, it remains for us to investigate the nature of the feelings excited by the villas of the Lago di Como in particular, and of Italy in general.

We mentioned that the bases of the mountains, bordering the Lake of Como were chiefly composed of black marble; black, at least, when polished, and very dark grey in its general effect. This is very finely stratified in beds varying in thickness from an inch to two or three feet; and these beds, taken of a medium thickness, form flat slabs, easily broken into rectangular fragments, which, being excessively compact in their grain, are admirably adapted for a building material. There is a little pale limestone* among the hills to the south; but this marble, or primitive limestone (for it is not highly crystalline), is not only more easy of access, but a more durable stone. Of this, consequently, almost all the buildings on the lake shore are built; and, therefore, were their material unconcealed, would be of a dark, monotonous, and melancholy grey tint, equally uninteresting to the eye, and depressing to the mind. To prevent this result, they are

* *Pale limestone*, with dolomite. A coarse dolomite forms the mass of mountains on the east of Lake Lecco, Monte Campione, &c., and part of the other side, as well as the Monte del Novo, above Cadenabia: but the bases of the hills, along the *shore* of the Lake of Lecco, and all the mountains on both sides of the lower limb of Como, are black limestone. The whole northern half of the lake is bordered by gneiss or mica slate, with tertiary deposit where torrents enter it. So that the dolomite is only obtainable by ascending the hills, and incurring considerable expense of carriage; while the rocks of the shore split into blocks of their own accord, and are otherwise an excellent material.

covered with different compositions, sometimes white, more frequently cream-colored, and of varying depth; the mouldings and pilasters being frequently of deeper tones than the walls. The inside of the grottos, however, when not cut in the rock itself, are left uncovered, thus forming a strong contrast with the whiteness outside; giving great depth, and permitting weeds and flowers to root themselves on the roughnesses, and rock streams to distil through the fissures of the dark stones; while all parts of the building to which the eye is drawn, by their form or details (except the capitals of the pilasters, such as the urns, the statues, the steps, or balustrades), are executed in very fine white marble, generally from the quarries of Carrara, which supply quantities of fragments of the finest quality, which, nevertheless, owing to their want of size, or to the presence of conspicuous veins, are unavailable for the higher purposes of sculpture.

Now, the first question is, is this very pale color desirable? It is to be hoped so, or else the whole of Italy must be pronounced full of impropriety. The first circumstance in its favor is one which, though connected only with lake scenery, we shall notice at length, as it is a point of high importance in our own country. When a small piece of quiet water reposes in a valley, or lies embosomed among crags, its chief beauty is derived from our perception of crystalline depth, united with excessive slumber. In its limited surface we cannot get the sublimity of extent, but we may have the beauty of peace, and the majesty of depth. The object must therefore be, to get the eye off its surface, and to draw it down, to beguile it into that fairy land underneath, which is more beautiful than what it repeats, because it is all full of dreams unattainable and illimitable. This can only be done by keeping its edge out of sight, and guiding the eye off the land into the reflection, as if it were passing into a mist, until it finds itself swimming into the blue sky, with a thrill of unfathomable falling. (If there be not a touch of sky at the bottom, the water will be disagreeably black, and the clearer the more fearful.) Now, one touch of *white* reflection of an object at the edge will destroy the whole illusion, for it will come like

the flash of light on armour, and will show the surface, not the depth: it will tell the eye whereabouts it is; will define the limit of the edge; and will turn the dream of limitless depth into a small, uninteresting, reposeless piece of water. In all small lakes or pools, therefore, steep borders of dark crag, or of thick foliage, are to be obtained, if possible; even a shingly shore will spoil them: and this was one reason, it will be remembered, for our admiration of the colour of the Westmoreland cottage, because it never broke the repose of water by its reflection. But this principle applies only to small pieces of water, on which we look down, as much as along the surface. As soon as we get a sheet, even if only a mile across, we lose depth; first, because it is almost impossible to get the surface without a breeze on some part of it; and, again, because we look along it, and get a great deal of sky in the reflection, which, when occupying too much space, tells as mere flat light. But we may have the beauty of extent in a very high degree; and it is therefore desirable to know how far the water goes, that we may have a clear conception of its space. Now, its border, at a great distance, is always lost, unless it be defined by a very distinct line; and such a line is harsh, flat, and cutting on the eye. To avoid this, the border itself should be dark, as in the other case, so that there may be no continuous horizontal line of demarcation; but one or two bright white objects should be set here and there along or near the edge: their reflections will flash on the dark water, and will inform the eye in a moment of the whole distance and transparency of the surface it is traversing. When there is a slight swell on the water, they will come down in long, beautiful, perpendicular lines, mingling exquisitely with the streaky green of reflected foliage; when there is none, they become a distinct image of the object they repeat, endowed with infinite repose.

These remarks, true of small lakes whose edges are green, apply with far greater force to sheets of water on which the eye passes over ten or twenty miles in one long glance, and the prevailing colour of whose borders is, as we noticed when speaking of the Italian cottage, blue. The white reflections are here excessively valuable, giving space, brilliancy, and

transparency ; and furnish one very powerful apology, even did other objections render an apology necessary, for the pale tone of the colour of the villas, whose reflections, owing to their size and conspicuous situations, always take a considerable part in the scene, and are therefore things to be attentively considered in the erection of such buildings, particularly in a climate whose calmness renders its lakes quiet for the greater part of the day. Nothing, in fact, can be more beautiful than the intermingling of these bright lines with the darkness of the reversed cypresses seen against the deep azure of the distant hills and the crystalline waters of the lake, of which some one aptly says, "Deep within its azure rest, white villages sleep silently ;" or than their columnar perspective, as village after village catches the light, and strikes the image to the very quietest recess of the narrow water, and the very furthest hollow of the folded hills.

From all this, it appears that the effect of the white villa in water is delightful. On land it is quite as important, but more doubtful. The first objection, which strikes us instantly when we *imagine* such a building, is, the want of repose, the startling glare of effect, induced by its unsubdued tint. But this objection does not strike us when we *see* the building ; a circumstance which was partly accounted for before, in speaking of the cottage, and which we shall presently see further cause not to be surprised at. A more important objection is, that such whiteness destroys a great deal of venerable character, and harmonises ill with the melancholy tones of surrounding landscape : and this requires detailed consideration. Paleness of colour destroys the majesty of a building ; first, by hinting at a disguised and humble material ; and, secondly, by taking away all appearance of age. We shall speak of the effect of the material presently ; but the deprivation of apparent antiquity is dependent in a great degree on the colour, and in Italy, where, as we saw before, everything ought to point to the past, is a serious injury, though, for several reasons, not so fatal as might be imagined ; for we do not require, in a building raised as a light summer-house, wherein to while away a few pleasure hours, the evidence of ancestral dignity,

without which the château or palace can possess hardly any beauty. We know that it is originally built rather as a plaything than as a monument; as the delight of an individual, not the possession of a race; and the very lightness and carelessness of feeling with which such a domicile is entered and inhabited by its first builder would demand, to sympathise and keep in unison with them, not the kind of building adapted to excite the veneration of ages, but that which can most gaily minister to the amusement of hours. For all men desire to have memorials of their actions, but none of their recreations; inasmuch as we only wish that to be remembered which others will not, or cannot, perform or experience; and we know that all men can enjoy recreation as much as ourselves. We wish succeeding generations to admire our energy, but not even to be aware of our lassitude; to know when we moved, but not when we rested; how we ruled, not how we condescended: and, therefore, in the case of the triumphal arch, or the hereditary palace, if we are the builders, we desire stability; if the beholders, we are offended with novelty: but, in the case of the villa, the builder desires only a correspondence with his humour; the beholder, evidence of such correspondence; for he feels that the villa is most beautiful when it ministers most to pleasure; that it cannot minister to pleasure without perpetual change, so as to suit the varying ideas, and humours, and imaginations of its inhabitant; and that it cannot possess this light and variable habit with any appearance of antiquity. And, for a yet more important reason, such appearance is not desirable. Melancholy, when it is productive of pleasure, is accompanied either by loveliness in the object exciting it, or by a feeling of pride in the mind experiencing it. Without one of these, it becomes absolute pain, which all men throw off as soon as they can, and suffer under as long as their minds are too weak for the effort. Now, when it is accompanied by loveliness in the object exciting it, it forms beauty; when by a feeling of pride, it constitutes the pleasure we experience in tragedy, when we have the pride of endurance, or in contemplating the ruin, or the monument, by which

we are informed or reminded of the pride of the past. Hence, it appears that age is beautiful only when it is the decay of glory or of power, and memory only delightful when it reposes upon pride.* All remains, therefore, of what was merely devoted to pleasure ; all evidence of lost enjoyment ; all memorials of the recreation and rest of the departed ; in a word, all desolation of delight, is productive of mere pain, for there is no feeling of exultation connected with it. Thus, in any ancient habitation, we pass with reverence and pleasurable emotion through the ordered armoury, where the lances lie, with none to wield ; through the lofty hall, where the crested scuteheons glow with the honour of the dead : but we turn sickly away from the arbour which has no hand to tend it, and the boudoir which has no life to lighten it, and the smooth sward which has no light feet to dance on it. So it is in the villa : the more memory the more sorrow ; and, therefore, the less adaptation to its present purpose. But, though cheerful, it should be ethereal in its expression : “ spiritual ” is a good word, giving ideas of the very highest order of delight that can be obtained in the mere present. It seems, then, that for all these reasons an appearance of age is not desirable, far less necessary, in the villa ; but its existing character must be in unison with its country ; and it must appear to be inhabited by one brought up in that country, and imbued with its national feelings. In Italy, especially, though we can even here dispense with one component part of elevation of character, age, we must have all the others : we must have high feeling, beauty of form, and depth of effect, or the thing will be a barbarism ; the inhabitant must be an Italian, full of imagination and emotion : a villa inhabited by an Englishman, no matter how close its imitation of others, will always be preposterous.

We find, therefore, that white is not to be blamed in the

* Observe, we are not speaking of emotions felt on remembering what we ourselves have enjoyed, for then the imagination is productive of pleasure by replacing us in enjoyment, but of the feelings excited in the *indifferent* spectator, by the evident decay of power or desolation of enjoyment, of which the first ennobles, the other only harrows, the spirit

villa for destroying its antiquity ; neither is it reprehensible, as harmonising ill with the surrounding landscape ; on the contrary, it adds to its brilliancy, without taking away from its depth of tone. We shall consider it as an element of landscape, more particularly, when we come to speak of grouping.

There remains only one accusation to be answered, viz., that it hints at a paltry and unsubstantial material : and this leads us to the second question, Is this material allowable ? If it were distinctly felt by the eye to be stucco, there could be no question about the matter, it would be decidedly disagreeable ; but all the parts to which the eye is attracted are executed in marble, and the stucco merely forms the dead flat of the building, not a single wreath of ornament being formed of it. Its surface is smooth and bright, and altogether avoids what a stone building, when not built of large masses, and uncharged with ornament, always forces upon the attention, the rectangular lines of the blocks, which, however nicely fitted they may be, are "horrible ! most horrible !" There is also a great deal of ease and softness in the angular lines of the stucco, which are never sharp or harsh, like those of stone ; and it receives shadows with great beauty, a point of infinite importance in this climate ; giving them lightness and transparency, without any diminution of depth. It is also rather agreeable to the eye, to pass from the sharp carving of the marble decorations to the ease and smoothness of the stucco ; while the utter want of interest in those parts which are executed in it prevents the humility of the material from being offensive ; for this passage of the eye from the marble to the composition is managed with the dexterity of the artist, who, that the attention may be drawn to the single point of the picture which is his subject, leaves the rest so obscured and slightly painted, that the mind loses it altogether in its attention to the principal feature.

With all, however, that can be alleged in extenuation of its faults, it cannot be denied that the stucco *does* take away so much of the dignity of the building, that, unless we find enough bestowed by its form and details to counterbalance, and a great deal more than counterbalance, the deterioration

occasioned by tone and material, the whole edifice must be condemned, as incongruous with the spirit of the climate, and even with the character of its own gardens and approach. It remains, therefore, to notice the details themselves. Its form is simple to a degree; the roof generally quite flat, so as to leave the mass in the form of a parallelopiped, in general without wings or adjuncts of any sort. Villa Somma-Riva (Fig. 28 in p. 70), is a good example of this general form and proportion, though it has an arched passage on each side, which takes away from its massiness. This excessive weight of effect would be injurious if the building were set by itself; but, as it always forms the apex of a series of complicated terraces, it both relieves them and gains great dignity by its own unbroken simplicity of size. This general effect of form is not injured, when, as is often the case, an open passage is left in the centre of the building, under tall and well-proportioned arches, supported by pilasters (never by columns). Villa Porro, Lago di Como (Fig. 31), is a good example of this method. The arches hardly ever exceed three in number, and these are all of the same size, so that the crowns of the arches continue the horizontal lines of the rest of the building. Were the centre one higher than the others, these lines would be interrupted, and a great deal of simplicity lost. The covered space under these arches is a delightful, shaded, and breezy retreat in the heat of the day; and the entrance doors usually open into it, so that a current of cool air is obtainable by throwing them open.

The building itself consists of three floors: we remember no instance of a greater number, and only one or two of fewer. It is, in general, crowned with a light balustrade, surmounted by statues at intervals. The windows of the uppermost floor are usually square, often without any architrave. Those of the principal floor are surrounded with broad architraves, but are frequently destitute of frieze or cornice. They have usually flat bands at the bottom, and their aperture is a double square. Their recess is very deep, so as not to let the sun fall far into the interior. The interval between them is very variable. In some of the villas of highest pretensions, such as

those on the banks of the Brenta, that of Isola Bella, and others, which do not face the south, it is not much more than the breadth of the two architraves, so that the rooms

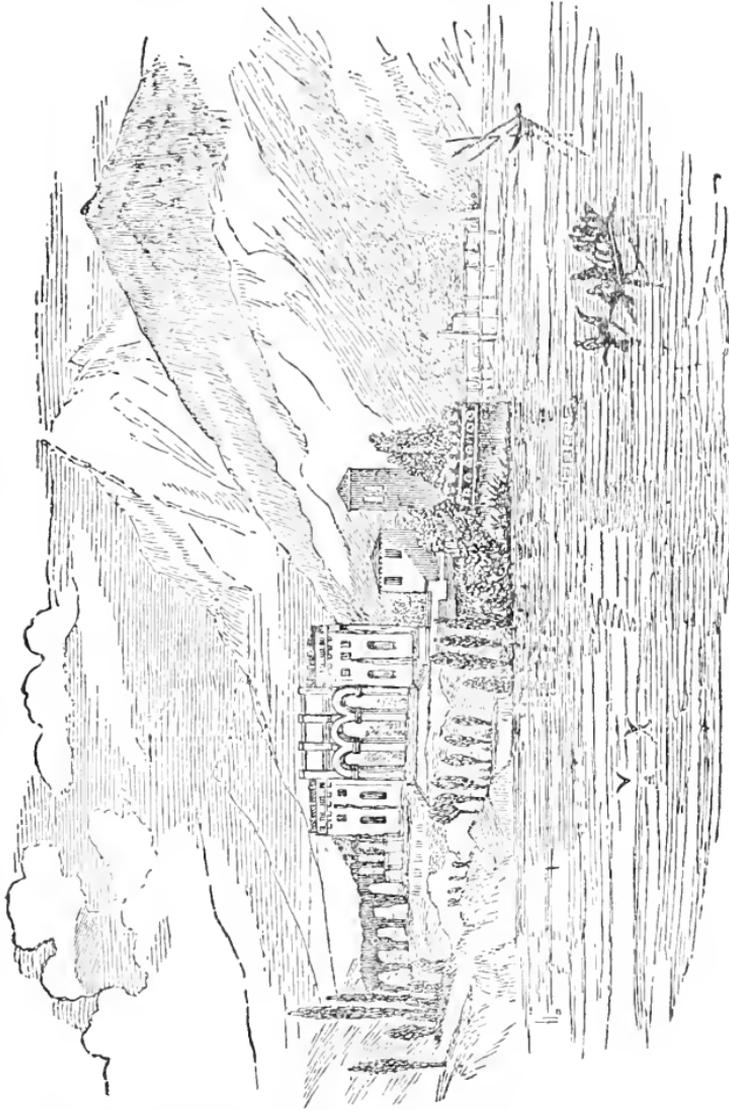


FIG. 31.

within are filled with light. When this is the case, the windows have friezes and cornices. But, when the building fronts the south, the interval is often very great, as in the case of the

Villa Porro. The ground-floor windows are frequently set in tall arches, supported on deeply engaged pilasters, as in Fig. 28, p. 70 (Soanma-Riva). The door is not large, and never entered by high steps, as it generally opens on a terrace of considerable height, or on a wide landing-place at the head of a flight of fifty or sixty steps descending through the gardens.

Now, it will be observed, that, in these general forms, though there is no splendor, there is great dignity. The lines throughout are simple to a degree, entirely uninterrupted by decorations of any kind, so that the beauty of their proportions is left visible and evident. We shall see hereafter that ornament in Grecian architecture, while, when well managed, it always adds to its grace, invariably takes away from its majesty ; and that these two attributes never can exist together in their highest degrees. By the utter absence of decoration, therefore, the Italian villa, possessing, as it usually does, great beauty of proportion, attains a degree of elevation of character, which impresses the mind in a manner which it finds difficult to account for by any consideration of its simple details or moderate size ; while, at the same time, it lays so little claim to the attention, and is so subdued in its character, that it is enabled to occupy a conspicuous place in a landscape, without any appearance of intrusion. The glance of the beholder rises from the labyrinth of terrace and arbour beneath, almost wearily ; it meets, as it ascends, with a gradual increase of bright marble and simple light, and with a proportionate diminution of dark foliage and complicated shadow, till it rests finally on a piece of simple brilliancy, chaste and unpretending, yet singularly dignified ; and does not find its colour too harsh, because its form is so simple : for colour of any kind is only injurious when the eye is too much attracted to it ; and, when there is so much quietness of detail as to prevent this misfortune, the building will possess the cheerfulness, without losing the tranquillity, and will seem to have been erected, and to be inhabited, by a mind of that beautiful temperament wherein modesty tempers majesty, and gentleness mingles with rejoicing, which, above all others, is most suited

to the essence, and most interwoven with the spirit, of the natural beauty whose peculiar power is invariably repose.

So much for its general character. Considered by principles of composition, it will also be found beautiful. Its prevailing lines are horizontal; and every artist knows that, where peaks of any kind are in sight, the lines above which they rise ought to be flat. It has not one acute angle in all its details, and very few intersections of verticals with horizontals; while all that do intersect seem useful as supporting the mass. The just application of the statues at the top is more doubtful, and is considered reprehensible by several high authorities, who, nevertheless, are inconsistent enough to let the balustrade pass uncalumniated, though it is objectionable on exactly the same grounds; for, if the statues suggest the enquiry of "What are they doing there?" the balustrade compels its beholder to ask, "whom it keeps from tumbling over?" The truth is, that the balustrade and statues derive their origin from a period, when there was easy access to the roof of either temple or villa; (that there was such access is proved by a passage in the *Iphigenia Taurica*, line 113, where Orestes speaks of getting up to the triglyphs of a Doric temple as an easy matter;) and when the flat roofs were used, not, perhaps, as an evening promenade, as in Palestine, but as a place of observation, and occasionally of defence. They were composed of large flat slabs of stone (*κεράμος**), peculiarly adapted for walking, one or two of which, when taken up, left an opening of easy access into the house, as in Luke, v. 19, and were perpetually used in Greece as missile weapons, in the event of a hostile attack or sedition in the city, by parties of old men, women, and children, who used, as a matter of course, to retire to the roof as a place of convenient defence. By such attacks from the roof with the *κεράμος* the Thebans were thrown

* In the large buildings, that is: *κεράμος* also signifies earthen tiling, and sometimes earthenware in general, as in *Herodotus*, iii. 6. It appears that such tiling was frequently used in smaller edifices. The Greeks may have derived their flat roofs from Egypt. Herodotus mentions of the Labyrinth of the Twelve Kings, that *ἀποσὶ δὲ πάντων τοῖ τῶν λ θινῶν*, but not as if the circumstance were in the least extraordinary.

into confusion in Plataea. (*Thucyd.*, ii. 4.) So, also, we find the roof immediatly resorted to in the case of the starving of Pausanias in the Temple of Minerva of the Brazen House, and in that of the massacre of the aristocratic party at Corcyra (*Thucyd.*, iv. 48):—' *Ἀναθάντες δὲ ἐπὶ τὸ τέγος τοῦ οἰκηματος, καὶ διελόντες τὴν ὀροφὴν, ἔβαλλον τῷ κεράμῳ.* Now, where the roof was thus a place of frequent resort, there could be no more useful decoration than a balustrade; nor one more appropriate or beautiful, than occasional statues in attitudes of watchfulness, expectation, or observation: and even now, wherever the roof is flat, we have an idea of convenience and facility of access, which still renders the balustrade agreeable, and the statue beautiful, if well designed. It must not be a figure of perfect peace or repose, far less should it be in violent action; but it should be fixed in that quick startled stillness, which is the result of intent observation or expectation, and which seems ready to start into motion every instant. Its height should be slightly colossal, as it is always to be seen against the sky; and its draperies should not be too heavy, as the eye will always expect them to be caught by the wind. We shall enter into this subject, however, more fully hereafter. We only wish at present to vindicate from the charge of impropriety one of the chief features of the Italian villa. Its white figures, always marble, remain entirely unsullied by the weather, and stand out with great majesty against the blue air behind them, taking away from the heaviness, without destroying the simplicity, of the general form.

It seems, then, that, by its form and details, the villa of the Lago di Como attains so high a degree of elevation of character, as not only brings it into harmony of its *locus*, without any assistance from appearance of antiquity, but may, we think, permit it to dispense even with solidity of material, and appear in light summer stucco, instead of raising itself in imperishable marble. And this conclusion, which is merely theoretical, is verified by fact; for we remember no instance, except in cases where poverty had overpowered pretension, or decay had turned rejoicing into silence, in which the lightness of the material was offensive to the feelings; in all cases, it is

agreeable to the eye. Where it is allowed to get worn, and discoloured, and broken, it induces a wretched mockery of the dignified form which it preserves ; but, as long as it is renewed at proper periods, and watched over by the eye of its inhabitant, it is an excellent and easily managed medium of effect.

With all the praise, however, which we have bestowed upon it, we do not say that the villa of the Larian Lake is perfection ; indeed, we cannot say so, until we have compared it with a few other instances, chiefly to be found in Italy, on whose soil we delay, as being the native country of the villa, properly so called, and as even yet being almost the only spot of Europe where any good specimens of it are to be found : for we do not understand by the term " villa," a cubic erection, with one window on each side of a verdant door, and three in the second and uppermost story, such as the word suggests to the fertile imagination of ruralising cheese-mongers ; neither do we understand the quiet and unpretending country house of a respectable gentleman ; neither do we understand such a magnificent mass of hereditary stone as generally forms the autumn retreat of an English noble ; but we understand the light but elaborate summer habitation, raised however and wherever it pleases his fancy, by some individual of great wealth and influence, who can enrich it with every attribute of beauty ; furnish it with every appurtenance of pleasure ; and repose in it with the dignity of a mind trained to exertion or authority. Such a building could not exist in Greece, where every district a mile and a quarter square was quarrelling with all its neighbours. It could exist, and did exist, in Italy, where the Roman power secured tranquillity, and the Roman constitution distributed its authority among a great number of individuals, on whom, while it raised them to a position of great influence, and, in its later times, of wealth, it did not bestow the power of raising palaces or private fortresses. The villa was their peculiar habitation, their only resource, and a most agreeable one ; because the multitudes of the kingdom being, for a long period, confined to a narrow territory, though ruling the

world, rendered the population of the city so dense, as to drive out its higher ranks to the neighbouring hamlets of Tibur and Tusculum. In other districts of Europe the villa is not found, because in very perfect monarchies, as in Austria, the power is thrown chiefly into the hands of a few, who build themselves palaces, not villas ; and in perfect republics, as in Switzerland, the power is so split among the multitude, that nobody can build himself anything. In general, in kingdoms of great extent, the country house becomes the permanent and hereditary habitation ; and the villas are all crowded together, and form gingerbread rows in the environs of the capital ; and, in France and Germany, the excessively disturbed state of affairs in the middle ages compelled every petty baron or noble to defend himself, and retaliate on his neighbours as best he could, till the villa was lost in the château and the fortress ; and men now continue to build as their forefathers built (and long may they do so), surrounding the domicile of pleasure with a moat and a glacis, and guarding its garret windows with turrets and towers : while, in England, the nobles, comparatively few, and of great power, inhabit palaces, not villas ; and the rest of the population is chiefly crowded into cities, in the activity of commerce, or dispersed over estates in that of agriculture ; leaving only one grade of gentry, who have neither the taste to desire, nor the power to erect, the villa, properly so called.

We must not, therefore, be surprised, if, on leaving Italy, where the crowd of poverty-stricken nobility can still repose their pride in the true villa, we find no further examples of it worthy of consideration, though we hope to have far greater pleasure in contemplating its substitutes, the château and the fortress. We must be excused, therefore, for devoting one paper more to the state of villa architecture in Italy ; after which we shall endeavour to apply the principles we shall have deduced to the correction of some abuses in the erection of English country houses, in cases where scenery would demand beauty of design, and wealth permit finish of decoration.

I. *The Italian Villa.*

We do not think there is any truth in the aphorism, now so frequently advanced in England, that the adaptation of shelter to the corporal comfort of the human race is the original and true end of the art of architecture, properly so called : for, were such the case, he would be the most distinguished architect who was best acquainted with the properties of cement, with the nature of stone, and the various durability of wood. That such knowledge is necessary to the perfect architect we do not deny ; but it is no more the end and purpose of his application, than a knowledge of the alphabet is the object of the refined scholar, or of rhythm of the inspired poet. For, supposing that we were for a moment to consider that we built a house *merely* to be lived in, and that the whole bent of our invention, in raising the edifice, is to be directed to the provision of comfort for the life to be spent therein ; supposing that we built it with the most perfect dryness and coolness of cellar, the most luxurious appurtenances of pantry ; that we build our walls with the most compacted strength of material, the most studied economy of space ; that we leave not a chink in the floor for a breath of wind to pass through, not a hinge in the door, which, by any possible exertion of its irritable muscles, could creak ; that we elevate our chambers into exquisite coolness, furnish them with every ministry to luxury of rest, and finish them with every attention to the maintenance of general health, as well as the prevention of present inconvenience : to do all this, we must be possessed of great knowledge and various skill ; let this knowledge and skill be applied with the greatest energy, and what have they done ? Exactly as much as brute animals can do, by mere instinct ; nothing more than bees and beavers, moles and magpies, ants and earwigs, do every day of their lives, without the slightest effort of reason ; we have made ourselves superior as architects to the most degraded animation of the universe, only insomuch as we have lavished the highest efforts of intellect, to do what they have done with the most limited

sensations that can constitute life. The mere preparation of convenience, therefore, is not architecture in which man can take pride, or ought to take delight ; but the high and ennobling art of architecture is, that of giving to buildings, whose parts are determined by necessity, such forms and colours as shall delight the mind, by preparing it for the operations to which it is to be subjected in the building : and thus, as it is altogether to the mind that the work of the architect is addressed, it is not as a part of his art, but as a limitation of its extent, that he must be acquainted with the minor principles of the economy of domestic erections. For this reason, though we shall notice every class of edifice, it does not come within our proposed plan, to enter into any detailed consideration of the inferior buildings of each class, which afford no scope for the play of the imagination by their nature or size ; but we shall generally select the most perfect and beautiful examples, as those in which alone the architect has the power of fulfilling the high purposes of his art. In the villa, however, some exception must be made, inasmuch as it will be useful, and, perhaps, interesting, to arrive at some fixed conclusions respecting the modern buildings, improperly called villas, raised by moderate wealth, and of limited size, in which the architect is compelled to produce his effect without extent or decoration. The principles which we have hitherto arrived at, deduced as they are from edifices of the noblest character, will be but of little use to a country gentleman, about to insinuate himself and his habitation into a quiet corner of our lovely country ; and, therefore, we must glance at the more humble homes of the Italian, preparatory to the consideration of what will best suit our own less elevated scenery.

First, then, we lose the terraced approach, or, at least, its size and splendour, as these require great wealth to erect them, and perpetual expense to preserve them. For the chain of terraces we find substituted a simple garden, somewhat formally laid out ; but redeemed from the charge of meanness by the nobility and size attained by most of its trees ; the line of immense cypresses which generally sur-

rounds it in part, and the luxuriance of the vegetation of its flowering shrubs. It has frequently a large entrance gate, well designed, but carelessly executed; sometimes singularly adorned with fragments of exquisite ancient sculpture, regularly introduced, which the spectator partly laments, as preserved in a mode so incongruous with their ancient meaning, and partly rejoices over, as preserved at all. The grottos of the superior garden are here replaced by light ranges of arched summer-houses, designed in stucco, and occasionally adorned in their interior with fresco paintings of considerable brightness and beauty.

All this, however, has very little effect in introducing the eye to the villa itself, owing to the general want of inequality of level in the ground, so that the main building becomes an independent feature, instead of forming the apex of a mass of various architecture. Consequently, the weight of form which in the former case it might, and even ought to, possess, would here be cumbrous, ugly, and improper; and accordingly, we find it got rid of. This is done, first by the addition of the square tower, a feature which is not allowed to break in upon the symmetry of buildings of high architectural pretensions; but is immediately introduced, whenever less richness of detail, or variety of approach, demands or admits of irregularity of form. It is a constant and most important feature in Italian landscape: sometimes high and apparently detached, as when it belongs to sacred edifices; sometimes low and strong, united with the mass of the fortress, or varying the form of the villa. It is always simple in its design, flat-roofed, its corners being turned by very slightly projecting pilasters, which are carried up the whole height of the tower, whatever it may be, without any regard to proportion, terminating in two arches on each side, in the villa most frequently filled up, though their curve is still distinguished by darker tint and slight relief. Two black holes on each side, near the top, are very often the only entrances by which light or sun can penetrate. These are seldom actually large, always proportionably small, and destitute of ornament or relief. The forms of the villas to which these towers are attached are

straggling, and varied by many crossing masses; but the great principle of simplicity is always kept in view, everything is square and terminated by parallel lines; no tall chimneys, no conical roofs, no fantastic ornaments are ever admitted: the arch alone is allowed to relieve the stiffness of the general effect. This is introduced frequently, but not in the windows, which are either squares or double squares, at great distances from each other, set deeply into the walls, and only adorned with broad flat borders, as in Fig. 32.

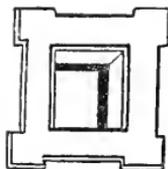


FIG 32.

Where more light is required they are set moderately close, and protected by an outer line of arches, deep enough to keep the noon-day sun from entering the rooms. These lines of arches cast soft shadows along the bright fronts, and are otherwise of great value. Their effect is pretty well seen in Fig. 33; a piece which, while it has no distinguished beauty, is yet pleasing by its entire simplicity; and peculiarly so, when we know that simplicity to have been chosen (some say, built) for its last and lonely habitation, by a mind of softest passion as of purest thought; and to have sheltered its silent old age among the blue and quiet hills, till it passed away like a deep lost melody from the earth, leaving a light of peace about the grey tomb at which the steps of those who pass by always falter, and around this deserted and decaying, and calm habitation of the thoughts of the departed; Petrarch's at Arquà. A more familiar instance of the application of these arches is the villa of Mæcenas at Tivoli, though it is improperly styled a villa, being pretty well known to have been nothing but stables.

The buttress is the only remaining point worthy of notice. It prevails to a considerable extent among the villas of the south, being always broad and tall, and occasionally so frequent as to give the building, viewed laterally, a pyramidal and cumbrous effect. The most usual form is that of a simple sloped mass, terminating in the wall, without the slightest finishing, and rising at an angle of about 84° . Sometimes it is perpendicular, sloped at the top into the wall; but it never has steps of increasing projection as it goes down.

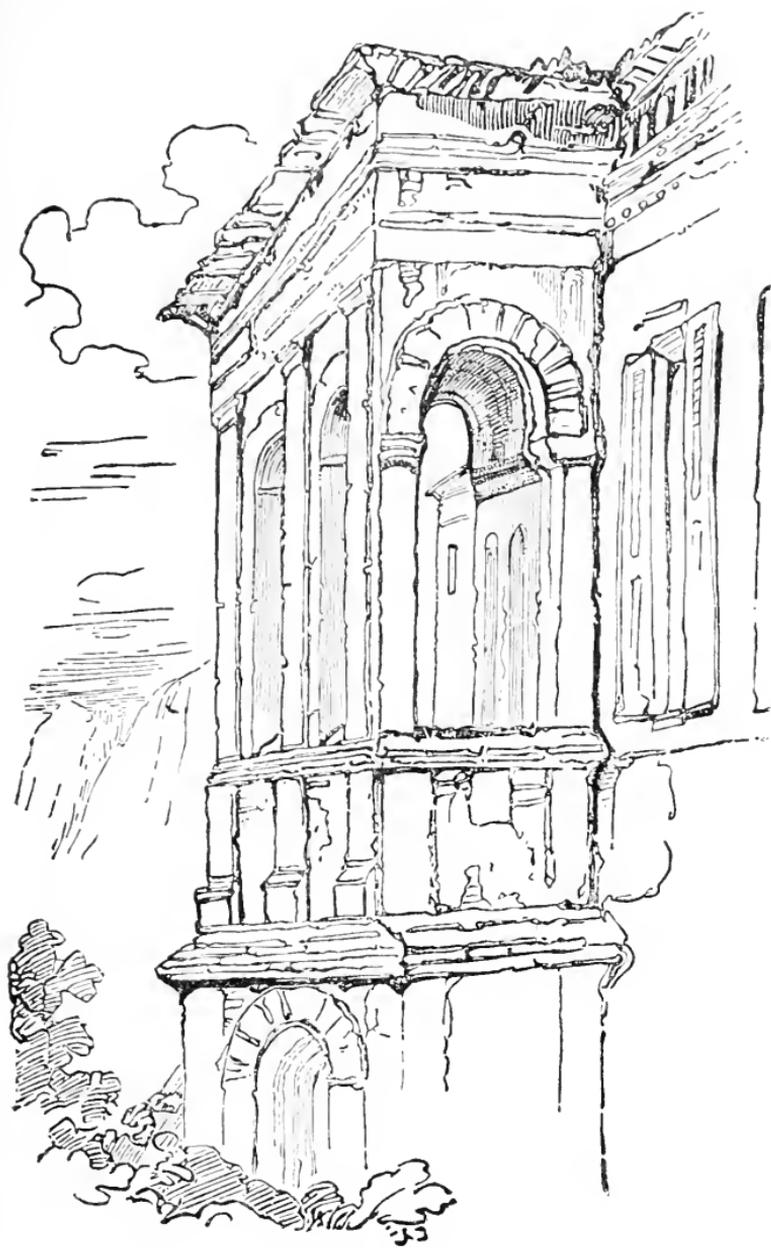


FIG. 33.

By observing the occurrence of these buttresses, an architect, who knew nothing of geology, might accurately determine the points of most energetic volcanic action in Italy; for their use is to protect the building from the injuries of earthquakes, the Italian having far too much good taste to use them, except in cases of extreme necessity. Thus, they are never found in North Italy, even in the fortresses. They begin to occur among the Apennines, south of Florence; they become more and more frequent and massy towards Rome; in the neighbourhood of Naples they are huge and multitudinous, even the walls themselves being sometimes sloped; and the same state of things continues as we go south, on the coasts of Calabria and Sicily. Now, these buttresses present one of the most extraordinary and striking instances of the beauty of adaptation of style to locality and peculiarity of circumstance, that can be met within the whole range of architectural investigation. Taken in the abstract, they are utterly detestable, formal, clumsy, and apparently unnecessary. Their builder thinks so himself: he hates them as things to be looked at, though he erects them as things to be depended upon. He has no idea that there is any propriety in their presence, though he knows perfectly well that there is a great deal of necessity; and, therefore, he builds them. Where? On rocks whose sides are one mass of buttresses, of precisely the same form; on rocks which are cut and cloven by basalt and lava dykes of every size, and which, being themselves secondary, wear away gradually by exposure to the atmosphere, leaving the intersecting dykes standing out in solid and vertical walls, from the faces of their precipices. The eye passes over heaps of scoriæ and sloping banks of ashes, over the huge ruins of more ancient masses, till it trembles for the fate of the crags still standing round; but it finds them ribbed with basalt like bones, buttresses with a thousand lava walls, propped upon pedestals and pyramids of iron, which the pant and the pulse of the earthquake itself can scarcely move, for they are its own work; it climbs up to their summits, and there it finds the work of man; but it is no puny domicile, no eggshell imagination, it is in a con-

tinuation of the mountain itself, inclined at the same slope, ribbed in the same manner, protected by the same means against the same danger ; not, indeed, filling the eye with delight, but, which is of more importance, freeing it from fear and beautifully corresponding with the prevalent lines around it, which a less massive form would have rendered, in some cases, particularly about Etna, even ghastly. Even in the lovely and luxuriant views from Capo di Monte, and the heights to the east of Naples, the spectator looks over a series of volcanic eminences, generally, indeed, covered with rich verdure, but starting out here and there in grey and worn walls, fixed at a regular slope, and breaking away into masses more and more rugged towards Vesuvius, till the eye gets thoroughly habituated to their fortress-like outlines. Throughout the whole of this broken country, and, on the summits of these volcanic cones, rise innumerable villas ; but they do not offend us, as we should have expected, by their attestation of cheerfulness of life amidst the wrecks left by destructive operation, nor hurt the eye by non-assimilation with the immediate features of the landscape : but they seem to rise prepared and adapted for resistance to, and endurance of, the circumstances of their position ; to be inhabited by beings of energy and force sufficient to decree and to carry on a steady struggle with opposing elements, and of taste and feeling sufficient to proportion the form of the walls of even to the clefts in the flanks of the volcano, and to prevent the exultation and the lightness of transitory life from startling, like a mockery, the eternal remains of disguised desolation.

We have always considered these circumstances as most remarkable proofs of the perfect dependence of architecture on its situation, and of the utter impossibility of judging of the beauty of any building in the abstract : and we would also lay much stress upon them, as showing with what boldness the designer may introduce into his building, undisguised, such parts as local circumstances render desirable ; for there will invariably be something in the nature of that which causes their necessity, which will endow them with beauty.

These, then, are the principal features of the Italian villa,

modifications of which, of course more or less dignified in size, material, or decoration, in proportion to the power and possessions of their proprietor, may be considered as composing every building of that class in Italy. A few remarks on their general effect will enable us to conclude the subject.

We have been so long accustomed to see the horizontal lines and simple forms which, as we have observed, still prevail among the Ausonian villas, used with the greatest dexterity, and the noblest effect, in the compositions of Claude, Salvator, and Poussin; and so habituated to consider those compositions as perfect models of the beautiful, as well as the pure in taste; that it is difficult to divest ourselves of prejudice, in the contemplation of the sources from which those masters received their education, their feeling, and their subjects. We would hope, however, and we think it may be proved, that in this case principle assists and encourages prejudice. First, referring only to the gratification afforded to the eye which we know to depend upon fixed mathematical principles, though those principles are not always developed, it is to be observed, that country is always most beautiful when it is made up of curves, and that one of the chief characters of Ausonian landscape is, the perfection of its curvatures, induced by the gradual undulation of promontories into the plains. In suiting architecture to such a country, that building which least interrupts the curve on which it is placed will be felt to be most delightful to the eye. Let us take then the simple form $a b c d$, interrupting the curve $c e$. Now, the eye will always continue the principal lines of such

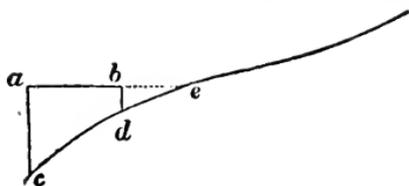


FIG. 34.

an object for itself, until they cut the main curve; that is, it will carry on $a b$ to e , and the total effect of the interruption will be that of the form $c d e$. Had the line $b d$ been nearer $a c$, the effect would have been just the same. Now, every curve may be considered as composed of an infinite number of lines at right angles to each other, as $m n$ is made up of $o p$, $p q$, &c.

(Fig. 34), whose ratio to each other varies with the direction of the curve. Then, if the right lines which form the curve at *c* (Fig. 35) be increased, we have the figure *c d e*, that is, the apparent interruption of the curve is an increased part of the curve itself.

To the mathematical reader we can explain our meaning more clearly, by pointing out that, taking *e* for our origin, we have *a c*, *a e*, for the co-ordinates

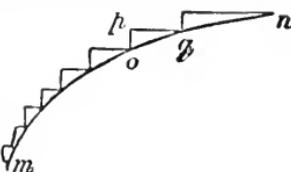


FIG. 35.

of *e*, and that, therefore, their ratio is the equation to the curve. Whence it appears, that, when any curve is broken in upon by a building composed of simple vertical and horizontal lines, the eye is furnished, by the interruption, with the equation to that part of the curve which is interrupted. If, instead of square forms we take obliquity, as *r s t* (Fig. 36), we have one line, *s t*, an absolute break, and the other, *r s*, in false proportion. If we take another curve, we have an infinite number of lines, only two of which are where they ought to be.

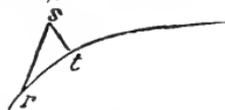


FIG. 36.

And this is the true reason for the constant introduction of features which appear to be somewhat formal, into the most perfect imaginations of the old masters, and the true cause of the extreme beauty of the groups formed by Italian villages in general.

Thus much for the mere effect on the eye. Of correspondence with national character, we have shown that we must not be disappointed, if we find little in the villa. The unfrequency of windows in the body of the building is partly attributed to the climate; but the total exclusion of light from some parts, as the base of the central tower, carries our thoughts back to the ancient system of Italian life, when every man's home had its dark, secret places, the abodes of his worst passions; whose shadows were alone intrusted with the motion of his thoughts; whose walls became the whited sepulchres of crime; whose echoes were never stirred except by such words as they dared not repeat; * from which the rod

* Shelley has caught the feeling finely:—"The house is penetrated to its corners by the peeping insolence of the day. When the time comes the crickets shall not see me."—*Cenci*.

of power, or the dagger of passion, came forth invisible ; before whose stillness princes grew pale, as their fates were prophesied or fulfilled by the horoscope or the hemlock ; and nations, as the whisper of anarchy or of heresy was avenged by the opening of the low doors, through which those who entered returned not.

The mind of the Italian, sweet and smiling in its operations, deep and silent in its emotions, was thus, in some degree, typified by those abodes into which he was wont to retire from the tumult and wrath of life, to cherish or to gratify the passions which its struggles had excited ; abodes which now gleam brightly and purely among the azure mountains, and by the sapphire sea, but whose stones are dropped with blood ; whose vaults are black with the memory of guilt and grief unpunished and unavenged, and by whose walls the traveller hastens fearfully, when the sun has set, lest he should hear, awakening again through the horror of their chambers, the faint wail of the children of Ugolino, the ominous alarm of Bonatti, or the long low cry of her who perished at Coll-*Alto*.

Oxford, July, 1838.

II. *The Lowland Villa.—England.*

ALTHOUGH, as we have frequently observed, our chief object in these papers is, to discover the connexion existing between national architecture and character, and, therefore, is one leading us rather to the investigation of what is, than of what ought to be, we yet consider that the subject would be imperfectly treated, if we did not, at the conclusion of the consideration of each particular rank of building, endeavour to apply such principles as may have been demonstrated to the architecture of our country, and to discover the *beau idéal* of English character, which should be preserved through all the decorations which the builder may desire, and through every variety which fancy may suggest. There never was, and never can be, a universal *beau idéal* in architecture, and the arrival at all local models of beauty would be the task of ages ;

but we can always, in some degree, determine those of our own lovely country. We cannot, however, in the present case, pass from the contemplation of the villa of a totally different climate, to the investigation of what is beautiful here, without the slightest reference to styles now, or formerly, adopted for our own "villas," if such they are to be called: and, therefore, it will be necessary to devote a short time to the observance of the peculiarities of such styles, if we possess them, or, if not, of the causes of their absence.

We have therefore headed this paper, "The Villa, England:" awakening, without doubt, a different idea in the mind of every one who reads the words. Some, accustomed to the appearances of metropolitan villas, will think of brick buildings, with infinite appurtenances of black-nicked chimney-pots, and plastered fronts, agreeably varied with graceful cracks and undulatory shades of pink, brown, and green, communicated to the cement by smoky showers. Others will imagine large, square, many-windowed masses of white, set with careful choice of situation, exactly where they will spoil the landscape to such a conspicuous degree, as to compel the gentlemen travelling on the outside of the mail to enquire of the guard, with great eagerness, "whose place that is;" and to enable the guard to reply, with great distinctness, that it belongs to Squire —, to the infinite gratification of Squire —, and the still more infinite edification of the gentleman on the outside of the mail. Others will remember masses of very red brick, groined with stone; with columnar porticoes, about one-third of the height of the building, and two niches, with remarkable-looking heads and bag-wigs in them, on each side; and two teapots, with a pocket-handkerchief hanging over each (described to the astonished spectators as "Grecian urns"), located upon the roof, just under the chimneys. Others will go back to the range of Elizabethan gables; but none will have any idea of a fixed character, stamped on a class of national edifices. This is very melancholy and very discouraging; the more so, as it is not without cause. In the first place, Britain unites in itself, so many geological formations, each giving a peculiar character to the country which it

composes, that there is hardly a district five miles broad, which preserves the same features of landscape through its whole width.* If, for example, six foreigners were to land severally at Glasgow, at Aberystwith, at Falmouth, at Brighton, at Yarmouth and at Newcastle, and to confine their investigations to the country within twenty miles of them, what different impressions would they receive of British landscape ! If, therefore, there be as many forms of edifice as there are peculiarities of situation, we can have no national style ; and, if we abandon the idea of a correspondence with situation, we lose the only criterion capable of forming a national style.†

Another cause to be noticed is, the peculiar independence

* Length is another thing : we might divide England into strips of country, running southwest and northeast, which would be composed of the same rock, and, therefore, would present the same character throughout the whole of their length. Almost all our great roads cut these transversely, and, therefore, seldom remain for ten miles together on the same beds.

† It is thus that we find the most perfect schools of architecture have arisen in districts whose character is unchanging. Looking to Egypt first, we find a climate inducing a perpetual state of heavy feverish excitement, fostered by great magnificence of natural phenomena, and increased by the general custom of exposing the head continually to the sun (Herod. Thalia, xiii.) ; so that, as in a dreaming fever, we imagine distorted creatures and countenances moving and living in the quiet objects of the chamber. The Egyptian endowed all existence with distorted animation ; turned dogs into deities, and leeks into lightning-darters ; then gradually invested the blank granite with sculptured mystery, designed in superstition, and adored in disease ; and then such masses of architecture arose as, in delirium, we feel crushing down upon us with eternal weight, and see extending far into the blackness above ; huge and shapeless columns of colossal life ; immense and immeasurable avenues of mountain stone. This was a perfect, that is, a marked, enduring, and decided school of architecture, induced by an unchanging and peculiar character of climate. Then, in the purer air, and among the more refined energies of Greece, architecture rose into a more studied beauty, equally perfect in its school, because fostered in a district not 50 miles square, and in its dependent isles and colonies, all of which were under the same air, and partook of the same features of landscape. In Rome it became less perfect, because more imitative than indigenous, and corrupted by the travelling and conquering, and stealing ambition of the Roman ; yet still a school of architecture, be-

of the Englishman's disposition ; a feeling which prompts him to suit his own humour, rather than fall in with the prevailing cast of social sentiment, or of natural beauty and expression ; and which, therefore, there being much obstinate originality in his mind, produces strange varieties of dwelling, frequently rendered still more preposterous by his love of display : a love universally felt in England, and often absurdly indulged. Wealth is worshipped in France, as the means of purchasing pleasure ; in Italy, as an instrument of power ; in England, as a means "of showing off." It would be a very great sacrifice indeed, in an Englishman of the average stamp, to put his villa out of the way, where nobody would ever see it, or think of *him* : it is his ambition to hear every one exclaiming, "What a pretty place ! whose can it be ?" and he cares very little about the peace which he has disturbed, or the repose which he has interrupted ; though even while he thus pushes himself into the way, he keeps an air of sulky retirement, of hedgehog independence, about his house, which takes away any idea of sociability or good humour, which might otherwise have been suggested by his choice of situation. But, in spite of all these unfortunate circumstances, there are some distinctive features in our English country houses, which are well worth a little attention. First, in the approach, we have one component part of effect, which may be called peculiarly our own, and which requires much study before it can be managed well,—the avenue. It is true, that we meet with noble lines of timber trees cresting some of the larger bastions of Continental fortified cities ; we see interminable regiments of mistletoed apple trees flanking the carriage road ; and occasionally we approach a turreted chateau* by a broad way, "edged with poplar pale." But, allowing all this, the legitimate the whole of Italy presented the same peculiarities of scene. So with the Spanish and Moresco schools, and many others ; passing over the Gothic, which, though we hope hereafter to show it to be no exception to the rule, involves too many complicated questions to be now brought forward as a proof of it.

*Or a city. Any one who remembers entering Carlsruhe from the north, by the two miles of poplar avenue, remembers entering the most soulless of all cities, by the most lifeless of all entrances.

mate glory of the perfect avenue is ours still, as will appear by a little consideration of the elements which constitute its beauty. The original idea was given by the opening of the tangled glades in our most ancient forests. It is rather a curious circumstance, that, in those woods whose decay has been chiefly instrumental in forming the bog districts of Ireland, the trees have, in general, been planted in symmetrical rows, at distances of about twenty feet apart. If the arrangement of our later woods be not quite so formal, they, at least, present frequent openings, carpeted with green sward, and edged with various foliage, which the architect (for so may the designer of the avenue be entitled) should do little more than reduce to symmetry and place in position, preserving, as much as possible, the manner and the proportions of nature. The avenue, therefore, must not be too long. It is quite a mistake, to suppose that there is sublimity in a monotonous length of line, unless, indeed, it be carried to an extent generally impossible, as in the case of the long walk at Windsor. From three to four hundred yards is a length which will display the elevation well, and will not become tiresome from continued monotony. The kind of tree must, of course, be regulated by circumstances; but the foliage must be unequally disposed, so as to let in passages of light across the path, and cause the motion of any object along it to change, like an undulating melody, from darkness to light. It should meet at the top, so as to cause twilight, but not obscurity, and the idea of a vaulted roof, without rigidity. The ground should be green, so that the sun-light may tell with force wherever it strikes. Now, this kind of rich and shadowy vista is found in its perfection only in England: it is an attribute of green country; it is associated with all our memories of forest freedom, of our wood rangers, and yeomen with the "doublets of the Lincoln green;" with our pride of ancient archers, whose art was fostered in such long and breezeless glades; with our thoughts of the merry chases of our kingly companies, when the dewy antlers sparkled down the intertwined paths of the windless woods, at the morning echo of the hunter's horn; with all, in fact, that once contributed to give our land its ancient name

of "merry" England; a name which, in this age of steam and iron, it will have some difficulty in keeping.

This, then, is the first feature we would direct attention to, as characteristic, in the English villa: and be it remembered, that we are not speaking of the immense lines of foliage which guide the eye to some of our English palaces, for those are rather the adjuncts of the park than the approach to the building; but of the more laconic avenue, with the two crested columns and the iron gate at its entrance, leading the eye, in the space of a hundred yards or so, to the gables of its grey mansion. A good instance of this approach may be found at Petersham, by following the right side of the Thames for about half a mile from Richmond Hill; though the house, which, in this case, is approached by a noble avenue, is much to be reprehended, as a bad mixture of imitation of the Italian with corrupt Elizabethan; though it is somewhat instructive, as showing the ridiculous effect of statues out of doors in a climate like ours.

And now that we have pointed out the kind of approach most peculiarly English, that approach will guide us to the only style of villa architecture which can be called English,—the Elizabethan, and its varieties; a style fantastic in its details, and capable of being subjected to no rule, but, as we think, well adapted for the scenery in which it arose. We allude not only to the pure Elizabethan, but even to the strange mixtures of classical ornaments with Gothic forms, which we find prevailing in the sixteenth century. In the most simple form, we have a building extending around three sides of a court, and, in the larger halls, round several interior courts, terminating in sharply gabled fronts, with broad oriels divided into very narrow lights by channeled mullions, without decoration of any kind; the roof relieved by projecting dormer windows, whose lights are generally divided into three, terminating in very flat arches without cusps, the intermediate edge of the roof being battlemented. Then we find wreaths of ornament introduced at the base of the oriels;* ranges of short columns, the base of one upon

* As in a beautiful example in Brasen-nose College, Oxford.

the capital of another, running up beside them ; the bases being very tall, sometimes decorated with knots of flower-work ; the columns usually fluted, wreathed, in richer examples, with ornament. The entrance is frequently formed by double ranges of these short columns, with intermediate niches, with shell canopies, and rich crests above.* This portico is carried up to some height above the roof, which is charged with an infinite variety of decorated chimneys. Now, all this is utterly barbarous as architecture ; but, with the exception of the chimneys, it is not false in taste ; for it was originally intended for retired and quiet habitations in our forest country, not for conspicuous palaces in the streets of the city ; and we have shown, in speaking of green country, that the eye is gratified with fantastic details ; that it is prepared, by the mingled lights of the natural scenery, for rich and entangled ornament, and would not only endure, but demand, irregularity of system in the architecture of man, to correspond with the infinite variety of form in the wood architecture of nature. Few surprises can be imagined more delightful than the breaking out of one of these rich gables, with its decorated entrance, among the dark trunks and twinkling leaves of forest scenery. Such an effect is rudely given in Fig. 37. We would direct the attention chiefly to the following points in the building :—

First, it is a humorist, an odd, twisted, independent being, with a great deal of mixed, obstinate, and occasionally absurd, originality. It has one or two graceful lines about it, and several harsh and cutting ones : it is a whole, which would allow of no unison with any other architecture ; it is gathered in itself, and would look very ugly indeed, if pieces in a purer style of building were added. All this corresponds with points of English character, with its humours, its independency, and its horror of being put out of its own way. Again, it is a thoroughly domestic building, homely and cottage-like

* The portico of the schools, and the inner courts, of Merton and St. John's Colleges, Oxford ; an old house at Charlton, Kent ; and Burreigh House, will probably occur to the mind of the architect, as good examples of the varieties of this mixed style.

in its prevailing forms, awakening no elevated ideas, assuming no nobility of form. It has none of the pride, or the grace of beauty, none of the dignity of delight, which we found in the villa of Italy; but it is a habitation of every-day life, a protection from momentary inconvenience, covered with stiff efforts at decoration, and exactly typical of the mind of its



FIG. 37.

inhabitant: not noble in its taste, not haughty in its recreation, not pure in its perception of beauty; but domestic in its pleasures, fond of matter of fact rather than of imagination, yet sparkling occasionally with odd wit and grotesque association. The Italian obtains his beauty, as his recreation, with quietness, with few and noble lines, with great seriousness and depth of thought, with very rare interruptions to

the simple train of feeling. But the Englishman's villa is full of effort: it is a business with him to be playful, an infinite labour to be ornamental: he forces his amusement with fits of contrasted thought, with mingling of minor touches of humour, with a good deal of sulkiness, but with no melancholy; and, therefore, owing to this last adjunct, the building, in its original state, cannot be called beautiful, and we ought not to consider the effect of its present antiquity, evidence of which is, as was before proved, generally objectionable in a building devoted to pleasure, and is only agreeable here, because united with the memory of departed pride.

Again, it is a life-like building, sparkling in its casements, brisk in its air, letting much light in at the walls and roof, low and comfortable-looking in its door. The Italian's dwelling is much walled in, letting out no secrets from the inside, dreary and drowsy in its effect. Just such is the difference between the minds of the inhabitants; the one passing away in deep and dark reverie, the other quick and business-like, enjoying its everyday occupations, and active in its ordinary engagements.

Again, it is a regularly planned, mechanical, well-disciplined building; each of its parts answering to its opposite, each of its ornaments matched with similarity. The Italian (where it has no high pretence to architectural beauty) is a rambling and irregular edifice, varied with uncorresponding masses: and the mind of the Italian we find similarly irregular, a thing of various and ungovernable impulse, without fixed principle of action; the Englishman's, regular and uniform in its emotions, steady in its habits, and firm even in its most trivial determinations.

Lastly, the size of the whole is diminutive, compared with the villas of the south, in which the effect was always large and general. Here the eye is drawn into the investigation of particular points, and miniature details; just as, in comparing the English and Continental cottages, we found the one characterised by a minute finish, and the other by a massive effect, exactly correspondent with the scale of the features and scenery of their respective localities.

It appears, then, from the consideration of these several points, that, in our antiquated style of villa architecture, some national feeling may be discovered ; but in any buildings now raised there is no character whatever : all is ridiculous imitation, and despicable affectation ; and it is much to be lamented, that now, when a great deal of attention has been directed to architecture on the part of the public, more efforts are not made to turn that attention from mimicking Swiss *châteaux*, to erecting English houses. We need not devote more time to the investigation of *purely* domestic English architecture, though we hope to derive much instruction and pleasure from the contemplation of buildings partly adapted for defence, and partly for residence. The introduction of the means of defence is, however, a distinction which we do not wish at present to pass over ; and, therefore, in our next paper, we hope to conclude the subject of the villa, by a few remarks on the style now best adapted for English scenery.

III. *The English Villa.—Principles of Composition.*

It has lately become a custom, among the more enlightened and refined of metropolitan shopkeepers, to advocate the cause of propriety in architectural decoration, by ensconcing their shelves, counters, and clerks in classical edifices, agreeably ornamented with ingenious devices, typical of the class of articles to which the tradesman particularly desires to direct the public attention. We find our grocers enshrined in temples whose columns are of canisters, and whose pinnacles are of sugarloaves. Our shoemakers shape their soles under Gothic portals, with pendants of shoes, and canopies of Wellingtons ; and our cheesemongers will, we doubt not, soon follow the excellent example, by raising shops the varied diameters of whose jointed columns, in their address to the eye, shall awaken memories of Staffa, Pæstum, and Palmyra ; and, in their address to the tongue, shall arouse exquisite associations of remembered flavour, Dutch, Stilton, and Stra-

chino. Now, this fit of taste on the part of our tradesmen is only a coarse form of a disposition inherent in the human mind. Those objects to which the eye has been most frequently accustomed, and among which the intellect has formed its habits of action, and the soul its modes of emotion, become agreeable to the thoughts, from their correspondence with their prevailing cast, especially when the business of life has had any relation to those objects ; for it is in the habitual and necessary occupation that the most painless hours of existence are passed : whatever be the nature of that occupation, the memories belonging to it will always be agreeable, and, therefore, the objects awakening such memories will invariably be found beautiful, whatever their character or form. It is thus that taste is the child and the slave of memory ; and beauty is tested, not by any fixed standard, but by the chances of association ; so that in every domestic building evidence will be found of the kind of life through which its owner has passed, in the operation of the habits of mind which that life has induced. From the superannuated coxswain, who plants his old ship's figure-head in his six square feet of front garden at Brompton, to the retired noble, the proud portal of whose mansion is surmounted by the broad shield and the crested gryphon, we are all guided, in our purest conceptions, our most ideal pursuit, of the beautiful, by remembrances of active occupation, and by principles derived from industry regulate the fancies of our repose.

It would be excessively interesting to follow out the investigation of this subject more fully, and to show how the most refined pleasures, the most delicate perceptions, of the creature who has been appointed to eat bread by the sweat of his brow, are dependent upon, and intimately connected with, his hours of labour. This question, however, has no relation to our immediate object, and we only allude to it, that we may be able to distinguish between the two component parts of individual character ; the one being the consequence of continuous habits of life acting upon natural temperament and disposition, the other being the *humour* of character, consequent upon circumstances altogether accidental, taking stern

effect upon feelings previously determined by the first part of the character ; laying on, as it were, the finishing touches, and occasioning the innumerable prejudices, fancies, and eccentricities, which, modified in every individual to an infinite extent, form the visible veil of the human heart.

Now, we have defined the province of the architect to be, that of selecting such forms and colours as shall delight the mind, by preparing it for the operations to which it is to be subjected in the building. Now, no forms, in domestic architecture, can thus prepare it more distinctly than those which correspond closely with the first, that is, the fixed and fundamental part of character, which is always so uniform in its action as to induce great simplicity in whatever it designs. Nothing, on the contrary, can be more injurious than the slightest influence of the *humours* upon the edifice ; for the influence of what is fitful in its energy, and petty in its imagination, would destroy all the harmony of parts, all the majesty of the whole ; would substitute singularity for beauty, amusement for delight, and surprise for veneration. We could name several instances of buildings erected by men of the highest talent, and the most perfect general taste, who yet, not having paid much attention to the first principles of architecture, permitted the humour of their disposition to prevail over the majesty of their intellect, and, instead of building from a fixed design, gratified freak after freak, and fancy after fancy, as they were caught by the dream or the desire ; mixed mimeries of incongruous reality with incorporations of undisciplined ideal ; awakened every variety of contending feeling and unconnected memory ; consummated confusion of form by trickery of detail ; and have left barbarism, where half the world will look for loveliness.

This is a species of error which it is very difficult for persons paying superficial and temporary attention to architecture to avoid : however just their taste may be in criticism, it will fail in creation. It is only in moments of ease and amusement that they will think of their villa : they make it a mere plaything, and regard it with a kind of petty exultation, which, from its very nature, will give liberty to the light fancy,

rather than the deep feeling, of the mind. It is not thought necessary to bestow labour of thought and periods of deliberation, on one of the toys of life ; still less to undergo the vexation of thwarting wishes, and leaving favourite imaginations, relating to minor points, unfulfilled, for the sake of general effect.

This feeling, then, is the first to which we would direct attention, as the villa architect's chief enemy : he will find it perpetually and provokingly in his way. He is requested, perhaps, by a man of great wealth, nay, of established taste in some points, to make a design for a villa in a lovely situation. The future proprietor carries him up-stairs to his study, to give him what he calls his "ideas and materials," and, in all probability, begins somewhat thus :—"This, sir, is a slight note : I made it on the spot : approach to Villa Reale, near Pozzuoli. Dancing nymphs, you perceive ; cypresses, shell fountain. I think I should like something like this for the approach : classical, you perceive, sir ; elegant, graceful. Then, sir, this is a sketch, made by an American friend of mine : Wheewhaw-Kantamaraw's wigwam, king of the—Cannibal Islands, I think he said, sir. Log, you observe ; scalps, and boa constrictor skins : curious. Something like this, sir, would look neat, I think, for the front door ; don't you ? Then, the lower windows, I've not quite decided upon ; but what would you say to Egyptian, sir ? I think I should like my windows Egyptian, with hieroglyphics, sir ; storks and coffins, and appropriate mouldings above : I brought some from Fountains Abbey the other day. Look here, sir ; angels' heads putting their tongues out, rolled up in cabbage leaves, with a dragon on each side riding on a broomstick, and the devil looking on from the mouth of an alligator, sir.* Odd, I think ; interesting. Then the corners may be turned by octagonal towers, like the centre one in Kenilworth Castle ; with Gothic doors, portcullis, and all, quite perfect ; with cross slits for arrows, battlements for musketry, machicolations for boiling lead, and a room at the top for drying plums ; and the conservatory at the bottom, sir, with Virginian creepers

* Actually carved on one of the groins of Roslin Chapel.

up the towers ; door supported by sphinxes, holding scrapers in their fore-paws, and having their tails prolonged into warm-water pipes, to keep the plants safe in winter, &c." The architect is, without doubt, a little astonished by these ideas and combinations ; yet he sits calmly down to draw his elevations, as if he were a stone-mason, or his employer an architect ; and the fabric rises to electrify its beholders, and confer immortality on its perpetrator. This is no exaggeration : we have not only listened to speculations on the probable degree of the future majesty, but contemplated the actual illustrious existence, of several such buildings, with sufficient beauty in the management of some of their features to show that an architect had superintended them, and sufficient taste in their interior economy to prove that a refined intellect had projected them ; and had projected a Vandalism, only because fancy had been followed instead of judgment : with as much *nonchalance* as is evinced by a perfect poet, who is extemporising doggerel for a baby ; full of brilliant points, which he cannot help, and jumbled into confusion, for which he does not care.

Such are the first difficulties to be encountered in villa designs. They must always continue to occur in some degree, though they might be met with ease by a determination on the part of professional men to give no assistance whatever, beyond the mere superintendence of construction, unless they be permitted to take the whole exterior design into their own hands, merely receiving broad instructions respecting the style (and not attending to them unless they like). They should not make out the smallest detail, unless they were answerable for the whole. In this case, gentlemen architects would be thrown so utterly on their own resources, that, unless those resources were adequate, they would be obliged to surrender the task into more practised hands ; and, if they were adequate, if the amateur had paid so much attention to the art as to be capable of giving the design perfectly, it is probable he would not erect anything strikingly abominable.

Such a system (supposing that it could be carried fully into effect, and that there were no such animals as sentimental

stone-masons to give technical assistance) might, at first, seem rather an encroachment on the liberty of the subject, inasmuch as it would prevent people from indulging their edificatorial fancies, unless they knew something about the matter, or, as the sufferers would probably complain, from doing what they liked with their own. But the mistake would evidently lie in their supposing, as people too frequently do, that the outside of their house *is* their own, and that they have a perfect right therein to make fools of themselves in any manner, and to any extent, they may think proper. This is quite true in the case of interiors: every one has an indisputable right to hold himself up as a laughing-stock to the whole circle of his friends and acquaintances, and to consult his own private asinine comfort by every piece of absurdity which can in any degree contribute to the same; but no one has any right to exhibit his imbecilities at other people's expense, or to claim the public pity by inflicting public pain. In England, especially, where, as we saw before, the rage for attracting observation is universal, the outside of the villa is rendered, by the proprietor's own disposition, the property of those who daily pass by, and whom it hourly affects with pleasure or pain. For the pain which the eye feels from the violation of a law to which it has been accustomed, or the mind from the occurrence of anything jarring to its finest feelings, is as distinct as that occasioned by the interruption of the physical economy, differing only inasmuch as it is not permanent; and, therefore, an individual has as little right to fulfill his own conceptions by disgusting thousands, as, were his body as impenetrable to steel or poison, as his brain to the effect of the beautiful or true, he would have to decorate his carriage roads with caltrops, or to line his plantations with upas trees.

The violation of general feelings would thus be unjust, even were their consultation productive of continued vexation to the individual: but it is not. To no one is the architecture of the exterior of a dwelling house of so little consequence as to its inhabitant. Its material may affect his comfort, and its condition may touch his pride; but for its architecture, his eye gets accustomed to it in a week, and, after that, Hellenic,

Barbaric, or Yankee, are all the same to the domestic feelings, are all lost in the one name of home. Even the conceit of living in a chalet, or a wigwam, or a pagoda, cannot retain its influence for six months over the weak minds which alone can feel it; and the monotony of existence becomes to them exactly what it would have been had they never inflicted a pang upon the unfortunate spectators, whose accustomed eyes shrink daily from the impression to which they have not been rendered callous by custom, or lenient by false taste. If these conditions are just when they allude only to buildings in the abstract, how much more when referring to them as materials of composition, materials of infinite power, to adorn or destroy the loveliness of the earth. The nobler scenery of that earth is the inheritance of all her inhabitants: it is not merely for the few to whom it temporarily belongs, to feed from like swine, or to stable upon like horses, but it has been appointed to be the school of the minds which are kingly among their fellows, to excite the highest energies of humanity, to furnish strength to the lordliest intellect, and food for the holiest emotions of the human soul. The presence of life is, indeed, necessary to its beauty, but of life congenial with its character; and that life is not congenial which thrusts presumptuously forward, amidst the calmness of the universe, the confusion of its own petty interests and grovelling imaginations, and stands up with the insolence of a moment, amidst the majesty of all time, to build baby fortifications upon the bones of the world, or to sweep the copse from the corrie, and the shadow from the shore, that fools may risk, and gamblers gather, the spoil of a thousand summers.

It should therefore be remembered, by every proprietor of land in hill country, that his possessions are the means of a peculiar education, otherwise unattainable, to the artists, and, in some degree, to the literary men, of his country; that, even in this limited point of view, they are a national possession, but much more so when it is remembered how many thousands are perpetually receiving from them, not merely a transitory pleasure, but such thrilling perpetuity of pure emotion, such lofty subject for scientific speculation, and such deep

lessons of natural religion, as only the work of a Deity can impress, and only the spirit of an immortal can feel: they should remember that the slightest deformity, the most contemptible excrescence, can injure the effect of the noblest natural scenery, as a note of discord can annihilate the expression of the purest harmony; that thus it is in the power of worms to conceal, to destroy, or to violate, what angels could not restore, create, or consecrate; and that the right, which every man unquestionably possesses, to be an ass, is extended only, in public, to those who are innocent in idiotism, not to the more malicious clowns who thrust their degraded motley conspicuously forth amidst the fair colours of earth, and mix their incoherent cries with the melodies of eternity, break with their inane laugh upon the silence which Creation keeps where Omnipotence passes most visibly, and scramble over with the characters of idiocy the pages that have been written by the finger of God.

These feelings we would endeavour to impress upon all persons likely to have anything to do with embellishing, as it is called, fine natural scenery; as they might, in some degree, convince both the architect and his employer of the danger of giving free play to the imagination in cases involving intricate questions of feeling and composition, and might persuade the designer of the necessity of looking, not to his own acre of land, or to his own peculiar tastes, but to the whole mass of forms and combination of impressions with which he is surrounded.

Let us suppose, however, that the design is yielded entirely to the architect's discretion. Being a piece of domestic architecture, the chief object in its exterior design will be to arouse domestic feelings, which, as we saw before, it will do most distinctly by corresponding with the first part of character. Yet it is still more necessary that it should correspond with its situation; and hence arises another difficulty, the reconciliation of correspondence with contraries; for such, it is deeply to be regretted, are too often the individual's mind, and the dwelling-place it chooses. The polished courtier brings his refinement and duplicity with him, to ape the Area-

dian rustic in Devonshire ; the romantic rhymers take a plastered habitation, with one back window looking into the green park ; the soft votary of luxury endeavours to rise at seven, in some Ultima Thule of frost and storms ; and the rich stock-jobber calculates his per-centages among the soft dingles and woody shores of Westmoreland. When the architect finds this to be the case, he must, of course, content himself with suiting his design to such a mind as ought to be where the intruder's is ; for the feelings which are so much at variance with themselves in the choice of situation, will not be found too critical of their domicile, however little suited to their temper. If possible, however, he should aim at something more ; he should draw his employer into general conversation ; observe the bent of his disposition, and the habits of his mind ; notice every manifestation of fixed opinions, and then transfer to his architecture as much of the feeling he has observed as is distinct in its operation. This he should do, not because the general spectator will be aware of the aptness of the building, which, knowing nothing of its inmate, he cannot be ; nor to please the individual himself, which it is a chance if any simple design ever will, and who never will find out how well his character has been fitted ; but because a portrait is always more spirited than a composed countenance ; and because this study of human passions will bring a degree of energy, unity, and originality into every one of his designs (all of which will necessarily be different), so simple, so domestic, and so life like, as to strike every spectator with an interest and a sympathy, for which he will be utterly unable to account, and to impress on him a perception of something more ethereal than stone or carving, somewhat similar to that which some will remember having felt disagreeably in their childhood, on looking at any old house authentically haunted. The architect will forget in his study of life the formalities of science, and, while his practised eye will prevent him from erring in technicalities, he will advance, with the ruling feeling, which, in masses of mind, is nationality, to the conception of something truly original, yet perfectly pure.

He will also find his advantage in having obtained a guide

in the invention of decorations of which, as we shall show, we would have many more in English villas than economy at present allows. Candidus complains, in his Note-Book, that Elizabethan architecture is frequently adopted, because it is easy, with a pair of scissors, to derive a zigzag ornament from a doubled piece of paper. But we would fain hope that none of our professional architects have so far lost sight of the meaning of their art, as to believe that roughening stone mathematically is bestowing decoration, though we are too sternly convinced that they believe mankind to be more shortsighted by at least thirty yards than they are ; for they think of nothing but general effect in their ornaments, and lay on their flower-work so carelessly, that a good substantial captain's biscuit, with the small holes left by the penetration of the baker's four fingers, encircling the large one which testifies of the forcible passage of his thumb, would form quite as elegant a rosette as hundreds now perpetuated in stone. Now, there is nothing which requires study so close, or experiment so frequent, as the proper designing of ornament. For its use and position some definite rules may be given ; but, when the space and position have been determined, the lines of curvature, the breadth, depth, and sharpness of the shadows to be obtained, the junction of the parts of a group, and the general expression, will present questions for the solution of which the study of years will sometimes scarcely be sufficient ;* for they depend upon the feeling of the eye and hand, and there is nothing like perfection in decoration, nothing which, in all probability, might not, by farther consideration, be improved. Now, in cases in which the outline and larger masses are determined by situation, the architect will frequently find it necessary to fall back upon his decorations, as the only means of obtaining character ; and that which before

* For example, we would allow one of the modern builders of Gothic chapels a month of invention, and a botanic garden to work from, with perfect certainty that he would not, at the expiration of the time, be able to present us with one design of leafage equal in beauty to hundreds we could point out in the capitals and niches of Melrose and Roslin.

was an unmeaning lump of jagged freestone, will become a part of expression, an accessory of beautiful design, varied in its form, and delicate in its effect. Then, instead of shrinking from his bits of ornament, as from things which will give him trouble to invent, and will answer no other purpose than that of occupying what would otherwise have looked blank, the designer will view them as an efficient *corps de r serve*, to be brought up when the eye comes to close quarters with the edifice, to maintain and deepen the impression it has previously received. Much more time will be spent in the conception, much more labour in the execution, of such meaning ornament, but both will be well spent, and well rewarded.

Perhaps our meaning may be made more clear by Fig. 38, which is that of a window found in a domestic building of mixed and corrupt architecture, at Munich (which we give now, because we shall have occasion to allude to it hereafter). Its absurd breadth of moulding, so disproportionate to its cornice, renders it excessively ugly, but capable of great variety of effect. It forms one of a range of four, turning an angle, whose mouldings join each other, their double breadth being the whole separation of the apertures, which are something more than double squares. Now, by alteration of the decoration, and depth of shadow, we have Figs. 39 and 40. These three windows differ entirely in their feeling and manner, and are broad examples of such distinctions of style as might be adopted severally in the habitations of the man of imagination, the man of intellect, and the man of feeling. If our alterations have been properly made, there will be no difficulty in distinguishing between their expressions, which we shall therefore leave to conjecture. The character of Fig. 38 depends upon the softness with which the light is caught

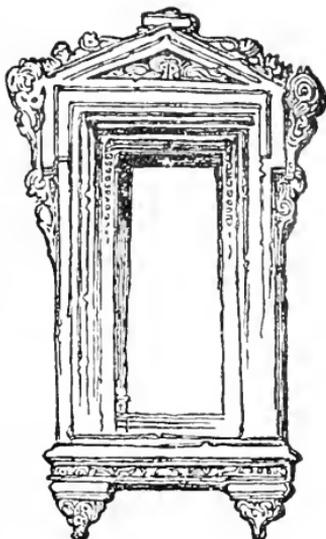


FIG. 38.

upon its ornaments, which should not have a single hard line in them ; and on the gradual, unequal, but intense, depth of its shadows. Fig. 39 should have all its forms undefined, and passing into one another, the touches of the chisel light, a grotesque face or feature occurring in parts, the shadows pale, but broad* ; and the boldest part of the carving kept in



FIG. 39.

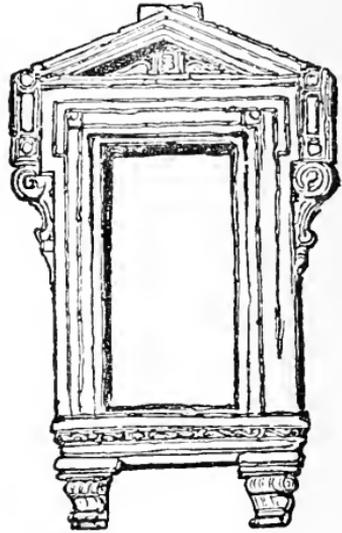


FIG. 40.

shadow rather than light. The third should be hard in its lines, strong in its shades, and quiet in its ornament.

These hints will be sufficient to explain our meaning, and we have not space to do more, as the object of these papers is rather to observe than to advise. Besides, in questions of expression so intricate, it is almost impossible to advance fixed

* It is too much the custom to consider a design as composed of a certain number of hard lines, instead of a certain number of shadows of various depth and dimension. Though these shadows change their position in the course of the day, they are relatively always the same. They have most variety under a strong light without sun, most expression with the sun. A little observation of the infinite variety of shade which the sun is capable of casting, as it touches projections of different curve and character, will enable the designer to be certain of his effects. We shall have occasion to allude to this subject again.

principles ; every mind will have perceptions of its own, which will guide its speculations, every hand, and eye, and peculiar feeling, varying even from year to year. We have only started the subject of correspondence with individual character, because we think that imaginative minds might take up the idea with some success, as furnishing them with a guide in the variation of their designs, more certain than mere experiment on unmeaning forms, or than ringing indiscriminate changes on component parts of established beauty. To the reverie, rather than the investigation, to the dream, rather than the deliberation, of the architect, we recommend it, as a branch of art in which instinct will do more than precept, and inspiration than technicality. The correspondence of our villa architecture with our natural scenery may be determined with far greater accuracy, and will require careful investigation.

We had hoped to have concluded the Villa in this paper ; but the importance of domestic architecture at the present day, when people want houses more than fortresses, safes more than keeps, and sculleries more than dungeons, is sufficient apology for delay.

Oxford, August, 1838.

IV. *The British Villa. The Cultivated, or Blue, Country.— Principles of Composition.*

In the papers hitherto devoted to the investigation of villa architecture, we have contemplated the beauties of what may be considered as its model in its original and natural territory, and we have noticed the difficulties to be encountered in the just erection of villas in England. It remains only to lay down the general principles of composition, which, in such difficulties, may, in some degree, serve as a guide. Into more than general principles it is not consistent with our plan to enter. One obstacle, which was more particularly noticed, was, as it may be remembered, the variety of the geological formations of the country. This will compel us to use the divisions of landscape formerly adopted in speaking of th'

cottage. and to investigate severally the kind of domestic architecture required by each.

First. Blue or cultivated country, which is to be considered as including those suburban districts, in the neighbourhood of populous cities, which, though more frequently black than blue, possess the activity, industry, and life, which we before noticed as one of the characteristics of blue country. We shall not, however, allude to suburban villas at present ; first, because they are in country possessing nothing which can be spoiled by anything ; and, Secondly, because their close association renders them subject to laws which, being altogether different from those by which we are to judge of the beauty of solitary villas, we shall have to develop in the consideration of street effects.

Passing over the suburb, then, we have to distinguish between the *simple* blue country, which is composed only of rich cultivated champaign, relieved in parts by low undulations, monotonous and uninteresting as a whole, though cheerful in its character, and beautiful in details of lanes and meadow paths ; and the *picturesque* blue country, lying at the foot of high hill ranges, intersected by their outworks, broken here and there into bits of crag and dingle scenery ; perpetually presenting prospects of exquisite distant beauty, and possessing, in its valley and river scenery, fine detached specimens of the natural "green country." This distinction we did not make in speaking of the cottage ; the effect of which, owing to its size, can extend only over a limited space ; and this space, if in picturesque blue country, must be either part of its monotonous cultivation, when it is to be considered as belonging to the simple blue country, or part of its dingle scenery, when it becomes green country ; and it would not be just, to suit a cottage, actually placed in one colour, to the general effect of another colour, with which it could have nothing to do. But the effect of the villa extends very often over a considerable space, and becomes part of the large features of the district ; so that the whole character and expression of the visible landscape must be considered, and thus the distinction between the two kinds of blue country becomes absolutely necessary.

Of the first, or simple, we have already adduced, as an example, the greater part of the south of England. Of the second, or picturesque, the cultivated parts of the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire, generally Shropshire, and the north of Lancashire, and Cumberland, beyond Caldbeck Fells, are good examples; perhaps better than all, the country for twelve miles north, and thirty south, east, and west, of Stirling.

Now, the matter-of-fact business-like activity of simple blue country has been already alluded to. This attribute renders in it a plain palpable brick dwelling-house allowable; though a thing which, in every country but the simple blue, compels every spectator of any feeling to send up aspirations, that builders who, like those of Babel, have brick for stone, may be put, like those of Babel, to confusion. Here, however, it is not only allowable, but even agreeable, for the following reasons:—

Its cleanness and freshness of colour, admitting of little dampness or staining, firm in its consistence, not mouldering like stone, and therefore inducing no conviction of antiquity or decay, presents rather the appearance of such comfort as is contrived for the enjoyment of temporary wealth, than of such solidity as is raised for the inheritance of unfluctuating power. It is thus admirably suited for that country where all is change, and all activity; where the working and money-making members of the community are perpetually succeeding and overpowering each other; enjoying, each in his turn, the reward of his industry; yielding up the field, the pasture, and the mine, to his successor, and leaving no more memory behind him, no farther evidence of his individual existence, than is left by a working bee, in the honey for which we thank his class, forgetting the individual. The simple blue country may, in fact, be considered the dining-table of the nation; from which it provides for its immediate necessities, at which it feels only its present existence, and in which it requires, not a piece of furniture adapted only to remind it of past refection, but a polished, clean, and convenient minister to its immediate wishes. No habitation, therefore, in this country, should look old: it should give an impression of

present prosperity, of swift motion and high energy of life, too rapid in its successive operation to attain greatness, or allow of decay, in its works. This is the first cause which, in this country, renders brick allowable.

Again, wherever the soil breaks out in simple blue country, whether in the river shore, or the broken roadside bank, or the ploughed field, in nine cases out of ten it is excessively warm in its colour, being either gravel or clay, the black vegetable soil never remaining free of vegetation. The warm tone of these beds of soil is an admirable relief to the blue of the distances, which we have taken as the distinctive feature of the country, tending to produce the perfect light without which no landscape can be complete. Therefore the red of the brick is prevented from glaring upon the eye, by its falling in with similar colours in the ground, and contrasting finely with the general tone of the distance. This is another instance of the material which nature most readily furnishes being the right one. In almost all blue country, we have only to turn out a few spadefuls of loose soil, and we come to the bed of clay, which is the best material for the building: whereas we should have to travel hundreds of miles, or to dig thousands of feet, to get the stone which nature does not want, and therefore has not given.

Another excellence in brick is its perfect air of English respectability. It is utterly impossible for an edifice altogether of brick to look affected or absurd: it may look rude, it may look vulgar, it may look disgusting, in a wrong place; but it cannot look foolish, for it is incapable of pretension. We may suppose its master a brute, or an ignoramus, but we can never suppose him a coxcomb: a bear he may be, a fop he cannot be; and, if we find him out of his place, we feel that it is owing to error, not to impudence; to self-ignorance, not to self-conceit; to the want, not the assumption, of feeling. It is thus that brick is peculiarly English in its effect: for we are brutes in many things, and we are ignorami in many things, and we are destitute of feeling in many things, but we are *not* coxcombs. It is only by the utmost effort, that some of our most highly gifted junior gentlemen can

attain such distinction of title ; and even then the honour sits ill upon them : they are but awkward coxcombs. Affectation* never was, and never will be, a part of English character : we have too much national pride, too much consciousness of our own dignity and power, too much established self-satisfaction, to allow us to become ridiculous by imitative efforts ; and, as it is only by endeavouring to appear what he is not, that a man ever can become so, properly speaking, our truedwitted Continental neighbours, who shrink from John Bull as a brute, never laugh at him as a fool. “Il est bête, il n’est pas pourtant sot.”

The brick house admirably corresponds with this part of English character ; for, unable as it is to be beautiful, or graceful, or dignified, it is equally unable to be absurd. There is a proud independence about it, which seems conscious of its own entire and perfect applicability to those uses for which it was built, and full of a good-natured intention to render every one who seeks shelter within its walls excessively comfortable : it therefore feels awkward in no company ; and, wherever it intrudes its good-humoured red face, stares plaster and marble out of countenance, with an insensible audacity, which we drive out of such refined company, as we would a clown from a drawing-room, but which we nevertheless seek in its own place, as we would seek the conversation of the clown in his own turnip field, if he were sensible in the main.

Lastly. Brick is admirably adapted for the climate of England, and for the frequent manufacturing nuisances of English

* The nation, indeed, possesses one or two interesting individuals, whose affectation is, as we have seen, strikingly manifested in their lake villas : but every rule has its exceptions ; and, even on these gifted personages, the affectation sits so very awkwardly, so like a velvet bonnet on a ploughman’s carrotty hair, that it is evidently a late acquisition. Thus, one proprietor of land on Windermere, who has built unto himself a castellated mansion with round towers, and a Swiss cottage for a stable, has yet, with that admiration of the “neat but not gaudy,” which is commonly reported to have influenced the devil when he painted his tail pea-green, painted the rocks at the back of his house pink, that they may look clean. This is a little outcrop of English feeling in the midst of the assumed romance.

blue country ; for the smoke, which makes marble look like charcoal, and stucco like mud, only renders brick less glaring in its colour ; and the inclement cūmate, which makes the composition front look as if its architect had been amusing himself by throwing buckets of green water down from the roof, and before which the granite base of Stirling Castle is mouldering into sand as impotent as ever was ribbed by ripple, wreaks its rage in vain upon the bits of baked clay, leaving them strong, and dry, and stainless, warm and comfortable in their effect, even when neglect has permitted the moss and wallflower to creep into their crannies, and mellow into something like beauty that which is always comfort. Damp, which fills many stones as it would a sponge, is defied by the brick ; and the warmth of every gleam of sunshine is caught by it, and stored up for future expenditure ; so that, both actually and in its effect, it is peculiarly suited for a climate whose changes are in general from bad to worse, and from worse to bad.

These, then, are the principal apologies which the brick dwelling-house has to offer for its ugliness. They will, however, only stand it in stead in the simple blue country ; and, even there, only when the following points are observed.

First. The brick should neither be of the white, nor the very dark red, kind. The white is worse than useless as a colour : its cold, raw, sandy, neutral has neither warmth enough to relieve, nor grey enough to harmonise with, any natural tones ; it does not please the eye by warmth, in shade ; it hurts it, by dry heat in sun ; it has none of the advantages of effect which brick may have, to compensate for the vulgarity which it must have, and is altogether to be abhorred. The very bright red, again, is one of the ugliest warm colours that art ever stumbled upon : it is never mellowed by damp or anything else, and spoils every thing near it by its intolerable and inevitable glare. The moderately dark brick, of a neutral red, is to be chosen, and this, after a year or two, will be farther softened in its colour by atmospheric influence, and will possess all the advantages we have enumerated. It is almost unnecessary to point out its fitness for a damp situation, not

only as the best material for securing the comfort of the inhabitant, but because it will the sooner contract a certain degree of softness of tone, occasioned by microscopic vegetation, which will leave no more brick-red than is agreeable to the feelings where the atmosphere is chill.

Secondly. Even this kind of red is a very powerful colour; and as, in combination with the other primitive colours, very little of it will complete the light, so, very little will answer every purpose in landscape composition, and every addition, above that little, will be disagreeable. Brick, therefore, never should be used in large groups of buildings, where those groups are to form part of landscape scenery: two or three houses, partly shaded with trees, are all that can be admitted at once. There is no object more villainously destructive of natural beauty, than a large town, of very red brick, with very scarlet tiling, very tall chimneys, and very few trees; while there are few objects that harmonise more agreeably with the feeling of English ordinary landscape, than the large, old, solitary, brick manor house, with its group of dark cedars on the lawn in front, and the tall wrought-iron gates opening down the avenue of approach.

Thirdly. No stone quoining, or presence of any contrasting colour, should be admitted. Quoins, in general (though, by the by, they are prettily managed in the old Tolbooth of Glasgow, and some other antique buildings in Scotland), are only excusable as giving an appearance of strength; while their zigzag monotony, when rendered conspicuous by difference of colour, is altogether detestable. White cornices, niches, and the other superfluous introductions in stone and plaster, which some architects seem to think ornamental, only mock what they cannot mend, take away the whole expression of the edifice, render the brick-red glaring and harsh, and become themselves ridiculous in isolation. Besides, as a general principle, contrasts of extensive colour are to be avoided in all buildings, and especially in positive and unmanageable tints. It is difficult to imagine whence the custom of putting stone ornaments into brick buildings could have arisen; unless it be an imitation of the Italian custom of mixing marble

with stucco, which affords it no sanction, as the marble is only distinguishable from the general material by the sharpness of the carved edges. The Dutch seem to have been the originators of the custom; and, by the by, if we remember right, in one of the very finest pieces of colouring now extant, a landscape by Rubens (in the gallery at Munich, we think), the artist seems to have sanctioned the barbarism, by introducing a brick edifice, with white stone quoining. But the truth is, that he selected the subject, partly under the influence of domestic feelings, the place being, as it is thought, his own habitation; and partly as a piece of practice, presenting such excessive difficulties of colour; as he, the lord of colour, who alone could overcome them, would peculiarly delight in overcoming; and the harmony with which he has combined tints of the most daring force, and sharpest apparent contrast, in this edgy building, and opposed them to an uninteresting distance of excessive azure (simple blue country, observe), is one of the chief wonders of the painting: so that this masterpiece can no more furnish an apology for the continuance of a practice which, though it gives some liveliness of character to the warehouses of Amsterdam, is fit only for a place whose foundations are mud, and whose inhabitants are partially animated cheeses, than Caravaggio's custom of painting blackguards should introduce an ambition among mankind in general of becoming fit subjects for his pencil. We shall have occasion again to allude to this subject, in speaking of Dutch street effects.

Fourthly. It will generally be found to agree best with the business-like air of the blue country, if the house be excessively simple, and apparently altogether the minister of utility; but, where it is to be extensive, or tall, a few decorations about the upper windows are desirable. These should be quiet and severe in their lines, and cut boldly in the brick itself. Some of the minor streets in the King of Sardinia's capital are altogether of brick, very richly charged with carving, with excellent effect, and furnish a very good model. Of course, no delicate ornament can be obtained, and no classical lines can be allowed; for we should be horrified by seeing that in brick

which we have been accustomed to see in marble. The architect must be left to his own taste for laying on, sparingly and carefully, a few dispositions of well-proportioned lines which are all that can ever be required.

These broad principles are all that need be attended to in simple blue country : anything will look well in it which is not affected ; and the architect, who keeps comfort and utility steadily in view, and runs off into no expatiations of fancy, need never be afraid here of falling into error.

But the case is different with the picturesque blue country.* Here, owing to the causes mentioned in the notes at p. 65, we have some of the most elevated bits of landscape character, which the country, whatever it may be, can afford. Its first and most distinctive peculiarity is its grace ; it is all undulation and variety of line, one curve passing into another with the most exquisite softness, rolling away into faint and far outlines of various depths and decision, yet none hard or harsh ; and, in all probability, rounded off in the near ground into massy forms of partially wooded hill, shaded downwards into winding dingles or cliffy ravines, each form melting imperceptibly into the next, without an edge or angle.

Its next character is mystery. It is a country peculiarly distinguished by its possessing features of great sublimity in the distance, without giving any hint in the foreground of their actual nature. A range of mountain, seen from a mountain peak, may have sublimity, but not the mystery with which it is invested, when seen rising over the farthest surge of misty blue, where everything near is soft and smiling, totally separated in nature from the consolidated clouds of the horizon. The picturesque blue country is sure, from the nature of the ground, to present some distance of this kind, so as never to be without a high and ethereal mystery.

The third and last distinctive attribute is sensuality. This is a startling word, and requires some explanation. In the

* In leaving simple blue country, we hope it need hardly be said that we leave bricks at once and forever. Nothing can excuse them out of their proper territory.

first place, every line is voluptuous, floating, and wavy in its form; deep, rich, and exquisitely soft in its colour; drowsy in its effect, like slow, wild music; letting the eye repose on it, as on a wreath of cloud, without one feature of harshness to hurt, or of contrast to awaken. In the second place, the cultivation, which, in the simple blue country, has the forced formality of growth which evidently is to supply the necessities of man, here seems to leap into the spontaneous luxuriance of life, which is fitted to minister to his pleasures. The surface of the earth exults with animation, especially tending to the gratification of the senses; and, without the artificialness which reminds man of the necessity of his own labour, without the opposing influences which call for his resistance, without the vast energies that remind him of his impotence, without the sublimity that can call his noblest thoughts into action, yet, with every perfection that can tempt him to indolence of enjoyment, and with such abundant bestowal of natural gifts, as might seem to prevent that indolence from being its own punishment, the earth appears to have become a garden of delight, wherein the sweep of the bright hills, without chasm or crag, the flow of the bending rivers, without rock or rapid, and the fruitfulness of the fair earth, without care or labour on the part of its inhabitants, appeal to the most pleasant passions of eye and sense, calling for no effort of body, and impressing no fear on the mind. In hill country we have a struggle to maintain with the elements; in simple blue, we have not the luxuriance of delight: here, and here only, all nature combines to breathe over us a lulling slumber, through which life degenerates into sensation.

These considerations are sufficient to explain what we mean by the epithet "sensuality." Now, taking these three distinctive attributes, the mysterious, the graceful, and the voluptuous, what is the whole character? Very nearly—the Greek: for these attributes, common to all picturesque blue country, are modified in the degree of their presence by every climate. In England, they are all low in their tone; but as we go southward, the voluptuousness becomes deeper in feeling, as the colours of the earth and the heaven become purer

and more passionate, and "the purple of ocean deepest of dye;" the mystery becomes mightier, for the greater and more universal energy of the beautiful permits its features to come nearer, and to rise into the sublime, without causing fear. It is thus that we get the essence of the Greek feeling, as it was embodied in their finest imaginations, as it showed itself in the works of their sculptors and their poets, in which sensation was made almost equal with thought, and deified by its nobility of association; at once voluptuous, refined, dreamily mysterious, infinitely beautiful. Hence, it appears that the spirit of this blue country is essentially Greek; though, in England and in other northern localities, that spirit is possessed by it in a diminished and degraded degree. It is also the natural dominion of the villa, possessing all the attributes which attracted the Romans, when, in their hours of idleness, they lifted the light arches along the echoing promontories of Tiber. It is especially suited to the expression of the edifice of pleasure; and, therefore, is most capable of being adorned by it. The attention of every one about to raise himself a villa of any kind should, therefore, be directed to this kind of country; first, as that in which he will not be felt to be an intruder; secondly, as that which will, in all probability, afford him the greatest degree of continuous pleasure, when his eye has become accustomed to the features of the locality. To the human mind, as on the average constituted, the features of hill scenery will, by repetition, become tiresome, and of wood scenery, monotonous; while the simple blue can possess little interest of any kind. Powerful intellect will generally take perpetual delight in hill residence; but the general mind soon feels itself oppressed with a peculiar melancholy and weariness, which it is ashamed to own; and we hear our romantic gentleman begin to call out about the want of society, while, if the animals were fit to live where they have forced themselves, they would never want more society than that of a grey stone, or of a clear pool of gushing water. On the other hand, there are few minds so degraded as not to feel greater pleasure in the picturesque blue than in any other country. Its distance has generally grandeur enough to meet

their moods of aspiration ; its near aspect is of a more human interest than that of hill country, and harmonises more truly with the domestic feelings which are common to all mankind ; so that, on the whole, it will be found to maintain its freshness of beauty to the habituated eye, in a greater degree than any other scenery.

As it thus persuades us to inhabit it, it becomes a point of honour not to make the attractiveness of its beauty its destruction ; especially as, being the natural dominion of the villa, it affords great opportunity for the architect to exhibit variety of design.

Its spirit has been proved to be Greek ; and therefore, though that spirit is slightly manifested in Britain, and though every good architect is shy of importation, villas on Greek and Roman models are admissible here. Still, as in all blue country there is much activity of life, the principle of utility should be kept in view, and the building should have as much simplicity as can be united with perfect gracefulness of line. It appears from the principles of composition alluded to in speaking of the Italian villa, that in undulating country the forms should be square and massy ; and, where the segments of curves are small, the buildings should be low and flat, while they may be prevented from appearing cumbersome by some well-managed irregularity of design, which will be agreeable to the inhabitant as well as to the spectator ; enabling him to change the aspect and size of his chamber, as temperature or employment may render such change desirable, without being foiled in his design, by finding the apartments of one wing matched foot to foot, by those of the other. For the colour, it has been shown that white or pale tints are agreeable in all blue country : but there must be warmth in it, and a great deal too, grey being comfortless and useless with a cold distance ; but it must not be raw nor glaring.*

* The epithet "raw," by the by, is vague, and needs definition. Every tint is raw which is perfectly opaque, and has not all the three primitive colours in its composition. Thus, black is always raw, because it has no colour ; white never, because it has all colours. No tint can be raw which is not opaque : and opacity may be taken away,

The roof and chimneys should be kept out of sight as much as possible ; and, therefore, the one very flat, and the other very plain. We ought to revive the Greek custom of roofing with thin slabs of coarse marble, cut into the form of tiles. However, where the architect finds he has a very cold distance, and few trees about the building, and where it stands so high as to preclude the possibility of its being looked down upon, he will, if he be courageous, use a very flat roof of the dark Italian tile. The eaves, which are all that should be seen, will be peculiarly graceful ; and the sharp contrast of colour (for this tiling can only be admitted with white walls) may be altogether avoided, by letting them cast a strong shadow, and by running the walls up into a range of low garret windows, to break the horizontal line of the roof. He will thus obtain a bit of very strong colour, which will impart a general glow of cheerfulness to the building, and which, if he manages it rightly, will not be glaring or intrusive. It is to be observed, however, that he can only do this with villas of the most humble order, and that he will seldom find his employer possessed of so much common sense as to put up with a tile roof. When this is the case, the flat slabs of the upper limestone (ragstone) are usually better than slate.

For the rest, it is always to be kept in view, that the prevailing character of the whole is to be that of graceful sim-

either by actual depth and transparency, as in the sky ; by lustre and texture, as in the case of silk and velvet, or by variety of shade, as in forest verdure. Two instances will be sufficient to prove the truth of this. Brick, when first fired, is always raw ; but, when it has been a little weathered, it acquires a slight blue tint, assisted by the grey of the mortar ; incipient vegetation affords it the yellow. It thus obtains an admixture of the three colours, and is raw no longer. An old woman's red cloak, though glaring, is never raw ; for it must, of necessity, have folded shades ; those shades are of a rich grey : no grey can exist without yellow and blue. We thus have three colours, and no rawness. It must be observed, however, that, when any one of the colours is given in so slight a degree, that it can be overpowered by certain effects of light, the united colour, when opaque, will be raw. Thus, many flesh-colours are raw ; because, though they must have a little blue in their composition, it is too little to be efficiently visible in a strong light.

plicity ; distinguished from the simplicity of the Italian edifice, by being that of utility instead of that of pride.* Consequently, the building must *not* be Gothic or Elizabethan ; it may be as commonplace as the proprietor likes, provided its proportions be good ; but nothing can ever excuse one acute angle, or one decorated pinnacle, both being direct interruptions of the repose with which the eye is indulged by the undulations of the surrounding scenery. Tower and fortress outlines are, indeed, agreeable, from their fine grouping and roundness ; but we do not allude to them, because nothing can be more absurd than the humour prevailing at the present day among many of our peaceable old gentlemen, who never smelt powder in their lives, to eat their morning muffin in a savage-looking round tower, and admit quiet old ladies to a tea-party under the range of twenty-six cannon, which, it is lucky for the china, are all wooden ones, as they are, in all probability, accurately and awfully pointed into the drawing-room windows.

So much, then, for our British blue country, to which it was necessary to devote some time, as occupying a considerable portion of the island, and being peculiarly well adapted for villa residences. The woody, or green country, which is next in order, was spoken of before, and was shown to be especially our own. The Elizabethan was pointed out as the style peculiarly belonging to it ; and farther criticism of that style was deferred until we came to the consideration of domestic buildings provided with the means of defence. We have, therefore, at present only to offer a few remarks on the principles to be observed in the erection of Elizabethan villas at the present day.

First. The building must be either quite chaste, or excessively rich in decoration. Every inch of ornament short of a certain quantity will render the whole effect poor and ridicu-

* There must always be a difficulty in building in picturesque blue country in England ; for the English character is opposed to that of the country ; it is neither graceful, nor mysterious, nor voluptuous ; therefore, what we cede to the country, we take from the nationality, *an vice versâ*.

lous ; while the pure perpendicular lines of this architecture will always look well if left entirely alone. The architect, therefore, when limited as to expense, should content himself with making his oriels project boldly, channelling their mullions richly, and, in general, rendering his vertical lines delicate and beautiful in their workmanship ; but, if his estimate be unlimited, he should lay on his ornament richly, taking care never to confuse the eye. Those parts to which, of necessity, observation is especially directed, must be finished so as to bear a close scrutiny, that the eye may rest on them with satisfaction : but their finish must not be of a character which would have attracted the eye by itself, without being placed in a conspicuous situation ; for, if it were, the united attraction of form and detail would confine the contemplation altogether to the parts so distinguished, and render it impossible for the mind to receive any impression of general effect. Consequently, the parts that project, and are to bear a strong light, must be chiseled with infinite delicacy ; so that the ornament, though it would have remained unobserved, had the eye not been guided to it, when observed, may be of distinguished beauty and power ; but those parts which are to be flat, and in shade, should be marked with great sharpness and boldness, that the impression may be equalised. When, for instance, we have to do with oriels, to which attention is immediately attracted by their projection, we may run wreaths of the finest flowered-work up the mullions, charge the terminations with shields, and quarter them richly ; but we must join the window to the wall, where its shadow falls, by means of more deep and decided decoration.

Secondly. In the choice and design of his ornaments, the architect should endeavour to be grotesque rather than graceful (though little bits of soft flower-work here and there will relieve the eye) ; but he must not imagine he can be grotesque by carving faces with holes for eyes and knobs for noses ; on the contrary, wherever he mimics grotesque life, there should be wit and humour in every feature, fun and frolic in every attitude ; every distortion should be anatomical, and every monster a studied combination. This is a question, however

relating more nearly to Gothic architecture, and, therefore, we shall not enter into it at present.

Thirdly. The gables must, on no account, be jagged into a succession of right angles, as if people were to be perpetually engaged in trotting up one side and down the other. This custom, though sanctioned by authority, has very little apology to offer for itself, based on any principle of composition. In street effect, indeed, it is occasionally useful; and, where the verticals below are unbroken by ornament, may be used even in the detached Elizabethan, but not when decoration has been permitted below. They should then be carried up in curved lines, alternating with two angles, or three at the most, without pinnacles or hip-knobs. A hollow parapet is far better than a battlement, in the intermediate spaces; the latter, indeed, is never allowable, except when the building has some appearance of being intended for defence, and, therefore, is generally barbarous in the villa, while the parapet admits of great variety of effect.

Lastly. Though the grotesque of Elizabethan architecture is adapted for wood country, the grotesque of the clipped garden, which frequently accompanies it, is not. The custom of clipping trees into fantastic forms is always to be reprehended: first, because it never can produce the true grotesque, for the material is not passive, and, therefore, a perpetual sense of restraint is induced, while the great principle of the grotesque is action; again, because we have a distinct perception of two natures, the one neutralising the other; for the vegetable organisation is too palpable to let the animal form suggest its true idea; again, because the great beauty of all foliage is the energy of life and action, of which it loses the appearance by formal clipping; and again, because the hands of the gardener will never produce anything really spirited or graceful. Much, however, need not be said on this subject; for the taste of the public does not now prompt them to such fettering of fair freedom, and we should be as sorry to see the characteristic vestiges of it, which still remain in a few gardens, lost altogether, as to see the thing again becoming common.

The garden of the Elizabethan villa, then, should be laid out with a few simple terraces near the house, so as to unite it well with the ground ; lines of balustrade along the edges, guided away into the foliage of the taller trees of the garden, with the shadows falling at intervals. The balusters should be square rather than round, with the angles outwards ; and, if the balustrade looks unfinished at the corners, it may be surmounted by a grotesque bit of sculpture, of any kind ; but it must be very strong and deep in its carved lines, and must not be large ; and all graceful statues are to be avoided, for the reasons mentioned in speaking of the Italian villa : neither is the terraced part of the garden to extend to any distance from the house, nor to have deep flights of steps, for they are sure to get mossy and slippery, if not superintended with troublesome care ; and the rest of the garden should have more trees than flowers in it. A flower-garden is an ugly thing, even when best managed : it is an assembly of unfortunate beings, pampered and bloated above their natural size, stewed and heated into diseased growth ; corrupted by evil communication into speckled and inharmonious colours ; torn from the soil which they loved, and of which they were the spirit and the glory, to glare away their term of tormented life among the mixed and incongruous essences of each other, in earth that they know not, and in air that is poison to them.

The florist may delight in this : the true lover of flowers never will. He who has taken lessons from nature, who has observed the real purpose and operation of flowers ; how they flush forth from the brightness of the earth's being, as the melody rises up from among the moved strings of the instrument ; how the wildness of their pale colours passes over her, like the evidence of a various emotion ; how the quick fire of their life and their delight glows along the green banks, where the dew falls the thickest, and the low mists of incense pass slowly through the twilight of the leaves, and the intertwined roots make the earth tremble with strange joy at the feeling of their motion ; he who has watched this will never take away the beauty of their being to mix into meretricious glare, or to feed into an existence of disease. And the flower-gar-

den is as ugly in effect as it is unnatural in feeling : it never will harmonise with anything, and, if people will have it, should be kept out of sight until they get into it. But, in laying out the garden which is to assist the effect of the building, we must observe, and exclusively use, the natural combination of flowers.* Now, as far as we are aware, bluish purple is the only flower colour which nature ever uses in masses of distant effect ; this, however, she does in the case of most heathers, with the *Rhododéndron ferrugíneum*, and, less extensively, with the colder colour of the wood hyacinth. Accordingly, the large rhododéndron may be used to almost any extent, in masses ; the pale varieties of the rose more sparingly ; and, on the turf, the wild violet and pansy should be sown by chance, so that they may grow in undulations of colour, and should be relieved by a few primroses. All dahlias, tulips, ranunculi, and, in general, what are called florist's flowers, should be avoided like garlic.

* Every one who is about to lay out a limited extent of garden, in which he wishes to introduce many flowers, should read and attentively study, first Shelley, and next Shakspeare. The latter, indeed, induces the most beautiful connexions between thought and flower that can be found in the whole range of European literature ; but he very often uses the symbolical effect of the flower, which it can only have on the educated mind, instead of the natural and true effect of the flower, which it must have, more or less, upon every mind. Thus, when Ophelia, presenting her wild flowers, says : " There's rosemary, that's for remembrance ; pray you love, remember : and there is pansies, that's for thoughts : " the infinite beauty of the passage depends upon the arbitrary meaning attached to the flowers. But, when Shelley speaks of

— " The lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of her tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilion of tender green,"

he is etherealising an impression which the mind naturally receives from the flower. Consequently, as it is only by their natural influence that flowers can address the mind through the eye, we must read Shelley, to learn how to use flowers, and Shakspeare, to learn to love them. In both writers we find the wild flower possessing soul as well as life, and mingling its influence most intimately, like an untaught melody, with the deepest and most secret streams of human emotion.

Perhaps we should apologise for introducing this in the *Architectural Magazine*; but it is not out of place: the garden is almost a necessary adjunct of the Elizabethan villa, and all garden architecture is utterly useless unless it be assisted by the botanical effect.

These, then, are a few of the more important principles of architecture, which are to be kept in view in the blue and in the green country. The wild, or grey, country is never selected, in Britain, as the site of a villa: and, therefore, it only remains for us to offer a few remarks on a subject as difficult as it is interesting and important, the architecture of the villa in British hill, or brown, country.

V. *The British Villa. Hill, or Brown, Country.—Principles of Composition.*

“Vivite contenti casulis et collibus istis.”—*Juvenal.*

In the Boulevard des Italiens, just at the turning into the Rue la Paix (in Paris), there stand a few dusky and withered trees, beside a kind of dry ditch, paved at the bottom, into which a carriage can with some difficulty descend, and which affords access (not in an unusual manner) to the ground floor of a large and dreary-looking house, whose passages are dark and confined, whose rooms are limited in size, and whose windows command an interesting view of the dusty trees before mentioned. This is the town residence of one of the Italian noblemen, whose country house has already been figured as a beautiful example of the villas of the Lago di Como. That villa, however, though in one of the loveliest situations that hill, and wave, and heaven ever combined to adorn, and though itself one of the most delicious habitations that luxury ever projected, or wealth procured, is very rarely honoured by the presence of its master: while attractions of a very different nature retain him, winter after winter, in the dark chambers of the Boulevard des Italiens. This appears singular to the

casual traveller, who darts down from the dust and heat of the French capital to the light and glory of the Italian lakes, and finds the tall marble chambers and orange groves, in which he thinks, were he possessed of them, he could luxuriate for ever, left desolate and neglected by their real owner: but, were he to try such a residence for a single twelvemonth, we believe his wonder would have greatly diminished at the end of the time. For the mind of the nobleman in question does not differ from that of the average of men; inasmuch as it is a well-known fact, that a series of sublime impressions, continued indefinitely, gradually pall upon the imagination, deaden its fineness of feeling, and, in the end, induce a gloomy and morbid state of mind, a reaction of a peculiarly melancholy character, because consequent, not upon the absence of that which once caused excitement, but upon the failure of its power. This is not the case with all men; but with those over whom the sublimity of an unchanging scene can retain its power for ever, we have nothing to do; for they know better than any architect can, how to choose their scene, and how to add to its effect: we have only to impress upon them the propriety of thinking before they build, and of keeping their humours under the control of their judgment. It is not of them, but of the man of average intellect, that we are thinking throughout all these papers; and upon him it cannot be too strongly impressed that there are very few points in a hill country at all adapted for a permanent residence. There is a kind of instinct, indeed, by which men become aware of this, and shrink from the sterner features of hill scenery into the parts possessing a human interest; and thus we find the north side of the Lake Lemman, from Vevay to Geneva, which is about as monotonous a bit of vine country as any in Europe, studded with villas; while the south side, which is as exquisite a piece of scenery as is to be found in all Switzerland, possesses, we think, two. The instinct, in this case is true; but we frequently find it in error. Thus, the Lake of Como is the resort of half Italy, while the Lago Maggiore possesses scarcely one villa of importance, besides those on the Borromean Islands. Yet the Lago Maggiore is far better adapted for producing

and sustaining a pleasurable impression, than that of Como. The first thing, then, which the architect has to do in hill country is, to bring his employer down from heroics to common sense ; to teach him that, although it might be very well for a man like Pliny, whose whole spirit and life was wrapt up in that of nature, to set himself down under the splash of a cascade 400 ft. high, such escapades are not becoming in English gentlemen ; and that it is necessary, for his own satisfaction, as well as that of others, that he should keep in the most quiet and least pretending corners of the landscape which he has chosen.

Having got his employer well under control, he has two points to consider. First, where he will spoil least ; and, secondly, where he will gain most. Now, we may spoil a landscape in two ways ; either by destroying an association connected with it, or a beauty inherent in it. With the first barbarism we have nothing to do ; for it is one which would not be permitted on a large scale ; and, even if it were, could not be perpetrated by any man of the slightest education. No one, having any pretensions to be called a human being, would build himself a house on the meadow of the Rutlin, or by the farm of La Haye Sainte, or on the lonely isle on Loch Katrine. Of the injustice of the second barbarism we have spoken already ; and it is the object of this paper to show how it may be avoided, as well as to develop the principles by which we may be guided in the second question ; that of ascertaining how much permanent pleasure will be received from the contemplation of a given scene.

It is very fortunate that the result of these several investigations will generally be found the same. The residence which, in the end, is found altogether delightful, will be found to have been placed where it has committed no injury ; and, therefore, the best way of consulting our own convenience in the end is, to consult the feelings of the spectator in the beginning.* Now, the first grand rule for the choice of situation

* For instance, one proprietor terrifies the landscape all round him, within a range of three miles, by the conspicuous position of his habitation ; and is punished by finding that, from whatever quarter the wind

is, never to build a villa where the ground is not richly productive. It is not enough that it should be capable of producing a crop of scanty oats or turnips in a fine season ; it must be rich and luxuriant, and glowing with vegetative power* of one kind or another. For the very chiefest † part of the character of the edifice of pleasure is, and must be, its perfect ease, its appearance of felicitous repose. This it can never have where the nature and expression of the land near it reminds us of the necessity of labour, and where the earth is niggardly of all that constitutes its beauty and our pleasure ; this it can only have, where the presence of man seems the natural consequence of an ample provision for his enjoyment, not the continuous struggle of suffering existence with a rude heaven and rugged soil. There is nobility in such a struggle, but not when it is maintained by the inhabitant of the villa, in whom it is unnatural, and therefore injurious in its effect. The narrow cottage on the desolate moor, or the stalwart hospice on the crest of the Alps, each leaves an ennobling impression of energy and endurance ; but the possessor of the villa, should call, not upon our admiration, but upon our sympathy ; and his function is to deepen the impression of the beauty and the fulness of creation, not to exhibit the majesty of man ; to show, in the intercourse of earth and her children, not how her severity may be mocked by their

may blow, it sends in some of his plate-glass. Another spoils a pretty bit of crag, by building below it, and has two or three tons of stone dropped through his roof, the first frosty night. Another occupies the turf slope of some soft lake promontory, and has his cook washed away by the first flood. We do not remember ever having seen a dwelling-house destroying the effect of a landscape, of which, considered merely as a habitation, we should wish to be the possessor.

* We are not thinking of the effect upon the human frame of the air which is favourable to vegetation. Chemically considered, the bracing breeze of the more sterile soil is the most conducive to health, and is practically so, when the frame is not perpetually exposed to it ; but the keenness which checks the growth of the plant is, in all probability, trying, to say the least, to the constitution of a resident.

† We hope the English language may long retain this corrupt but energetic superlative.

heroism, but how her bounty may be honoured in their enjoyment.

This position, being once granted, will save us a great deal of trouble ; for it will put out of our way, as totally unfit for villa residence, nine-tenths of all mountain scenery ; beginning with such bleak and stony bits of hillside as that which was metamorphosed into something like a forest by the author of *Waverley* ; laying an equal veto on all the severe landscapes of such districts of minor mountain as the Scotch Highlands and North Wales ; and finishing by setting aside all the higher sublimity of Alp and Apennine. What, then, has it left us ? The gentle slope of the lake shore, and the spreading parts of the quiet valley, in almost all scenery ; and the shores of the Cumberland lakes in our own, distinguished as they are by a richness of soil, which though generally manifested only in an exquisite softness of pasture, and roundness of undulation, is sufficiently evident to place them out of the sweeping range of this veto.

Now, as we only have to do with Britain, at present, we shall direct particular attention to the Cumberland lakes, as they are the only mountain district which, taken generally, is adapted for the villa residence, and as every piece of scenery which in other districts is so adapted, resembles them in character and tone.

We noticed, in speaking of the Westmoreland cottage, the feeling of humility with which we are impressed during a mountain ramble. Now, it is nearly impossible for a villa of large size, however placed, not to disturb and interrupt this necessary and beautiful impression, particularly where the scenery is on a very small scale. This disadvantage may be obviated in some degree, as we shall see, by simplicity of architecture ; but another, dependent, on a question of proportion, is inevitable. When an object, in which magnitude is a desirable attribute, leaves an impression, on a practised eye, of less magnitude than it really possesses, we should place objects beside it, of whose magnitude we can satisfy ourselves, of larger size than that which we are accustomed to ; for, by finding these large objects in precisely the pro-

portion to the grand object, to which we *are* accustomed, while we know their actual size to be one to which we are *not* accustomed, we become aware of the true magnitude of the principal feature. But where the object leaves a true impression of its size on the practised eye, we shall do harm by rendering minor objects either larger or smaller than they usually are. Where the object leaves an impression of greater magnitude than it really possesses, we must render the minor objects smaller than they usually are, to prevent our being undeceived. Now, a mountain of 15,000 ft. high always looks lower, than it really is ; therefore, the larger the buildings near it are rendered, the better. Thus, in speaking of the Swiss cottage, it was observed that a building of the size of St. Peter's in its place, would exhibit the size of the mountains more truly and strikingly. A mountain 7,000 ft. high strikes its impression with great truth, we are deceived on neither side ; therefore, the building near it should be of the average size ; and thus the villas of the Lago di Como, being among hills from 6,000 to 8,000 ft. high, are well proportioned, being neither colossal nor diminutive : but a mountain 3,000 ft. high always looks higher than it really is ;* therefore, the buildings near it should be smaller than

* This position as well as the two preceding, is important, and in need of confirmation. It has often been observed, that, when the eye is altogether unpractised in estimating elevation, it believes every point to be lower than it really is ; but this does not militate against the proposition, for it is also well known, that the higher the point, the greater the deception. But when the eye is thoroughly practised in mountain measurement, although the judgment, arguing from technical knowledge, gives a true result, the impression on the feelings is always at variance with it, except in hills of the middle height. We are perpetually astonished, in our own country, by the sublime impression left by such hills as Skiddaw, or Cader Idris, or Ben Venue ; perpetually vexed, in Switzerland, by finding that, setting aside circumstances of form and colour, the abstract impression of elevation is (except in some moments of peculiar effect worth a king's ransom) inferior to the truth. We were standing the other day on the slope of the Brevent, above the Prieure of Chamouni, with a companion, well practised in climbing Highland hills, but a stranger among the Alps. Pointing out a rock above the Glacier des Bossons, we requested an opinion of its height.

the average. And this is what is meant by the proportion of objects ; namely, rendering them of such relative size as shall produce the greatest possible impression of those attributes which are most desirable in both. It is not the true, but the desirable impression which is to be conveyed ; and it must not be in one, but in both : the building must not be overwhelmed by the mass of the mountain, nor the precipice mocked by the elevation of the cottage. (Proportion of colour is a question of quite a different nature, dependent merely on admixture and combination.) For these reasons, buildings of a very large size are decidedly destructive of effect among the English lakes : first, because apparent altitudes are much diminished by them ; and, secondly, because, whatever position they may be placed in, instead of combining with scenery, they occupy and overwhelm it : for all scenery is divided into pieces, each of which has a near bit of beauty, a promontory of lichened crag, or a smooth swarded knoll, or something of the kind to begin with. Wherever the large villa comes, it takes up one of these beginnings of landscape altogether ; and the parts of crag or wood, which ought to combine with it, become subservient to it, and lost in its general effect ; that is, ordinarily, in a general effect of ugliness. This should never be the case : however intrinsically beautiful the edifice may be, it should assist, but not supersede ; join, but not eclipse ; appear, but not intrude. The general rule by which we are to determine the size is, to select the largest mass which will not overwhelm any object of fine form, within two hundred yards of it ; and, if it does not do this, we may be quite sure it is not too large for the distant features :

“ I should think,” was the reply, “ I could climb it in two steps ; but I am too well used to hills to be taken in that way ; it is at least 40 ft.” The real height was 470 ft. This deception is attributable to several causes (independently of the clearness of the medium through which the object is seen), which it would be out of place to discuss here, but the chief of which is the natural tendency of the feelings always to believe objects subtending the same angle to be of the same height. We say the feelings, not the eye ; for the practised eye never betrays its possessor, though the due and corresponding mental impression is not received.

for it is one of Nature's most beautiful adaptations, that she is never out of proportion with herself; that is, the minor details of scenery of the first class bear exactly the proportion to the same species of detail in scenery of the second class, that the large features of the first bear to the large features of the second. Every mineralogist knows that the quartz of the St. Gothard is as much larger in its crystal than the quartz of Snowdon, as the peak of the one mountain overtops the peak of the other; and that the crystals of the Andes are larger than either.* Every artist knows that the boulders of an Alpine foreground, and the leaps of an Alpine stream, are as much larger than the boulders, and as much bolder than the leaps, of a Cumberland foreground and torrent, as the Jungfrau is higher than Skiddaw. Therefore, if we take care of the near effect in any country, we need never be afraid of the distant. For these reasons, the cottage villa, rather than the mansion, is to be preferred among our hills: it has been preferred in many instances, and in too many, with an unfortunate result; for the cottage villa is precisely that which affords the greatest scope for practical absurdity. Symmetry, proportion, and some degree of simplicity are usually kept in view in the large building; but, in the smaller, the architect considers himself licensed to try all sorts of experiments, and jumbles together pieces of imitation, taken at random from his note-book, as carelessly as a bad chemist mixing elements, from which he may by accident obtain something new, though the chances are ten to one that he obtains something useless. The chemist, however, is more innocent than the architect; for the one throws his trash out of the window if the compound fail; while the other always thinks his conceit too good to be lost. The great one cause of all the errors in this branch of architecture is, the principle of imitation, at once the most baneful and the most unintellectual, yet perhaps the

* This is rather a bold assertion; and we should be sorry to maintain the fact as universal; but the crystals of *almost* all the rarer minerals are larger in the larger mountain; and that altogether independently of the period of elevation, which, in the case of Mont Blanc, is later than that of our own Mendips.

most natural, that the human mind can encourage or act upon.* Let it once be thoroughly rooted out, and the cottage villa will become a beautiful and interesting element of our landscape.

So much for size. The question of position need not detain us long, as the principles advanced at page 66, are true

* In p. 116, we noticed the kind of error most common in amateur designs, and we traced that error to its great first cause, the assumption of the humour, instead of the true character, for a guide; but we did not sufficiently specify the mode in which that first cause operated, by prompting to imitation. By imitation, we do not mean accurate copying, neither do we mean working under the influence of the feelings by which we may suppose the originators of a given model to have been actuated; but we mean the intermediate step of endeavouring to combine old materials in a novel manner. True copying may be disdained by architects, but it should not be disdained by nations: for, when the feelings of the time in which certain styles had their origin have passed away, any examples of the same style will invariably be failures, unless they be copies. It is utter absurdity to talk of building Greek edifices now; no man ever will, or ever can, who does not believe in the Greek mythology; and, precisely by so much as he diverges from the technicality of strict copyism, he will err. But we ought to have pieces of Greek architecture, as we have reprints of the most valuable records, and it is better to build a new Parthenon than to set up the old one. Let the dust and the desolation of the Acropolis be undisturbed for ever; let them be left to be the school of our moral feelings, not of our mechanical perceptions: the line and rule of the prying carpenter should not come into the quiet and holy places of the earth. Elsewhere, we may build marble models for the education of the national mind and eye; but it is useless to think of adopting the architecture of the Greek to the purposes of the Frank: it never has been done, and never will be. We delight, indeed, in observing the rise of such a building as La Madeleine: beautiful, because accurately copied; useful, as teaching the eye of every passer-by. But we must not think of its purpose: it is wholly unadapted for Christian worship; and, were it as bad Greek as our National Gallery, it would be equally unfit. The mistake of our architects in general is, that they fancy they are speaking good English by speaking bad Greek. We wish, therefore, that copying were more in vogue than it is. But imitation, the endeavour to be Gothic, or Tyrolese, or Venetian, without the slightest grain of Gothic or Venetian feeling; the futile effort to splash a building into age, or daub it into dignity, to zigzag it into sanctity, or slit it into ferocity, when its shell is neither ancient nor dignified, and its spirit neither priestly nor baro-

generally, with one exception. Beautiful and calm the situation must always be, but, in England, not conspicuous. In Italy, the dwelling of the descendants of those whose former life has bestowed on every scene the greater part of the majesty which it possesses, ought to have a dignity inherent in it, which would be shamed by shrinking back from the sight of men, and majesty enough to prevent such non-retirement from becoming intrusive; but the spirit of the English landscape is simple, and pastoral and mild, devoid, also, of high associations (for, in the Highlands and Wales, almost every spot which has the pride of memory is unfit for villa residence); and, therefore, all conspicuous appearance of its more wealthy inhabitants becomes ostentation, not dignity; impudence, not condescension. Their dwellings ought to be just evident, and no more, as forming part of the gentle animation, and present prosperity, which is the beauty of cultivated ground. And this partial concealment may be effected without any sacrifice of the prospect which the pro-

nial; this is the degrading vice of the age; fostered, as if man's reason were but a step between the brains of a kitten and a monkey, in the mixed love of despicable excitement and miserable mimicry. If the English have no imagination, they should not scorn to be commonplace; or, rather, they should remember that poverty cannot be disguised by beggarly borrowing, though it may be ennobled by calm independence. Our national architecture never will improve until our population are generally convinced that in this art, as in all others, they cannot seem what they cannot be. The scarlet coat or the turned-down collar, which the obsequious portrait-painter puts on the shoulders and off the necks of his savage or insane customers, never can make the 'prentice look military, or the idiot poetical; and the architectural appurtenances of Norman embrasure or Veronaic balcony must be equally ineffective, until they can turn shopkeepers into barons, and schoolgirls into Juliets. Let the national mind be elevated in its character, and it will naturally become pure in its conceptions; let it be simple in its desires, and it will be beautiful in its ideas; let it be modest in feeling, and it will not be insolent in stone. For architect and for employer, there can be but one rule; to be natural in all that they do, and to look for the beauty of the material creation as they would for that of the human form, not in the chanceful and changing disposition of artificial decoration, but in the manifestation of the pure and animating spirit which keeps it from the coldness of the grave.

prietor will insist upon commanding from his windows, and with great accession to his permanent enjoyment. For, first, the only prospect which is really desirable or delightful, is that from the window of the breakfast-room. This is rather a bold position, but it will appear evident on a little consideration. It is pleasant enough to have a pretty little bit visible from the bed-rooms; but, after all, it only makes gentlemen cut themselves in shaving, and ladies never think of anything beneath the sun when they are dressing. Then, in the dining-room windows are absolutely useless, because dinner is always uncomfortable by daylight, and the weight of furniture effect which adapts the room for the gastronomic rites, renders it detestable as a sitting-room. In the library, people should have something else to do, than looking out of the windows; in the drawing-room, the uncomfortable stillness of the quarter of an hour before dinner may, indeed, be alleviated by having something to converse about at the windows: but it is very shameful to spoil a prospect of any kind, by looking at it when we are not ourselves in a state of corporal comfort and mental good humour, which nobody can be after the labour of the day, and before he has been fed. But the breakfast-room, where we meet the first light of the dewy day, the first breath of the morning air, the first glance of gentle eyes; to which we descend in the very spring and elasticity of mental renovation and bodily energy, in the gathering up of our spirit for the new day, in the flush of our awakening from the darkness and the mystery of faint and inactive dreaming, in the resurrection from our daily grave, in the first tremulous sensation of the beauty of our being, in the most glorious perception of the lightning of our life; there, indeed, our expatiation of spirit, when it meets the pulse of outward sound and joy, the voice of bird and breeze and billow, *does* demand some power of liberty, some space for its going forth into the morning, some freedom of intercourse with the lovely and limitless energy of creature and creation. The breakfast-room must have a prospect, and an extensive one; the hot roll and hyson are indiscussable, except under such sweet circumstances. But he must be an

awkward architect, who cannot afford an opening to one window without throwing the whole mass of the building open to public view ; particularly as, in the second place, the essence of a good window view, is the breaking out of the distant features in little well-composed morceaux, not the general glare of a mass of one tone. Have we a line of lake ? the silver water must glance out here and there among the trunks of near trees, just enough to show where it flows ; then break into an open swell of water, just where it is widest, or where the shore is prettiest. Have we mountains ? their peaks must appear over foliage, or through it, the highest and boldest catching the eye conspicuously, yet not seen from base to summit, as if we wanted to measure them. Such a prospect as this is always compatible with as much concealment as we choose. In all these pieces of management, the architect's chief enemy is the vanity of his employer, who will always want to see more than he ought to see, and than he will have pleasure in seeing, without reflecting how the spectators pay for his peeping.

So much, then, for position. We have now only to settle the questions of form and colour, and we shall then have closed the most tiresome investigation, which we shall be called upon to enter into ; inasmuch as the principles which we may arrive at in considering the architecture of defence, though we hope they may be useful in the abstract, will demand no application to native landscape, in which, happily, no defence is now required ; and those relating to sacred edifices will, we also hope, be susceptible of more interest than can possibly be excited by the most degraded branch of the whole art of architecture, one hardly worthy of being included under the name ; that, namely, with which we have lately been occupied, whose ostensible object is the mere provision of shelter and comfort for the despicable shell within whose darkness and corruption that purity of perception to which all high art is addressed is, during its immaturity, confined.

There are two modes in which any mental or material effect may be increased ; by contrast, or by assimilation. Supposing that we have a certain number of features, or existences,

under a given influence ; then, by subjecting another feature to the same influence, we increase the universality, and therefore the effect, of that influence ; but, by introducing another feature, *not* under the same influence, we render the subjection of the other features more palpable, and therefore more effective. For example, let the influence be one of shade (Fig. 41), to which a certain number of objects are subjected

in *a* and *b*. To *a* we add another feature, subjected to the same influence, and we increase the general impression of shade ; to *b* we add the same feature, not subjected to this influence, and we have deepened the effect of shade. Now, the principles by which we are to be guided in the selection of one or other of these means are of great importance, and must be developed before we can conclude the investigation of villa architecture. The impression produced by a given effect or influence depends upon its degree and its duration.

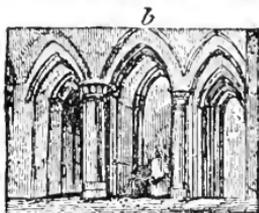
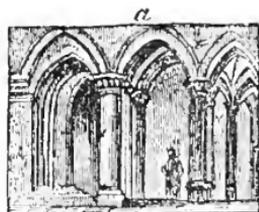


Fig. 41.

Degree always means the proportionate energy exerted. Duration is either into time, or into space, or into both. The duration of colour is in space alone, forming what is commonly called extent. The duration of sound is in space and time ; the space being in the size of the waves of air, which give depth to the tone. The duration of mental emotion is in time alone. Now, in all influences, as is the degree, so is the impression : as is the duration, so is the effect of the impression ; that is, its permanent operation upon the feelings, or the violence with which it takes possession of our own faculties and senses, as opposed to the abstract impression of its existence without such operation on our own essence. For example, the natural tendency of darkness or shade is, to induce fear or melancholy. Now, as the degree of the shade, so is the abstract impression of the existence of shade ; but, as the duration of shade, so is the fear of melancholy

excited by it. Consequently, when we wish to increase the abstract impression of the power of any influence over objects with which we have no connexion, we must increase degree; but, when we wish the impression to produce a permanent effect upon ourselves, we must increase duration. Now, degree is always increased by contrast, and duration by assimilation. A few instances of this will be sufficient. Blue is called a cold colour, because it induces a feeling of coolness to the eye, and is much used by nature in her cold effects. Supposing that we have painted a storm scene, in desolate country, with a single miserable cottage somewhere in front; that we have made the atmosphere and the distance cold and blue, and wish to heighten the comfortless impression. There is an old rag hanging out of the window: shall it be red or blue? If it be red, the piece of warm colour will contrast strongly with the atmosphere; will render its blueness and chilliness immensely more apparent; will increase the *degree* of both, and, therefore, the abstract impression of the existence of cold. But, if it be blue, it will bring the iciness of the distance up into the foreground; will fill the whole visible space with comfortless cold; will take away every relief from the desolation; will increase the *duration* of the influence, and, consequently, will extend its operation into the mind and feelings of the spectator, who will shiver as he looks. Now, if we are painting a *picture*, we shall not hesitate a moment: in goes the red; for the artist, while he wishes to render the actual impression of the presence of cold in the landscape as strong as possible, does not wish that chilliness to pass over into, or affect, the spectator, but endeavours to make the combination of colour as delightful to his eye and feelings as possible.* But, if we are painting a *scene* for theatrical representation, where deception is aimed at, we shall be as decided in our proceeding on the opposite principle: in goes the blue; for we wish the idea of cold to pass over into the spectator, and make him so uncomfortable as to permit his fancy to place him distinctly in the place we desire,

* This difference of principle is one leading distinction between the artist, properly so called, and the scene, diorama, or panorama painter.

in the actual scene. Again, Shakspeare has been blamed by some few critical asses for the raillery of Mercutio, and the humour of the nurse, in *Romeo and Juliet*; for the fool in *Lear*; for the porter in *Macbeth*; the grave-diggers in *Hamlet*, &c. ; because, it is said, these bits interrupt the tragic feeling. No such thing; they enhance it to an incalculable extent; they deepen its *degree*, though they diminish its *duration*. And what is the result? that the impression of the agony of the individuals brought before us is far stronger than it could otherwise have been, and our sympathies are more forcibly awakened; while, had the contrast been wanting, the impression of pain would have come over into ourselves; our selfish feeling, instead of our sympathy, would have been awakened; the conception of the grief of others diminished; and the tragedy would have made us very uncomfortable, but never have melted us to tears, or excited us to indignation. When he, whose merry and satirical laugh rung in our ears the moment before, faints before us, with "A plague o' both your houses, they have made worms' meat of me," the acuteness of our feeling is excessive: but, had we not heard the laugh before, there would have been a dull weight of melancholy impression, which would have been painful, not affecting. Hence, we see the grand importance of the choice of our means of enhancing effect; and we derive the simple rule for that choice; namely, that, when we wish to increase abstract impression, or to call upon the sympathy of the spectator, we are to use contrast; but, when we wish to extend the operation of the impression, or to awaken the selfish feelings, we are to use assimilation.

This rule, however, becomes complicated where the feature of contrast is not altogether passive; that is, where we wish to give a conception of any qualities inherent in that feature, as well as in what it relieves; and, besides, it is not always easy to know whether it will be best to increase the abstract idea, or its operation. In most cases, energy, the degree of influence, is beauty; and, in many, the duration of influence is monotony. In others, duration is sublimity, and energy painful: in a few, energy and duration are attainable and de-

lightful together. It is impossible to give rules for judgment in every case; but the following points must always be observed:—1. When we use contrast, it must be natural, and likely to occur. Thus, the contrast in tragedy is the natural consequence of the character of human existence: it is what we see and feel every day of our lives. When a contrast is unnatural, it destroys the effect it should enhance. Canning called on a French refugee in 1794. The conversation naturally turned on the execution of the queen, then a recent event. Overcome by his feelings, the Parisian threw himself upon the ground, exclaiming, in an agony of tears, “*La bonne reine! la pauvre reine!*” Presently he sprang up, exclaiming, “*Cependant, Monsieur, il faut vous faire voir mon petit chien danser.*” This contrast, though natural in a Parisian, was unnatural in the nature of things, and therefore injurious.

2dly. When the general influence, instead of being external, is an attribute or energy of the thing itself, so as to bestow on it a permanent character, the contrast which is obtained by the absence of that character is injurious and becomes what is called an interruption of the unity. Thus, the raw and colourless tone of the Swiss cottage, noticed at page 29, is an injurious contrast to the richness of the landscape, which is an inherent and necessary energy in surrounding objects. So, the character of Italian landscape is curvilinear; therefore, the outline of the buildings entering into its composition must be arranged on curvilinear principles, as investigated at page 97.

3dly. But, if the pervading character can be obtained in the single object by different means, the contrast will be delightful. Thus, the elevation of character which the hill districts of Italy possess by the magnificence of their forms, is transmitted to the villa by its dignity of detail, and simplicity of outline; and the rectangular interruption to the curve of picturesque blue country, partaking of the nature of that which it interrupts, is a contrast giving relief and interest, while any Elizabethan acute angles, on the contrary, would have been a contrast obtained by the absence of the pervad-

ing energy of the universal curvilinear character, and therefore improper.

4thly. When the general energy, instead of pervading simultaneously the multitude of objects, as with one spirit, is independently possessed and manifested by every individual object, the result is repetition, not unity: and contrast is not merely agreeable, but necessary. Thus, in Fig. 42, the number of objects, forming the line of beauty, is pervaded by one



FIG. 42.

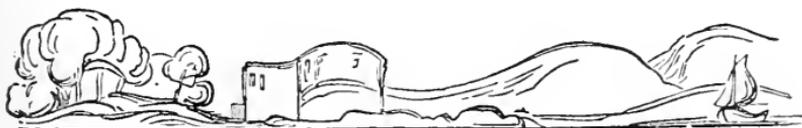


FIG. 43.

simple energy; but in Fig. 43 that energy is separately manifested in each, and the result is painful monotony. Parallel right lines, without grouping, are always liable to this objection; and, therefore, a distant view of a flat country is never beautiful, unless its horizontals are lost in richness of vegetation, as in Lombardy; or broken with masses of forest, or with distant hills. If none of these interruptions take place, there is immediate monotony, and no introduction can be more delightful than such a tower in the distance as Strasburg, or, indeed, than any architectural combination of verticals. Peterborough is a beautiful instance of such an adaptation. It is always, then, to be remembered that repetition is not assimilation.

5thly. When any attribute is necessarily beautiful, that is, beautiful in every place and circumstance, we need hardly

say that the contrast consisting in its absence is painful. It is only when beauty is local or accidental that opposition may be employed.

6thly. The *edge* of all contrasts, so to speak, should be as soft as is consistent with decisive effect. We mean, that a gradual change is better than instantaneous transfiguration ; for, though always less effective, it is more agreeable. But this must be left very much to the judgment.

7thly. We must be very careful in ascertaining whether any given contrast is obtained by freedom from external, or absence of internal, energy, for it is often a difficult point to decide. Thus, the peace of the Alpine valley might, at first, seem to be a contrast caused by the want of the character of strength and sublimity manifested in the hills ; but it is really caused by the freedom from the general and external influence of violence and desolation.

These, then, are principles applicable to all arts, without a single exception, and of particular importance in painting and architecture. It will sometimes be found that one rule comes in the way of another ; in which case, the most important is, of course, to be obeyed ; but, in general, they will afford us an easy means of arriving at certain results, when, before, our conjectures must have been vague and unsatisfactory. We may now proceed to determine the most proper *form* for the mountain villa of England.

We must first observe the prevailing lines of the near hills : if they are vertical, there will most assuredly be monotony, for the vertical lines of crag are never grouped, and accordingly, by our fourth rule, the prevailing lines of our edifice must be horizontal. In Fig. 44, which is a village half-way up the Lake of Thun, the tendency of the hills is vertical ; this tendency is repeated by the buildings, and the composition becomes thoroughly bad : but, at p. 69, Fig. 27, we have the same vertical tendency in the hills, while the grand lines of the buildings are horizontal, and the composition is good. But, if the prevailing lines of the near hills be curved (and they will be either curved or vertical), we must not interrupt their character, for the energy is then pervading, not individ-

ual ; and, therefore, our edifice must be rectangular. In both cases, therefore, the grand outline of the villa is the same ; but in the one we have it set off by contrast, in the other by assimilation ; and we must work out in the architecture of each edifice the principle on which we have begun. Commencing with that in which we are to work by contrast : the vertical crags must be the result of violence, and the influ-



FIG. 44.

ence of destruction, of distortion, of torture, to speak strongly, must be evident in their every line. We free the building from this influence, and give it repose, gracefulness, and ease ; and we have a contrast of feeling as well as of line, by which the desirable attributes are rendered evident in both objects, while the *duration* of neither energy being allowed, there can be no disagreeable effect upon the spectator, who will not shrink from the terror of the crags, nor feel a want of excitement in the gentleness of the building.

2dly. Solitude is powerful and evident in its effect on the

distant hills, therefore, the effect of the villa should be joyous and life-like (not flippant, however, but serene); and, by rendering it so, we shall enhance the sublimity of the distance, as we showed in speaking of the Westmoreland cottage; and, therefore, we may introduce a number of windows with good effect, provided that they are kept in horizontal lines, and do not disturb the repose which we have shown to be necessary.

These three points of contrast will be quite enough: there is no other external influence from which we can free the building, and the pervading energy must be communicated to it, or it will not harmonise with our feelings; therefore, before proceeding, we had better determine how this contrast is to be carried out in detail. Our lines are to be horizontal; then the roof must be as flat as possible. We need not think

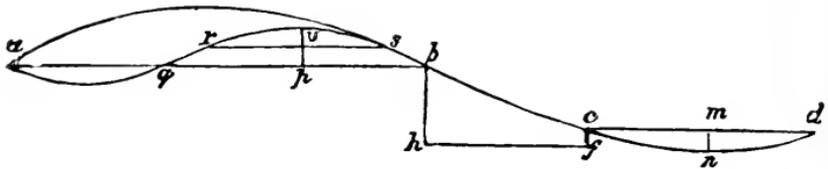


FIG. 45.

of snow, because, however much we may slope the roof, it will not slip off from the material which, here, is the only proper one; and the roof of the cottage is always very flat, which it would not be if there were any inconvenience attending such a form. But, for the sake of the second contrast, we are to have gracefulness and ease, as well as horizontality. Then we must break the line of the roof into different elevations, yet not making the difference great, or we shall have visible verticals. And this must not be done at random. Take a flat line of beauty, $a d$, Fig. 45, for the length of the edifice. Strike $a b$ horizontally from a , $c d$ from d ; let fall the verticals; make $c f$ equal $m n$, the maximum; and draw $h f$. The curve should be so far continued as that $h f$ shall be to $c d$ as $c d$ to $a b$. Then we are sure of a beautifully proportioned form. Much variety may be introduced by using different curves; joining paraboles with cycloids, &c. : but the use of curves is

always the best mode of obtaining good forms. Further ease may be obtained by added combinations. For instance, strike another curve ($a q b$) through the flat line $a b$; bisect the maximum $e p$, draw the horizontal $r s$, (observing to make the largest maximum of this curve towards the smallest maximum of the great curve, to restore the balance), join $r q, s b$, and we have another modification of the same beautiful form. This may be done in either side of the building, but not in both. Then, if the flat roof be still found monotonous, it may be interrupted by garret windows, which must not be gabled, but turned with the curve $a b$, whatever that may be. This will give instant humility to the building, and take away any vestiges of Italian character which might hang about it, and which would be wholly out of place. The windows may have tolerably broad architraves, but no cornices; an ornamented both haughty and classical in its effect, and, on both accounts, improper here. They should be in level lines, but grouped at unequal distances, or they will have a formal and artificial air, unsuited to the irregularity and freedom around them. Some few of them may be arched, however, with the curve $a b$, the mingling of the curve and the square being very graceful. There should not be more than two tiers and the garrets, or the building will be too high.

So much for the general outline of the villa, in which we are to work by contrast. Let us pass over to that in which we are to work by assimilation, before speaking of the material and colour which should be common to both.

The grand outline must be designed on exactly the same principles; for the curvilinear proportions, which were opposition before, will now be assimilation. Of course, we do not mean to say that every villa in a hill country should have the form $a b c d$; we should be tired to death if they had: but we bring forward that form, as an example of the agreeable result of the principles on which we should always work, but whose result should be the same in no two cases. A modification of that form, however, will frequently be found useful; for, under the depression $h f$, we may have a hall of entrance and of exercise, which is a requisite of extreme importance

in hill districts, where it rains three hours out of four all the year round ; and under *c d* we may have the kitchen, servants' rooms, and coach-house, leaving the large division quiet and comfortable.

Then, as in the curved country there is no such distortion as that before noticed, no such evidence of violent agency, we need not be so careful about the appearance of perfect peace, we may be a little more dignified and a little more classical. The windows may be symmetrically arranged ; and, if there be a blue and undulating distance, the upper tier may even have cornices ; narrower architraves are to be used ; the garrets may be taken from the roof, and their inmates may be accommodated in the other side of the house ; but we must take care, in doing this, not to become Greek. The material, as we shall see presently, will assist us in keeping unclassical ; and not a vestige of column or capital must appear in any part of the edifice. All should be pure, but all should be English ; and there should be here, as elsewhere, much of the utilitarian about the whole, suited to the cultivated country in which it is placed.

It will never do to be speculative or imaginative in our details, on the supposition that the tendency of fine scenery is to make everybody imaginative and enthusiastic. Enthusiasm has no business with Turkey carpets or easy chairs ; and the very preparation of comfort for the body, which the existence of the villa supposes, is inconsistent with the supposition of any excitement of mind : and this is another reason for keeping the domestic building in richly productive country. Nature has set aside her sublime bits for us to feel and think in ; she has pointed out her productive bits for us to sleep and eat in ; and, if we sleep and eat amongst the sublimity, we are brutal ; if we poetise amongst the cultivation, we are absurd. There are the time and place for each state of existence, and we should not jumble that which Nature has separated. She has addressed herself, in one part, wholly to the mind, there is nothing for us to eat but bilberries, nothing to rest upon but rock, and we have no business to concoct pic-nics, and bring cheese, and ale, and sandwiches, in baskets,

to gratify our beastly natures, where Nature never intended us to eat (if she had, we needn't have brought the baskets). In the other part, she has provided for our necessities ; and we are very absurd, if we make ourselves fantastic, instead of comfortable. Therefore, all that we ought to do in the hill villa is, to adapt it for the habitation of a man of the highest faculties of perception and feeling ; but only for the habitation of his hours of common sense, not of enthusiasm ; it must be his dwelling as a man, not as a spirit : as a thing liable to decay, not as an eternal energy ; as a perishable, not as an immortal.

Keeping, then, in view these distinctions of form between the two villas, the remaining considerations relate equally to both.

We have several times alluded to the extreme richness and variety of hill foregrounds, as an internal energy to which there must be no contrast. Rowness of colour is to be especially avoided, but so, also, is poverty of effect. It will, therefore, add much to the beauty of the building, if, in any conspicuous and harsh angle or shadowy moulding, we introduce a wreath of carved leaf-work, in stone, of course. This sounds startling and expensive ; but we are not thinking of expense : what ought to be, not what can be afforded, is the question. Besides, when all expense in shamming castles, building pinnacles, and all other fantasticisms, has been shown to be injurious, that which otherwise would have been wasted in plaster battlements, to do harm, may surely be devoted to stone leafage, to do good. Now, if there be too much, or too conspicuous, ornament, it will destroy simplicity and humility, and everything which we have been endeavouring to get ; therefore, the architect must be careful, and had better have immediate recourse to that natural beauty with which he is now endeavouring to assimilate. When Nature determines on decorating a piece of projecting rock, she begins with the bold projecting surface, to which the eye is naturally drawn by its form, and (observe how closely she works by the principles which were before investigated) she finishes this with lichens, and mingled colours, to a degree of delicacy, which makes us feel that we never can look close enough ; but she puts in not a single mass of form to attract the eye, more than

the grand outline renders necessary. But, where the rock joins the ground, where the shadow falls, and the eye is not attracted, she puts in bold forms of ornament, large leaves and grass, bunches of moss and heather, strong in their projection, and deep in their colour. Therefore, the architect must act on precisely the same principle: his outward surfaces he may leave the wind and weather to finish in their own way; but he cannot allow Nature to put grass and weeds into the shadows; *ergo*, he must do it himself; and, whenever the eye loses itself in shade, wherever there is a dark and sharp corner, there, if he can, he should introduce a wreath of flower-work. The carving will be preserved from the weather by this very propriety of situation: it would have mouldered away, had it been exposed to the full drift of the rain, but will remain safe in the crevices where it is required; and, also, it will not injure the general effect, but will lie concealed until we approach, and then rise up, as it were, out of the darkness, to its duty; bestowing on the dwellings that finish of effect which is manifested around them, and gratifying the natural requirement of the mind for the same richness in the execution of the designs of men, which it has found on a near approach lavished so abundantly, in a distant view subdued so beautifully into the large effects of the designs of nature.

Of the ornament itself, it is to be observed that it is not to be what is properly called architectural *decoration* (that which is "decorous," becoming, or suitable to); namely, the combination of minor forms, which repeat the lines, and partake of the essence of the grand design, and carry out its meaning and life into its every member: but it is to be true sculpture; the presenting of a pure ideality of form to the eye, which may give perfect conception, without the assistance of colour: it is to be the stone image of vegetation, not botanically accurate, indeed, but sufficiently near to permit us to be sure of the intended flower or leaf. Not a single line of any other kind of ornament should be admitted, and there should be more leafage than flower-work, as it is the more easy in its flow and outline. Deep relief need not be attempted, but the edges of the leafage should be clearly and delicately defined.

The cabbage, the vine, and the ivy are the best and most beautiful leaves: oak is a little too stiff, otherwise good. Particular attention ought to be paid to the ease of the stems and tendrils: such care will always be repaid. And it is to be especially observed, that the carving is not to be arranged in garlands or knots, or any other formalities, as in Gothic work; but the stalks are to rise out of the stone, as if they were rooted in it, and to fling themselves down where they are wanted, disappearing again in light sprays, as if they were still growing. All this will require care in designing; but, as we have said before, we can always do without decoration; but, if we have it, it *must* be well done. It is not of the slightest use to economise; every farthing improperly saved does a shilling's worth of damage; and that is getting a bargain the wrong way. When one branch or group balances another, they *must* be different in composition. The same group may be introduced several times in different parts, but not when there is correspondence, or the effect will be unnatural; and it can hardly be too often repeated, that the *ornament* must be kept out of the general effect, must be invisible to all but the near observer, and, even to him, must not become a necessary part of the design, but must be sparingly and cautiously applied, so as to appear to have been thrown in by chance here and there, as Nature would have thrown in a bunch of herbage, affording adornment without concealment, and relief without interruption.

So much for form. The question of colour has already been discussed at some length, in speaking of the cottage; but it is to be noticed, that the villa, from the nature of its situation, gets the higher hills back into a distance which is three or four times more blue than any piece of scenery entering into combination with the cottage; so that more warmth of colour is allowable in the building, as well as greater cheerfulness of effect. It should not look like stone, as the cottage should, but should tell as a building on the mind as well as the eye. White, therefore, is frequently allowable in small quantities, particularly on the border of a large and softly shored lake, like Windermere and the foot of Loch Lomond; but

cream-colour, and putty-colour, and the other varieties of plaster colour, are inexcusable. If more warmth is required by the situation than the sun will give on white, the building should be darkened at once. A warm, rich grey is always beautiful in any place and under every circumstance; and, in fact, unless the proprietor likes to be kept damp like a travelling codfish, by trees about his house and close to it (which, if it be white, he must have, to prevent glare), such a grey is the only colour which will be beautiful, or even innocent. The difficulty is to obtain it; and this naturally leads to the question of material. If the colour is to be white, we can have no ornament, for the shadows would make it far too conspicuous, and we should get only tawdriness. The simple forms may be executed in anything that will stand wet; and the roofs, in all cases, should be of the coarse slate of the country, as rudely put on as possible. They must be kept clear of moss and conspicuous vegetation, or there will be an improper appearance of decay; but the more lichenous the better, and the rougher the slate the sooner it is coloured. If the colour is to be grey, we may use the grey primitive limestone, which is not ragged on the edges, without preparing the blocks too smoothly; or the more compact and pale-coloured slate, which is frequently done in Westmoreland; and execute the ornaments in any very coarse dark marble. Greenstone is an excellent rock, and has a fine surface, but it is unmanageable.

The greyer granites may often be used with good effect, as well as the coarse porphyries, when the grey is to be particularly warm. An outward surface of a loose block may be often turned to good account in turning an angle, as the colours which it has contracted by its natural exposure will remain on it without inducing damp. It is always to be remembered, that he who prefers neatness to beauty, and who would have sharp angles, and clean surfaces, in preference to curved outlines and lichenous colour, has no business to live among hills.

Such, then, are the principal points to be kept in view in the edifice itself. Of the mode of uniting it with the near features of foliage and ground, it would be utterly useless to

speak: it is a question of infinite variety, and involving the whole theory of composition, so that it would take up volumes to develop principles sufficient to guide us to the result which the feeling of the practised eye would arrive at in a moment. The inequalities of the ground, the character and colour of those inequalities, the nature of the air, the exposure, and the consequent fall of the light, the quantity and form of near and distant foliage, all have their effect on the design, and should have their influence on the designer, inducing, as they do, a perfect change of circumstance in every locality. Only one general rule can be given, and that we repeat. The house must not be a noun substantive, it must not stand by itself, it must be part and parcel of a proportioned whole: it must not even be seen all at once; and he who sees one end should feel that, from the given data, he can arrive at no conclusion respecting the other, yet be impressed with a feeling of a universal energy, pervading with its beauty of unanimity all life and all inanimation, all forms of stillness or motion, all presence of silence or of sound.

Thus, then, we have reviewed the most interesting examples of existing villa architecture, and we have applied the principles derived from those examples to the landscape of our own country. Throughout, we have endeavoured to direct attention to the spirit, rather than to the letter, of all law, and to exhibit the beauty of that principle which is embodied in the line with which we have headed this concluding paper; of being satisfied with national and natural forms, and not endeavouring to introduce the imaginations, or imitate the customs, of foreign nations, or of former times. All imitation has its origin in vanity, and vanity is the bane of architecture. And, as we take leave of them, we would, once for all, remind our English sons of Sempronius "qui villas attollunt marmore novas," *novas* in the full sense of the word, and who are setting all English feeling and all natural principles at defiance, that it is only the *bourgeois gentilhomme* who will wear his dressing-gown upside down, "parceque toutes les personnes de qualité portent les fleurs en en-bas."

Oxford, October, 1838.

WORKS OF ART.

Whether Works of Art may, with Propriety, be combined with the Sublimity of Nature ; and what would be the most appropriate Situation for the proposed Monument to the Memory of Sir Walter Scott, in Edinburgh ? By KATA PHUSIN.

THE question which has been brought before the readers of the *Architectural Magazine* by W. is one of peculiar and excessive interest ; one in which no individual has any right to advance an opinion, properly so called, the mere result of his own private habits of feeling ; but which should be subjected, as far as possible, to a fixed and undoubted criterion, deduced from demonstrable principles and indisputable laws. Therefore, as we have been referred to, we shall endeavour, in as short a space as possible, to bring to bear upon the question those principles whose truth is either distinctly demonstrable, or generally allowed.

The question resolves into two branches. First, whether works of art may with propriety, be combined with the sublimity of nature. This is a point which is discussable by every one. And, secondly, what will be the most appropriate locality for the monument to Scott at Edinburgh. And this we think may be assumed to be a question interesting to, and discussable by, one-third of the educated population of Great Britain : as that proportion is, in all probability, acquainted with the ups and downs of "Auld Reekie."

For the first branch of the question, we have to confess ourselves altogether unable to conjecture what the editor of the *Courant* means by the phrase "works of art," in the paragraph at page 500. Its full signification embraces all the larger creations of the architect, but it cannot be meant to convey such a meaning here, or the proposition is purer nonsense than we ever encountered in print. Yet, in the very

next sentence, our editor calls Nelson's Pillar a work of art, which is certainly a very original idea of his; one which might give rise to curious conjectures relative to the acceptation of the word "art" in Scotland, which here would seem to be a condensed expression for "l'art de se faire ridicule." However, as far as we can judge from the general force of the paragraph, he seems to mean only those works of art which are intended to convey a certain lesson, or impression, to the mind, which impression can only be consequent upon the full examination of their details, and which is therefore always wanting when they are contemplated from a distance; so that they become meaningless in a piece of general effect.* All monuments come under this class of works of art, and to them alone, as being in the present case the chief objects of investigation, our remarks shall be confined.

Monuments are referable to two distinct classes: those which are intended to recall the memory of life, properly called monuments; and those which are intended to induce veneration of death, properly called shrines or sepulchres. To the first we intrust the glory, to the second, the ashes, of the dead. The monument and the shrine are sometimes combined, but almost invariably, with bad effect; for the very simple reason, that the honour of the monument rejoices; the honour of the sepulchre mourns. When the two feelings come together, they neutralise each other, and, therefore, should neither be expressed. Their unity, however, is, when thus unexpressed, exquisitely beautiful. In the floor of the church of St. Jean and Paul at Venice, there is a flat square slab of marble, on which is the word "Titianus." This is at once the monument and the shrine; and the pilgrims of all nations who pass by feel that both are efficient, when their hearts burn within them as they turn to avoid treading on the stone.

But, whenever art is introduced in either the shrine or the

* For instance, the obelisk on the top of Whitaw, mentioned at p. 502, is seen all the way to Carlisle; and, as nobody but the initiated can be aware of its signification, it looks like an insane lamp-post in search of the picturesque.

monument, they should be left separate. For, again, the place of his repose is often selected by the individual himself, or by those who loved him, under the influence of feelings altogether unconnected with the rushing glory of his past existence. The grave must always have a home feeling about its peace; it should have little connexion with the various turbulence which has passed by for ever; it should be the dwelling-place and the bourne of the affections, rather than of the intellect, of the living; for the thought and the reason cannot cling to the dust, though the weak presence of involuntary passion fold its wings for ever where its object went down into darkness. That presence is always to a certain degree meaningless; that is, it is a mere clinging of the human soul to the wrecks of its delight, without any definite indication of purpose or reflection: or, if the lingering near the ashes be an act ennobled by the higher thoughts of religion, those thoughts are common to all mourners. Claimed by all the dead, they need not be expressed, for they are not exclusively our own; and, therefore, we find that these affections most commonly manifest themselves merely by lavishing decoration upon the piece of architecture which protects the grave from profanation, and the sepulchre assumes a general form of beauty, in whose rich decoration we perceive veneration for the dead, but nothing more, no variety of expression or feeling. Priest and layman lie with their lifted hands in semblance of the same repose; and the gorgeous canopies above, while they address the universal feelings, tell no tale to the intellect. But the case is different with the monument; there we are addressing the intellectual powers, the memory and imagination; everything should have a peculiar forcible meaning, and architecture alone is thoroughly insipid, even in combination often absurd. The situation of the memorial has now become part and parcel of its expressive power, and we can no longer allow it to be determined by the affections: it must be judged of by a higher and more certain criterion. That criterion we shall endeavour to arrive at, observing, *en passant*, that the proceeding of the committee, in requiring architects to furnish them with a de-

sign without knowing the situation, is about as reasonable as requiring them to determine two unknown quantities from one equation. If they want the "ready made" style, they had better go to the first stonemason's, and select a superfine marble slab, with "Affliction sore long time he bore, Physicians was in vain," &c., ready cut thereon. We could hardly have imagined that any body of men could have possessed so extraordinarily minute a sum total of sense.

But to the point. The effect of all works of art is twofold ; on the mind and on the eye. First, we have to determine how the situation is to be chosen, with relation to the effect on the mind. The respect which we entertain for any individual depends in a greater degree upon our sympathy with the pervading energy of his character, than upon our admiration of the mode in which that energy manifests itself. That is, the fixed degree of intellectual power being granted, the degree of respect which we pay to its particular manifestation depends upon our sympathy with the cause which directed that manifestation. Thus, every one will grant that it is a noble thing to win successive battles ; yet no one ever admired Napoleon, who was not ambitious. So, again, the more we love our country, the more we admire Leonidas. This, which is our natural and involuntary mode of estimating excellence, is partly just and partly unjust. It is just, because we look to the motive rather than to the action ; it is unjust, because we admire only those motives from which we feel that we ourselves act, or desire to act : yet, just or unjust, it is the mode which we always employ ; and, therefore, when we wish to excite admiration of any given character, it is not enough to point to his actions or his writings, we must indicate as far as possible the nature of the ruling spirit which induced the deed, or pervaded the meditation. Now, this can never be done directly ; neither inscription nor allegory is sufficient to inform the feelings of that which would most affect them ; the latter, indeed, is a dangerous and doubtful expedient in all cases : but it can frequently be done indirectly, by pointing to the great first cause, to the nursing mother, so to speak, of the ruling spirit whose presence we

would indicate ; and by directing the attention of the spectator to those objects which were its guides and modifiers, which became to it the objects of one or both of the universal and only moving influences of life, hope or love ; which excited and fostered within it that feeling which is the essence and glory of all noble minds, indefinable except in the words of one who felt it above many.

“The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow ;
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.”

Now, it is almost always in the power of the monument to indicate this first cause by its situation ; for that cause must have been something in human, or in inanimate, nature.* We can therefore always select a spot where that part of human or inanimate nature is most peculiarly manifested, and we should always do this in preference to selecting any scenes of celebrated passages in the individual's life ; for those scenes are in themselves the best monuments, and are injured by every addition. Let us observe a few examples. The monument to the Swiss who fell at Paris, defending the king, in 1790, is *not* in the halls of the Tuileries, which they fortified with their bodies ; but it is in the very heart of the land in which their faithfulness was taught and cherished, and whose children they best approved themselves in death : it is cut out in their native crags, in the midst of their beloved mountains ; the pure streams whose echo sounded in their ears for ever flow and slumber beside and beneath it ; the glance of the purple glaciers, the light of the moving lakes, the folds of the crimson clouds, encompass, with the glory which was the nurse of their young spirits, and which gleamed in the darkness of their dying eyes, the shadowy and silent monument which is at once the emblem of their fidelity and the memorial of what it cost them.

* If in divine nature, it is not a distinctive cause ; it occasioned not the peculiarity of the individual's character, but an approximation to that general character whose attainment is perfection.

Again, the chief monument to Napoleon is *not* on the crest of the Pennine Alps, nor by the tower of San Juliano, nor on the heights above which the sun rose on Austerlitz ; for in all these places it must have been *alone* : but it is in the centre of the city of his dominion ; in the midst of *men*, in the motion of multitudes, wherein the various and turbulent motives which guided his life are still working and moving and struggling through the mass of humanity ; he stands central to the restless kingdom and capital, looking down upon the nucleus of feeling and energy, upon the focus of all light, within the vast dependent dominion.

So, again, the tomb of Shelley, which, as I think, is his only *material* monument, is in the "slope of green access" whose inhabitants "have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death," and which is in the very centre of the natural light and loveliness which were his inspiration and his life ; and he who stands beside the grey pyramid in the midst of the grave, the city, and the wilderness, looking abroad upon the unimaginable immeasurable glory of the heaven and the earth, can alone understand or appreciate the power and the beauty of that mind which here dwelt and hence departed. We have not space to show how the same principle is developed in the noble shrines of the Scaligers at Verona ; in the colossal statue of San Carlo Borromeo, above the Lago Maggiore ; and in the lonely tomb beside the mountain church of Arquà* : but we think enough has been said to show what we mean. Now, from this principle we deduce the grand primary rule : whenever the conduct or the writings of any individual have been directed or inspired by feelings regarding man, let his monu-

* We wish we could remember some instance of equal fitness in Britian, but we shrink from the task of investigation : for there rise up before our imagination a monotonous multitude of immortal gentlemen, in nightshirts and bare feet, looking violently ferocious ; with corresponding young ladies, looking as if they did not exactly know what to do with themselves, occupied in pushing laurel crowns as far down as they will go on the pericrania of the aforesaid gentlemen in nightshirts ; and other young ladies expressing their perfect satisfaction at the whole proceeding by blowing penny trumpets in the rear.

ment be among men ; whenever they have been directed or inspired by nature, let nature be intrusted with the monument.

Again, all monuments to individuals are, to a certain extent, triumphant ; therefore, they must not be placed where nature has no elevation of character, except in a few rare cases. For instance, a monument to Isaac Walton would be best placed in a low green meadow, within sight of some secluded and humble village ; but, in general, elevation of character is required. Hence it appears, that, as far as the feeling of the thing is concerned, works of art should be often combined with the bold and beautiful scenery of nature. Where, for instance, we would ask of the editor of the *Courant*, would he place a monument to Virgil or to Salvator Rosa. We think his answer would be very inconsistent with his general proposition. There are, indeed, a few circumstances, by which argument on the other side might be supported. For instance, in contemplating any memorial, we are apt to feel as if it were weak and inefficient, unless we have a sense of its publicity ; but this want is amply counterbalanced by a corresponding advantage : the public monument is perpetually desecrated by the familiarity of unfeeling spectators, and palls gradually upon the minds even of those who revere it, becoming less impressive with the repetition of its appeals ; the secluded monument is unprofaned by careless contemplation, is sought out by those for whom alone it was erected, and found where the mind is best prepared to listen to its language.

So much for the effect of monuments on the mind. We have next to determine their effect on the eye, which the editor is chiefly thinking of when he speaks of the "finish of art." He is right so far, that graceful art will not unite with ungraceful nature, nor finished art with unfinished nature, if such a thing exists ; but, if the character of the art be well suited to that of the given scene, the highest richness and finish that man can bestow will harmonise most beautifully with the yet more abundant richness, the yet more exquisite finish, which nature can present. It is to be observed, how-

ever, that, in such combination, the art is not to be a perfect whole ; it is to be assisted by, as it is associated with, concomitant circumstances : for, in all cases of effect, that which does not increase destroys, and that which is not useful is intrusive. Now, all allegory must be perfect in itself, or it is absurd ; therefore, allegory cannot be combined with nature. This is one important and imperative rule.* Again, Nature is never mechanical in her arrangements ; she never allows two members of her composition exactly to correspond : accordingly, in every piece of art which is to combine, without gradations, with landscape (as must always be the case in monuments), we must not allow a multitude of similar members ; the design must be a dignified and simple whole. These two rules being observed, there is hardly any limit to the variety and beauty of effect which may be attained by the fit combination of art and nature. For instance, we have spoken already of the monument to the Swiss, as it affects the mind ; we may again adduce it, as a fine address to the eye. A tall crag of grey limestone rises in a hollow, behind the town of Lucerne ; it is surrounded with thick foliage of various and beautiful colour ; a small stream falls gleaming through one of its fissures, and finds its way into a deep, clear, and quiet pool at its base, an everlasting mirror of the bit of bright sky above, that lightens between the dark spires of the uppermost pines. There is a deep and shadowy hollow at the base of the cliff, increased by the chisel of the sculptor ; and in the darkness of its shade, cut in the living rock, lies a dying lion, with its foot on a shield bearing the fleur-de-lis, and a broken lance in its side. Now, let us imagine the same figure, placed as the editor of the *Courant* would place it, in the market-place of the town, on a square pedestal just allow-

* It is to be observed, however, that, if the surrounding features could be made a part of the allegory, their combination might be proper ; but this is impossible, if the allegorical images be false imaginations, for we cannot make truth a part of fiction : but, where the allegorical images are representations of truth, bearing a hidden signification, it is sometimes possible to make nature a part of the allegory, and then we have good effect, as in the case of the Lucerne Lion above mentioned.

ing room for its tail. Query, have we not lost a little of the expression? We could multiply instances of the same kind without number. The fountains of Italy, for instance, often break out among foliage and rock, in the most exquisite combinations, bearing upon their fonts lovely vestiges of ancient sculpture; and the rich road-side crosses and shrines of Germany have also noble effect: but, we think, enough has been said, to show that the utmost finish of art is not inappropriate among the nobler scenes of nature, especially where pensiveness is mixed with the pride of the monument, its beauty is altogether lost by its being placed in the noise and tumult of a city.

But it must be allowed, that, however beautiful the combination may be, when well managed, it requires far more taste and skill on the part of the designer, than the mere association of architecture, and therefore, from the want of such taste and skill, there is a far greater chance of our being offended by inpropriety in the detached monument, than in that which is surrounded by architectural forms. And it is also to be observed, that monuments which are to form part of the sublimity as well as the beauty of a landscape, and to unite in general and large effects, require a strength of expression, a nobility of outline, and a simplicity of design, which very few architects or sculptors are capable of giving; and that, therefore, in such situations they are nine times out of ten injurious, not because there is anything necessarily improper in their position, but because there is much incongruity with the particular design.

So much for general principles. Now for the particular case. Edinburgh, at the first glance, appears to be a city presenting an infinite variety of aspect and association, and embarrassing rather by rivalry, than by paucity of advantage: but, on closer consideration, every spot of the city and its environs appears to be affected by some degrading influence, which neutralizes every effect of actual or historical interest, and renders the investigation of the proper site for the monument in question about as difficult a problem as could well be proposed. Edinburgh is almost the only city we remember,

which presents not a single point in which there is not something striking and even sublime ; it is also the only city which presents not a single point in which there is not something degrading and disgusting. Throughout its whole extent, wherever there is life there is filth, wherever there is cleanliness there is desolation. The new town is handsome from its command of the sea : but it is as stupid as Pompeii without its reminiscences. The old town is delicious in life and architecture and association, but it is one great open common sewer. The rocks of the castle are noble in themselves, but they guide the eye to barracks at the top and cauliflowers at the bottom ; the Calton, though commanding a glorious group of city, mountain, and ocean, is suspended over the very jaws of perpetually active chimneys ; and even Arthur's seat, though fine in form, and clean, which is saying a good deal, is a mere heap of black cinders, Vesuvius without its vigour or its vines. Nevertheless, as the monument *is* to be at Edinburgh, we must do the best we can. The first question is. Are we to have it in the city or the country ? and, to decide this, we must determine which was Scott's ruling spirit, the love of nature or of man.

His descriptive pieces are universally allowed to be lively and characteristic, but not first rate ; they have been far excelled by many writers, for the simple reason, that Scott, while he brings his landscape clearly before his reader's eyes, puts no soul into it, when he has done so ; while other poets give a meaning and a humanity to every part of nature, which is to loveliness what the breathing spirit is to the human countenance. We have not space for quotations, but any one may understand our meaning, who will compare Scott's description of the Dell of the Greta, in *Rokeby*, with the speech of Beatrice, beginning " But I remember, two miles on this side of the fort," in Act iii. Scene 1 of the *Cenci* ; or who will take the trouble to compare carefully any piece he chooses of Scott's proudest description, with bits relating to similar scenery in Coleridge, or Shelley, or Byron (though the latter is not so first rate in description as in passion). Now, in his descriptions of some kinds of human nature, Scott has never been

surpassed, and therefore it might at first appear that his influence of inspiration was in man. Not so; for, when such is the case, nationality has little power over the author, and he can usurp as he chooses the feelings of the inhabitants of every point of earth. Observe, for instance, how Shakspeare becomes a Venetian, or a Roman, or a Greek, or an Egyptian, and with equal facility. Not so Scott; his peculiar spirit was that of his native land; therefore, it related not to the whole



FIG. 46.

essence of man, but to that part of his essence dependent on locality, and therefore, on nature.* The inspiration of Scott, therefore, was derived from nature, and fed by mankind. Accordingly, his monument must be amidst natural scenery, yet within sight of the works and life of men.

This point being settled saves us a great deal of trouble, for we *must* go out towards Arthur's Seat, to get anything of

* Observe, the ruling spirit may arise out of nature, and yet not limit the conception to a national character; but it never so limits the conception, unless it has arisen out of nature.

country near Edinburgh, and thus our speculations are considerably limited at once. The site recommended by W. naturally occurs as conspicuous, but it has many disadvantages. In the first place, it is vain to hope that any new erection could exist, without utterly destroying the effect of the ruins. These are only beautiful from their situation, but that situation is particularly good. Seen from the west in particular (Fig. 46), the composition is extraordinarily scientific; the group beginning with the concave sweep on the right, rising up the broken crags which form the summit, and give character to the mass; then the tower, which, had it been on the highest point, would have occasioned rigidity and formality, projecting from the flank of the mound, and yet keeping its rank as a primary object, by rising higher than the summit itself; finally, the bold, broad, and broken curve, sloping down to the basalt crags that support the whole, and forming the large branch of the great ogee curve (Fig. 46), from *a* to *b*. Now, we defy the best architect in the world, to add anything to this bit of composition, and not spoil it.



FIG. 47.

Again, W. says, first, that the monument "could be placed so as to appear quite distinct and unconnected" with the ruins; and, a few lines below, he says, that its effect will be "taken in connection with the ruins." Now, though Charles Lamb says that second thoughts are *not* best, with W. they very certainly are; the effect would, without doubt, be taken in very close connexion with the ruins, rather too close, indeed, for the comfort of either monument: both would be utterly spoiled. Nothing in the way of elevated architecture will harmonise with ruin, but ruin: evidence of present humble life, a cottage or pigsty, for instance, built up against the old wall, is often excellent by way of contrast, but the addition or association of high architecture is total destruction.

But suppose we were to throw the old chapel down, would the site be fit for Scott? Not by any means. It is conspicuous certainly, but only conspicuous to the London road, and the Leith glass-houses. It is visible certainly from the Calton and the Castle: but, from the first, barely distinguishable

from the huge, black, overwhelming cliff behind; and, from the second, the glimpse of it is slight and unimportant, for it merely peeps out from behind the rise to Salisbury Crags, and the bold mound on which it stands is altogether concealed; while, from St. Leonard's and the south approaches, it is quite invisible. Then for the site itself, it is a piece of perfect desolation; a lonely crag of broken basalt, covered with black débris, which have fallen from time to time from the cliffs above, and lie in massive weedy confusion along the flanks and brow of the hill, presenting to the near spectator the porous hollows, and scoriaceous lichenless surface, which he scarcely dares to tread on, lest he should find it yet scorching from its creative fires. This is, indeed, a scene well adapted for the grey and shattered ruins, but altogether unfit for the pale colours and proportioned form of any modern monument.

Lastly, suppose that even the actual site were well chosen, the huge and shapeless cliff immediately above would crush almost any mass of good proportion. The ruins themselves provoke no comparison, for they do not pretend to size, but any colossal figure or column, or any fully proportioned architectural form, would be either crushed by the cliff, or would be totally out of proportion with the mound on which it would stand.

These considerations are sufficient to show that the site of St. Anthony's Chapel is not a good one; but W. may prove, on the other hand, that it is difficult to find a better. Were there any such lonely dingle scenery here as that of Hawthornden, or any running water of any kind near, something might be done; but the sculptor must be bold indeed, who dares to deal with bare turf and black basalt. The only idea which strikes us as in the least degree tolerable is this; where the range of Salisbury Crags gets low and broken, towards the north, at about the point of equal elevation with St. Anthony's Chapel, let a bold and solid mass of mason-work be built out from the cliff, in *grey* stone, broken like natural rock, rising some four or five feet above the brow of the crag, and sloping down, not too steeply, into the bank below. This must be built fairly *into* the cliff to allow for disintegration. At the

foot of this, let a group of figures, not more than five in number, be carved in the solid rock, in the dress of Border shepherds, with the plaid and bonnet (a good costume for the sculptor), in easy attitudes; sleeping perhaps, reclining at any rate. On the brow of this pedestal, let a colossal figure of Scott be placed, with the arms folded, looking towards the castle.

The first advantage of this disposition will be, that the position of the figure will be natural; for if the fancy endow it with life, it will seem to stand on the brow of the cliff itself, looking upon the city, while the superior elevation of the pedestal will nevertheless keep it distinctly a statue.

The second advantage is, that it will be crushed by no supereminent mass, and will not be among broken ruins of fallen rocks, but upon the brow of a solid range of hill.

The greatest advantage will be the position of the figure with relation to the scenes of Scott's works. Holyrood will be on its right; St. Leonard's at its feet; the Canongate, and the site of the Heart of Mid-Lothian, directly in front; the Castle above; and, beyond its towers, right in the apparent glance of the figure, will be the plain of Stirling and the distant peaks of the Highland Hills. The figure will not be distinctly visible from the London road, but it will be in full view from any part of the city; and there will be very few of Scott's works, from some one of the localities, of which the spectator may not, with a sufficiently good glass, discern this monument.

But the disadvantages of the design are also manifold. First, the statue, if in marble, will be a harsh interruption to the colour of the cliffs; and, if in grey stone, must be of coarse workmanship. Secondly, whatever it is worked in, must be totally exposed, and the abominable Scotch climate will amuse itself by drawing black streaks down each side of the nose. One cannot speculate here as in Italy, where a marble Cupid might face wind and weather for years, without damage accruing to one dimple; the Edinburgh climate would undermine the constitution of a colossus. Again, the pedestal must necessarily be very high; even at the low part of the cliffs, it would be, we suppose, 40 or 50 feet: then the statue must be in proportion, say 10 or 12 feet high. Now, statues

of this size are almost always awkward ; and people are apt to joke upon them, to speculate upon the probable effect of a blow from their fists, or a shake of their hand, etc., and a monument should never induce feelings of this kind. In the case of the statue of San Carlo Borromeo, which is 72 feet high without the pedestal, people forget to whom it was erected, in the joke of getting into its skull, and looking out at its eye.

Lastly, in all monuments of this kind, there is generally some slight appearance of affectation ; of an effort at theatrical effect, which, if the sculptor has thrown dignity enough into the figure to reach the effect aimed at, is not offensive ; but, if he fails, as he often will, becomes ridiculous to some minds, and painful to others. None of this forced sentiment would be apparent in a monument placed in a city ; but for what reason ? Because a monument so placed has no effect on the feelings at all, and therefore cannot be offensive, because it cannot be sublime. When carriages, and dust-carts, and drays, and muffin-men, and post-men, and foot-men, and little boys, and nursery-maids, and milk-maids, and all the other noisy living things of a city, are perpetually rumbling and rattling, and roaring and crying, about the monument, it is utterly impossible that it should produce *any* effect upon the mind, and therefore as impossible that it should offend as that it should delight. It then becomes a mere address to the eye, and we may criticise its proportions, and its workmanship, but we never can become filled with its feeling. In the isolated case, there is an immediate impression produced of some kind or other ; but, as it will vary with every individual, it must in some cases offend, even if on the average it be agreeable. The choice to be made, therefore, is between offending a few, and affecting none ; between simply abiding the careless arbitration of the intellect, and daring the finer judgment of the heart. Surely, the monument which Scotland erects in her capital, to her noblest child, should appeal, not to the mechanical and cold perceptions of the brain and eye, but to a prouder and purer criterion, the keen and quick emotions of the ethereal and enlightening spirit.

Oxford, October 20, 1838.

POEMS

BY

JOHN RUSKIN



P R E F A C E.

THE poems collected in the following pages have been printed from the original published copies, great care having been taken to follow the author's text, with the exception of certain needed changes in the orthography.

It must be remembered that all of Ruskin's verse-making was confined to his youthful days, and was for the most part dated from Christ Church, Oxford, over the initials J. R. The first poem, "Saltzburg," was written in the author's sixteenth year, the last, "The Glacier," but eleven years later. "The Broken Chain" was appropriately published at intervals—the first two parts appearing in 1840, the third in 1841, the fourth in 1842, and the fifth and last part in the year following.

All of these poems, with the exception of "Salsette and Elephanta," were published in the *Annuals* so popular during England's golden-age of steel engraving, but no collection was made until 1850, when the author issued a privately printed edition, of such limited number, that copies have become virtually inaccessible except to the most rabid bibliomania, whose heavy purse enables him to successfully outbid competitors in the auction room and bookstore.¹

To those who appreciate the intense personality of the author, these verses will afford much insight into his character. The weird and somewhat melancholy train of thought which pervades all of his poetry is certainly remarkable, when we consider that it was written at an age that is popularly supposed to be under the influence of rose-colored visions rather than the grim churchyard aspect which pervades every line of these metrical effusions of the autocratic art-critic.

¹ A few years ago a copy sold by auction, in London, for 41 guineas.



P O E M S .

SALTZBURG.

ON Salza's quiet tide the westering sun
Gleams mildly ; and the lengthening shadows dun,
Chequered with ruddy streaks from spire and roof,
Begin to weave fair twilight's mystic woof,
Till the dim tissue, like a gorgeous veil,
Wraps the proud city, in her beauty pale.
A minute since, and in the rosy light
Dome, casement, spire, were glowing warm and bright ;
A minute since, St. Rupert's stately shrine,
Rich with the spoils of many a Hartzwald mine,¹
Flung back the golden glow ; now, broad and vast,
The shadows from yon ancient fortress cast,
Like the dark grasp of some barbaric power,
Their leaden empire stretch o'er roof and tower.

Sweet is the twilight hour by Salza's strand,
Though no Arcadian visions grace the land :
Wakes not a sound that floats not sweetly by,
While day's last beams upon the landscape die ;
Low chants the fisher where the waters pour,
And murmuring voices melt along the shore ;
The splash of waves comes softly from the side
Of passing barge slow gliding o'er the tide ;
And there are sounds from city, field, and hill,
Shore, forest, flood ; yet mellow all and still.

¹ The dome of the Cathedral of St. Hubert is covered with copper ; and there are many altars and shrines in the interior constructed of different sorts of marble, brought from quarries in the vicinity. St. Hubert, to whom the Cathedral is dedicated, was by birth a Scotchman.

But change we now the scene, ere night descend,
 And through St. Rupert's massive portal wend.
 Full many a shrine, bedeckt with sculpture quaint
 Of steel-clad knight and legendary saint ;
 Full many an altar, where the incense-cloud
 Rose with the pealing anthem, deep and loud ;
 And pavements worn before each marble fane
 By knees devout—(ah ! bent not all in vain !)
 There greet the gaze ; with statues, richly wrought,
 And noble paintings, from Ausonia brought,—
 Planned by those master minds whose memory stands
 The grace, the glory, of their native lands.
 As the hard granite, 'midst some softer stone,
 Starts from the mass, unbuttressed and alone,
 And proudly rears its iron strength for aye,
 While crumbling crags around it melt away ;
 So midst the ruins of long eras gone,
 Creative Genius holds his silent throne,—
 While lesser lights grow dim,—august, sublime,
 Gigantic looming o'er the gulfs of Time !

 FRAGMENTS.

FROM A METRICAL JOURNAL.

Andernacht.

TWILIGHT'S mists are gathering gray
 Round us on our winding way ;
 Yet the mountain's purple crest
 Reflects the glories of the west.
 Rushing on with giant force force,
 Rolls the Rhine his glorious course ;
 Flashing, now, with flamy red,
 O'er his jagg'd basaltic bed ;
 Now, with current calm and wide,
 Sweeping round the mountain's side ;
 Ever noble, proud, and free,

Flowing in his majesty,
 Soon upon the evening skies
 Andernacht's grim ruins rise ;
 Buttress, battlement and tower,
 Remnants hoar of Roman power.
 Monuments of Caesar's sway,
 Piecemeal mouldering away.
 Lo, together loosely thrown,
 Sculptured head and lettered stone ;
 Guardless now the arch-way steep
 To rampart huge and frowning keep ;
 The empty moat is gay with flowers,
 The night-wind whistles through the tower,
 And, flapping in the silent air,
 The owl and bat are tenants there.

St. Goar.

Past a rock with frowning front,
 Wrinkled by the tempest's brunt,
 By the Rhine we downward bore
 Upon the village of St. Goar.
 Bosomed deep among the hills,
 Here old Rhine his current stills.
 Loitering the banks between,
 As if, enamoured of the scene,
 He had forgot his onward way
 For a live-long summer day.
 Grim the crags through whose dark cleft,
 Behind, he hath a passage reft ;
 While, gaunt as gorge of hunted boar,
 Dark yawns the foaming pass before,
 Where the tormented waters rage,
 Like demons in their Stygian cage,
 In giddy eddies whirling round
 With a sullen choking sound ;
 Or flinging far the scattering spray,
 O'er the peaked rocks that bar his way.

—No marvel that the spell-bound Rhine,
 Like giant overcome with wine,
 Should *here* relax his angry frown,
 And, soothed to slumber, lay him down
 Amid the vine-clad banks that lave,
 Their tresses in his placid wave.

 THE MONTHS.

I.

FROM your high dwellings in the realms of snow
 And cloud, where many an avalanche's fall
 Is heard resounding from the mountain's brow,
 Come, ye cold winds, at January's call,
 On whistling wings, and with white flakes bestrew
 The earth, till February's reign restore
 The race of torrents to their wonted flow,
 Whose waves shall stand in silent ice no more ;
 But, lashed by March's maddened winds, shall roar
 With voice of ire, and beat the rocks on every shore.

II.

Bow down your heads, ye flowers in gentle guise,
 Before the dewy rain that April sheds,
 Whose sun shines through her clouds with quick surprise,
 Shedding soft influences on your heads ;
 And wreathe ye round the rosy month that flies
 To scatter perfumes in the path of June ;
 Till July's sun upon the mountains rise
 Triumphant, and the wan and weary moon
 Mingle her cold beams with the burning lune
 That Sirius shoots through all the dreary midnight gloom.

III.

Rejoice ! ye fields, rejoice ! and wave with gold,
 When August round her precious gifts is flinging ;
 Lo ! the crushed wain is slowly homeward rolled :
 The sunburnt reapers jocund lays are singing ;

September's steps her juicy stores unfold,
 If the Spring blossoms have not blushed in vain :
 October's foliage yellows with his cold :
 In rattling showers dark November's rain,
 From every stormy cloud, descends amain,
 Till keen December's snows close up the year again.

THE LAST SMILE.

SHE sat beside me yesternight,
 With lip, and eye, so blandly smiling
 So full of soul, of life, of light,
 So sweetly my lorn heart beguiling,
 That she had almost made me gay—
 Had almost charmed the thought away—
 (Which, like the poisoned desert wind,
 Came sick and heavy o'er my mind)—
 That memory soon mine all would be,
 And she would smile no more for me.

SONG.

[From Leoni, a Romance of Italy.]

FULL, broad, and bright, is the silver light
 Of moon and stars on flood and fell ;
 But in my breast is starless night,
 For I am come to say farewell.
 How glad, how swift, was wont to be
 The step that bore me back to thee ;
 Now coldly comes upon my heart
 The meeting that is but to part.

I do not ask a tear, but while
 I linger where I must not stay,
 Oh, give me but a parting smile,
 To light me on my lonely way.

To shine a brilliant beacon star,
 To my reverted glance, afar,
 Through midnight, which can have no morrow,
 O'er the deep, silent, surge of sorrow.

 SPRING.

INFANT Spirit of the Spring !
 On thy fresh-plumed pinion, bring
 Snow-drops like thy stainless brow—
 Violet, primrose—cull them now,
 With the cup of daffodil,
 Which the fairies love to fill,
 Ere each moon-dance they renew,
 With the fragrant honey dew ;
 Bring them, Spirit !—bring them hither
 Ere the wind have time to wither ;
 Or the sun to steal their dyes,
 To paint, at eve, the western skies.
 Bring them for the wreath of one—
 Fairest, best, that Time hath known.

Infant Spirit ! dreams have told
 Of thy golden hours of old,
 When the amaranth was flung
 O'er creation bright and young ;
 When the wind had sweeter sound
 Than holiest lute-string since hath found ;

When the sigh of angels sent
 Fragrance through the firmament :
 Then thy glorious gifts were shed
 O'er full many a virgin head :
 Of those forms of beauty, none
 Gladden now this earth, save one !
 Hither, then, thy blossoms bring,
 Infant Spirit of the Spring !

THE SCYTHIAN GRAVE.

THE following stanzas refer to some peculiar and affecting customs of the Scythians, as avouched by Herodotus (Melpomene 71), relative to the burial of their kings,¹ round whose tombs they were wont to set up a troop of fifty skeleton scarecrows—armed corpses—in a manner very horrible, barbarous and indecorous; besides sending out of the world to keep the king company, numerous cup-bearers, grooms, lackeys, coachmen, and cooks; all which singular, and, to the individuals concerned, somewhat objectionable proceedings appear to have been the result of a feeling, pervading the whole nation, of the poetical and picturesque.

I.

They laid the lord
Of all the land
Within his grave of pride;
They set the sword
Beside the hand
That could not grasp nor guide;
They left to soothe and share his rest
Beneath the moveless mould,
A lady, bright as those that live,
But oh! how calm and cold!
They left to keep due watch and ward,
Thick vassals round their slumbering lord—
Ranged in menial order all—
They may hear, when *he* can call.

II.

They built a mound
Above the breast
Whose haughty heart was still;
Each stormy sound
That wakes the west,
Howls o'er that lonely hill.

¹ These are the kings to whom the prophecies in the Old Testament refer:—"They shall go down to the grave with their weapons of war, though they were a terror to the mighty in the land of the living."

Underneath an armed troop
 In stalwart order stay ;
 Flank to flank they stand, nor stoop
 Their lances, day by day,
 Round the dim sepulchral cliff
 Horsemen fifty, fixed and stiff—
 Each with his bow, and each with his brand,
 With his bridle grasped in his steadfast hand.

III.

The soul of sleep
 May dim the brow,
 And check the soldier's tread,
 But who can keep
 A guard so true,
 As do the dark-eyed dead ?
 The foul hyena's howl and haunt
 About their charnel lair ;
 The flickering rags of flesh they flaunt
 Within the plague-struck air.
 But still the skulls do gaze and grin,
 Though the worms have gnawed the nerves within,
 And the jointed toes, and the fleshless heel
 Clatter and clank in their stirrup of steel.

IV.

The snows are swift,
 That glide so pale
 Along the mountain dim ;
 Beneath their drift
 Shall rust the mail,
 And blanch the nerveless limb :
 While shower on shower, and wreath on wreath,
 From vapours thunder-scarred,¹
 Surround the misty mound of death
 And whelm its ghastly guard ;

¹ It is one of the peculiarities of the climate, according to Herodotus, that it thunders in the winter, not in the summer.

Till those who held the earth in fear,
 Lie meek, and mild, and powerless here,
 Without a single sworded slave
 To keep their name, or guard their grave.

REMEMBRANCE.

I ought to be joyful, the jest and the song
 And the light tones of music resound through the throng ;
 But its cadence falls dully and dead on my ear,
 And the laughter I mimic is quenched in a tear.

For here are no longer, to bid me rejoice,
 The light of thy smile, or the tone of thy voice,
 And, gay though the crowd that's around me may be,
 I am alone, when I'm parted from thee.

Alone, said I, dearest? O, never we part,—
 For ever, for ever, thou'rt here in my heart :
 Sleeping or waking, where'er I may be,
 I have but one thought, and that thought is of thee.

When the planets roll red through the darkness of night,
 When the morning bedews all the landscape with light,
 When the high sun of noon-day is warm on the hill,
 And the breezes are quiet, the green leafage still ;

I love to look out o'er the earth and the sky,
 For nature is kind, and seems lonely as I ;
 Whatever in nature most lovely I see,
 Has a voice that recalls the remembrance of thee.

Remember—remember. Those only can know
 How dear is remembrance, whose hope is laid low ;
 'Tis like clouds in the west, that are gorgeous still,
 When the dank dews of evening fall deadly and chill.

Like the bow in the cloud that is painted so bright,—
 Like the voice of the nightingale, heard through the night,
 Oh, sweet is remembrance, most sad though it be,
 For remembrance is all that remaineth for me.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

NIGHT.

FAINT from the bell the ghastly echoes fall,
 That grates within the gray cathedral tower ;
 Let me not enter through the portal tall,
 Lest the strange spirit of the moonless hour
 Should give a life to those pale people, who
 Lie in their fretted niches, two and two,
 Each with his head on pillowy stone reposed,
 And his hands lifted, and his eyelids closed.

From many a mouldering oriel, as to flout,
 Its pale, grave brow of ivy-tressed stone,
 Comes the incongruous laugh, and revel shout—
 Above, some solitary casement, thrown
 Wide open to the wavering night wind,
 Admits its chill, so deathful, yet so kind,
 Unto the fevered brow and fiery eye
 Of one, whose night hour passeth sleeplessly.

Ye melancholy chambers! I could shun
 The darkness of your silence, with such fear,
 As places where slow murder had been done.
 How many noble spirits have died here,
 Withering away in yearnings to aspire,
 Gnawed by mocked hope—devoured by their own fire!
 Methinks the grave must feel a colder bed
 To spirits such as these, than unto common dead.

ARISTODEMUS AT PLATÆA.

[OF two Spartans who were prevented by illness from taking part in the battle of Thermopylæ, and who were, in consequence, degraded to the level of helots, one, unable to endure the scorn of his countrymen, killed himself: the other, by name Aristodemus, waited and when, at the battle of Platæa, thirty-three thousand allied Greeks stood to receive the final and desperate attack of three hundred thousand chosen Asiatics, and the Spartans, unused to Persian arms, hung slightly back, he charged alone, and, calling to his countrymen to "follow the coward," broke the enemy's mass, and was found, when the victorious Greeks who followed him had laid two hundred thousand of their enemy dead on the field, lying on a low hillock, with his face turned up to heaven, a group of the Persian nobles lying slaughtered around him. He was refused the honors of burial, because, it was said, he was only courageous in despair.]

Ye have darkened mine honor and branded my name,
 Ye have quenched its remembrance in silence and shame,
 Yet the heart ye call craven, unbroken, hath borne
 The voice of your anger, the glance of your scorn.

But the life that hath lingered is now in mine hand,¹
 My waiting was but for a lot of the land,
 Which his measure, who ruleth the battle array,
 May mete for your best and your bravest to-day.

My kinsmen, by brothers, your phalanx is fair,
 There's a shield, as I think, that should surely be there ;
 Ye have darkened its disk, and its hour hath drawn near
 To be reared as a trophy or borne as a bier.²
 What said I? Alas, though the foe in his flight,
 Should quit me unspoiled on the field of the fight,
 Ye would leave me to lie, with no hand to inurn,
 For the dog to devour, or the stranger to spurn !

¹ 1 Sam. xxviii. 21, Job xiii. 14.

² [If his body were obtained by the enemy it would be reared as a trophy. If recovered by his friends, borne as a bier, unless, as he immediately called to mind, they should deny him funeral honors.]

What matter? Attendants my slumber shall grace,
 With blood on the breast, and with fear on the face ;
 And Sparta may own that the death hath atoned
 For the crime of the cursed, whose life she disowned.

By the banks of Eurotas her maidens shall meet,
 And her mountains rejoice in the fall of your feet ;
 And the cry of your conquest be lofty and loud,
 O'er the lengthened array of the shield or the shroud.

And the fires of the grave shall empurple the air,
 When they lick the white dust of the bones ye shall bear ;
 The priest and the people, at altar and shrine,
 Shall worship their manes, disdainful of mine.

Yet say that they fought for the hopes of their breast,
 For the hearts that had loved them, the lips that had blessed :
 For the roofs that had covered, the country that claimed,
 The sires that had named them, the sons they had named.

And say that I fought for the land of the free,
 Though its bosom of blessing beat coldly for me ;
 For the lips that had cursed me, the hearts that had scorned,
 And the desolate hope of the death unadorned.

SALSETTE AND ELEPHANTA.

A PRIZE POEM.

“ Religio . . . pedibus subjecta vicissim
 Obteritur. Nos exæquat victoria cælo.”

—LUCRETIVS.

'Tis eve—and o'er the face of parting day
 Quick smiles of summer lightning flit and play ;
 In pulses of broad light, less seen than felt,
 They mix in heaven, and on the mountains melt ;
 Their silent transport fills the exulting air—
 'Tis eve, and where is evening half so fair ?

Oh! deeply, softly sobs the Indian sea
 O'er thy dark sands, majestic Dharavee,¹
 When, from each purple hill and polished lake,
 The answering voices of the night awake
 The fitful note of many a brilliant bird,—
 The lizard's plunge, o'er distant waters heard,—
 The thrill of forest leaves—how soft, how swift
 That floats and follows where the night-winds drift ;
 Or, piercing through the calmness of the sky,
 The jungle tiger's sharp and sudden cry.
 Yet all is peace, for these weak voices tell
 How deep the calm they break but not dispel.
 The twilight heaven rolls on, like some deep stream
 When breezes break not on its moving dream ;
 Its trembling stars continual watches keep
 And pause above Canarah's haunted steep ;²
 Each in its path of first ascension hid
 Behind the height of that pale pyramid,—
 (The strength of nations hewed the basalt spire,³
 And barbed its rocks like sacrificial fire.)
 Know they the hour's approach, whose fateful flight
 Was watched of yore from yonder cloudless height ?
 Lone on its utmost peak, the Prophet Priest
 Beheld the night unfolded from the East ;
 In prescient awe perused its blazing scroll,
 And read the records stretched from Pole to Pole ;
 And though their eyes are dark, their lips are still,
 Who watched and worshipped on Canarah's hill,
 Wild superstition's visionary power
 Still rules and fills the spirit of the hour :
 The Indian maiden, through the scented grove,
 Seeks the dim shore, and lights the lamp of love ;

¹ The southern promontory of the island of Salsette.

² The central peak of Salsette.

³ M. Anguetil du Perron, in his accounts of Canarah, says that its peak appears to have been hewn to a point by human art as an emblem of the solar ray.

The pious peasant, awe-struck and alone,
 With radiant garland crowns the purple stone,¹
 And shrinks, returning through the star-lit glade,
 When breezes stir the peepul's sacred shade ;²
 For well his spirit knows the deep appeal
 That love must mourn to miss, yet fear to feel ;
 Low sounds, faint rays, upon the senses shed—
 The voices of the lost, the dark eyes of the dead.
 How awful now, when night and silence brood
 O'er Earth's repose and Ocean's solitude,
 To trace the dim and devious paths that guide
 Along Canarah's steep and craggy side,
 Where, girt with gloom—inhabited by fear,—
 The mountain homes of India's gods appear !
 Range above range they rise, each hollow cave
 Darkling as death, and voiceless as the grave ;
 Save that the waving weeds in each recess
 With rustling music mock its loneliness ;
 And beasts of blood disturb, with stealthy tread,
 The chambers of the breathless and the dead.
 All else of life, of worship, past away,
 The ghastly idols fall not, nor decay ;
 Retain the lip of scorn, the rugged frown ;
 And grasp the blunted sword and useless crown ;
 Their altars desecrate, their names untold,
 The hands that formed, the hearts that feared—how cold !
 Thou too—dark Isle ! whose shadow on the sea
 Lies like the gloom that mocks our memory
 When one bright instant of our former lot
 Were grief, remembered, but were guilt, forgot.
 Rock of the lonely crest ! how oft renewed
 Have beamed the summers of thy solitude,

¹ “A stone painted with red, and placed at the foot of their favorite tree, is sufficient to call forth the devotion of the poor, who bring to it flowers and simple offerings.”—J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

² The superstitious feeling of the Indian with respect to the peepul-tree is well known. Its shade is supposed to be loved and haunted by the dead.

Since first the myriad steps that shook thy shore
 Grew frail and few—then paused for evermore !
 Answer—ye long-lulled echoes ! Where are they
 Who clove your mountains with the shafts of day ;
 Bade the swift life along their marble fly,
 And struck their darkness into deity,
 Nor claimed from thee—pale temple of the wave—
 Record or rest, a glory or a grave ?
 Now all are cold—the votary as his god,—
 And by the shrine he feared, the courts he trod,
 The livid snake extends his glancing trail,
 And lifeless murmurs mingle on the gale.

Yet glorious still, though void, though desolate,
 Proud Dharapori !¹ gleams thy mountain gate,
 What time, emergent from the eastern wave,
 The keen moon's crescent lights thy sacred cave ;
 And moving beams confuse, with shadowy change,
 Thy columns' massive might and endless range.
 Far, far beneath, where sable waters sleep,
 Those radiant pillars pierce the crystal deep,
 And mocking waves reflect, with quivering smile,
 Their long recession of refulgent aisle ;²
 As, where Atlantis hath her lonely home,
 Her grave of guilt, beneath the ocean's foam ;
 Above the lifeless hearth and guardless gate,
 The wildly-walking surges penetrate,
 And sapphire tints of phosphor lightning fall
 O'er the broad pillar, and the sculptured wall.—
 So, Dharapori ! through thy cold repose
 The flooding lustre of the moonlight flows ;
 New forms of fear,³ by every touch displayed,

¹ The Indian name for Elephanta.

² The interior of Elephanta is usually damp, and its floor covered with water two or three feet deep. By moonlight its shallowness would be unperceived.

³ The sculptures of Elephanta have such "horrible and fearful forms that they make a man's hayre stande upright."—LINSCHOTEN.

Gleam, pale and passioned, through the dreadful shade,
 In wreathed groups of dim, distorted life,
 In ghastly calmness, or tremendous strife ;
 While glaring eye and grasping hand attest
 The mocked emotion of the marble breast.
 Thus in the fevered dream of restless pain,
 Incumbent horror broods upon the brain,
 Through mists of blood colossal shapes arise,
 Stretch their stiff limbs, and roll their rayless eyes.
 Yet knew not here the chisel's touch to trace
 The finer lineaments of form and face ;
 No studious art of delicate design
 Conceived the shape, or lingered on the line.
 The sculptor learned, on Indus' plains afar,
 The various pomp of worship and of war ;
 Impetuous ardor in his bosom woke,
 And smote the animation from the rock.
 In close battalions kingly forms advance,¹
 Wave the broad shield, and shake the soundless lance ;
 With dreadful crests adorned, and orient gem,
 Lightens the helm and gleams the diadem ;
 Loose o'er their shoulders falls their flowing hair
 With wanton wave, and mocks the unmoving air ;
 Broad o'er their breasts extend the guardian zones
 Broided with flowers, and bright with mystic stones ;
 Poised in æthereal march they seem to swim,
 Majestic motion marked in every limb ;
 In changeful guise they pass—a lordly train,
 Mighty in passion, unsubdued in pain ;²
 Revered as monarchs, or as gods adored,
 Alternately they rear the sceptre and the sword.

¹ "Some of these figures have helmets of pyramidal form ; others wear crowns richly decorated with jewels ; others display large bushy ringlets of curled or flowing hair. In their hands they grasp sceptres and shields, the symbols of justice and the ensigns of religion, the weapons of war and the trophies of peace."—MAURICE, *Antiq. of India*, vol. ii., p. 145.

² Many of them have countenances expressive of mental suffering.

Such were their forms and such their martial mien,
 Who met by Indus' shores the Assyrian queen,¹
 When, with reverted force, the Indian dyed
 His javelin in the pulses of her pride,
 And cast in death-heaps, by the purple flood,
 Her strength of Babylonian multitude.

And mightier ones are there—apart—divine,
 Presiding genii of the mountain shrine :
 Behold, the giant group, the united three,
 Faint symbol of an unknown Deity !
 Here, frozen into everlasting trance,
 Stern Siva's quivering lip and hooded glance ;
 There, in eternal majesty serene,
 Proud Brahma's painless brow and constant mien ;
 There glows the light of Veeshnu's guardian smile,
 But on the crags that shade yon inmost aisle
 Shine not, ye stars ! Annihilation's lord²
 There waves, with many an arm, the unsated sword.
 Relentless holds the cup of mortal pain,
 And shakes the spectral links that breathe his ghastly chain.
 Oh, could these lifeless lips be taught to tell
 (Touched by Chaldean art, or Arab spell)
 What votaries here have knelt, what victims died,
 In pangs, their gladness, or in crimes, their pride,
 How should we shun the awful solitude,
 And deem the intruding footsteps dashed in blood !
 How might the altar-hearths grow warm and red,
 And the air shadowy with avenging dead !
 Behold !—he stirs—that cold, colossal king !—
 'Tis but the uncertain shade the moonbeams fling ;
 Hark ! a stern voice awakes with sudden thrill !—

¹ Semiramis. M. D'Ancarville supposes the cave to have been excavated by her army ; and insists on the similarity between the costume of the sculptured figures and that of her Indian adversaries. See *D'Ancarville*, vol. i., p. 121.

² Alluding to a sculpture representing the evil principle of India ; he seems engaged in human sacrifice, and wears a necklace of skulls.

'Twas but the wandering wind's precarious will :
The distant echo dies, and all the cave is still.

Yet Fancy, floating on the uncertain light,
Fills with her crowded dreams the course of night ;
At her wild will æthereal forms appear,
And sounds, long silent, strike the startled ear :
Behold the dread Mithratic rite reclaim¹
Its pride of ministers, its pomp of flame !
Along the winding walls, in ordered row,
Flash myriad fires—the fretted columns glow ;
Beaming above the imitative sky
Extends the azure of its canopy,
Fairest where imaged star and airy sprite
Move in swift beauty and entrancing light ;
A golden sun reflected lustre flings,
And wandering Dewtahs² wave their crimson wings ;
Beneath, fed richly from the Arabian urn,
Undying lamps before the altar burn ;
And sleepless eyes the sacred sign behold,
The spiral orb of radiated gold ;
On this the crowds of deep voiced priests attend,
To this they loudly cry, they lowly bend ;
O'er their wan brows the keen emotions rise,
And pious phrenzy flashes from their eyes ;
Phrenzy in mercy sent, in torture tried,
Through paths of death their only guard and guide,
When, in dread answer to their youth's appeal,
Rose the red fire and waved the restless steel,³

¹ Throughout the description of the rites of Mithra, I have followed Maurice, whose indefatigable research seems almost to have demonstrated the extreme antiquity, at least, of the Elephanta cavern, as well as its application to the worship of the solar orb, and of fire. For a detailed account of this worship, see MAURICE, *Indian Antiq.*, vol. ii., sec. 7.

² Inferior spirits of various power and disposition, holding in the Hindoo mythology the place of angels. They appear in multitudes on the roof of the Elephanta cavern.

³ Alluding to the dreadful ceremonies of initiation which the priests

And rushed the wintry billow's wildest wreck,—
 Their God hath called them, and shall danger check?
 On—on—for ever on, though roused in wrath
 Glare the grim lion on their lonely path ;
 Though, starting from his coiled malignant rest,
 The deadly dragon lift his crimson crest ;
 Though corpse-like shadows round their footsteps flock,
 And shafts of lightning cleave the incumbent rock ;
 On, for behold, enduring honors wait
 To grace their passage through the golden gate ;¹
 Glorious estate, and more than mortal power,
 Succeed the dreadful expiating hour ;
 Impurpled robes their weary limbs enfold
 With stars enwoven, and stiff with heavenly gold ;
 The mitra² veils their foreheads, rainbow-dyed,
 The measured steps imperial sceptres guide ;
 Glorious they move, and pour upon the air
 The cloud of incense and the voice of prayer ;
 While through the hollow vault, around them rise
 Deep echoes from the couch of sacrifice,
 In passioned gusts of sound,—now loud, now low,
 With billowy pause, the mystic murmurs flow
 Far dwindling on the breeze. Ere yet they die
 Canarah hears, and all his peaks reply ;
 His crested chasms the vocal winds explore,
 Waste on the deep, and wander on the shore.

of Mithra were compelled to undergo, and which seem to have had a close correspondence with the Eleusinian mysteries. See MAURICE, *Antiq. of India*, vol. v., p. 620.

¹ The sidereal metempsychosis was represented in the Mithraic rites by the ascent of a ladder, on which there were seven gates : the first of lead, representing Saturn ; the second of tin, Venus ; the third brass, Jupiter ; the fourth iron, Mercury ; the fifth mixed, Mars ; the sixth silver, the Moon ; the seventh of gold, the Sun.

² The attire of Mithra's priests was splendid : the robes of purple, with the heavenly constellations embroidered on them in gold. They wore girdles representative of the zodiacal circle, and carried a golden sceptre in the form of a serpent. Ezekiel speaks of them as " exceeding in dyed attire upon their heads " (xxiii. 15).

Above, the starry gloom is thrilled with fear,
 The forests shake, the circling hamlets hear,
 And wake to worship. Many an isle around,
 Assembling votaries swell the sacred sound,
 And, troop by troop, along the woodland ways,
 In equal measures pour responsive praise :
 To Mithra first their kindling songs addressed,
 Lull his long slumbers in the watery west ;
 Next to the strength of each celestial sign
 They raise the choral chaunt, the breathing line ;
 Keen through the arch of heaven their hymns arise,
 Auspicious splendors deck the answering skies.
 The sacred cohorts, maddening as they sing,
 Far through the air their flashing torches fling ;
 From rock to rock the rushing glories leap,
 Climb the wide hills, and clothe the central steep,
 Till through the endless night a living line
 Of lustre opens on the bounding brine ;
 Ocean rejoices, and his isles prolong,
 With answering zeal, those bursts of flame and song,
 Till the strong vulture on Colombo's peak
 Awakes with ruffled plume and startled shriek,
 And the roused panther of Almorah's wood
 Howls through his violated solitude.
 'Tis past,—the mingled dream,—though slow and grey
 On mead and mountain break the dawning day ;
 Though stormy wreaths of lingering cloud oppress
 Long time the winds that breathe—the rays that bless,—
 They come, they come. Night's fitful visions fly
 Like autumn leaves, and fade from fancy's eye ;
 So shall the God of might and mercy dart
 His day-beams through the caverns of the heart ;
 Strike the weak idol from its ancient throne,
 And vindicate the temple for His own.
 Nor will He long delay. A purer light
 Than Mithra cast, shall claim a holier rite ;
 A mightier voice than Mithra's priests could pour
 Resistless soon shall sound along the shore ;

Its strength of thunder vanquished fiends shall own,
And idols tremble through their limbs of stone.

Vain now the lofty light—the marble gleam—
Of the keen shaft that rose by Gunga's stream !
When round its base the hostile lightnings glowed,
And mortal insult mocked a god's abode.
What power, Destroyer,¹ seized with taming trance
Thy serpent sceptre, and thy withering glance ?
Low in the dust, its rocky sculptures rent,
Thine own memorial proves thee impotent.
Thy votaries mourn thy cold unheeding sleep,
Chide where they praised, and where they worshipped weep.

Yes—he shall fall, though once his throne was set
Where the high heaven and crested mountains met ;
Though distant shone with many an azure gem
The glacier glory of his diadem ;
Though sheets of sulphurous cloud and wreathed storm
Cast veil of terror round his shadowy form.
All, all are vain ! It comes, the hallowed day,
Whose dawn shall rend that robe of fear away ;
Then shall the torturing spells that midnight knew
Far in the cloven dells of Mount Meru,
Then shall the moan of frenzied hymns, that sighed
Down the dark vale where Gunga's waters glide,
Then shall the idol chariot's thunder cease
Before the steps of them that publish peace.
Already are they heard,—how fair, how fleet,
Along the mountains flash their bounding feet !

¹ Siva. This column was dedicated to him at Benares ; and a tradition prevailed among his worshippers, that as soon as it should fall, one universal religion would extend over India, and Bramah be no more worshipped. It was lately thrown down in a quarrel between the Hindoos and Mussulmans. (See *Heber's Journal*.) Siva is spoken of in the following lines, as representative of Hindoo deities in general. His worship seems to have arisen in the fastnesses of the Himalayas, accompanied by all the gloomy features characteristic of the superstitions of hill countries.

Disease and death before their presence fly ;
 Truth calls, and gladdened India hears the cry,
 Deserts the darkened path her fathers trod.
 And seeks redemption from the Incarnate God.

A SCYTHIAN BANQUET SONG.

[THE Scythians, according to Herodotus, made use of part of their enemies' bodies after death, for many domestic purposes ; particularly of the skull, which they scalped, wrapped in bull's hide, and filled up the cracks with gold ; and having gilded the hide and parts of the bone, used the vessel as a drinking-cup, wreathing it with flowers at feasts.]

I.

I THINK my soul was childish yet,
 When first it knew my manhood's foe ;
 But what I was, or where we met,
 I know not—and I shall not know.
 But I remember, now, the bed
 On which I waked from such sick slumber
 As after pangs of powerless dread,
 Is left upon the limbs like lead,
 Amidst a calm and quiet number
 Of corpses, from whose cold decay
 Mine infant fingers shrank away ;
 My brain was wild, my limbs were weak,
 And silence swallowed up my shriek—
 Eleleu.

II.

Alas ! my kindred, dark and dead
 Were those from whom I held aloof ;
 I lay beneath the ruins red
 Of what had been my childhood's roof ;
 And those who quenched its wasted wood,

As morning broke on me, and mine,
 Preserved a babe baptized in blood,
 And human grief hath been its food,
 And human life its wine.
 What matter?—Those who left me there
 Well nerved mine infant limbs to bear
 What, heaped upon my haughty head,
 I might endure—but did not dread.
 Eleleu.

III.

A stranger's hand, a stranger's love,
 Saved my life and soothed my woe,
 And taught my youth its strength to prove,
 To wield the lance, and bend the bow.
 I slew the wolf by Tyres' ¹ shore,
 I tracked the pard by chasm and cliff;
 Rich were the warrior spoils I wore;
 Ye know me well, though now no more
 The lance obeys these fingers stiff;
 My hand was strong, my hope was high,
 All for the glance of one dark eye;
 The hand is weak, the heart is chill—
 The glance that kindled, colder still.
 Eleleu.

IV.

By Tyres' bank, like Tyres' wave,
 The hours of youth went softly by.
 Alas! their silence could not save
 My being from an evil eye:
 It watched me—little though I knew
 The wrath around me rising slow,
 Nor deemed my love like Upas dew,
 A plague, that where it settled, slew.

¹ Tyres, a river of Scythia, now the Dneister.

My time approached ; I met my foe :
 Down with a troop he came by night,¹
 We fought them by their lances' light.
 On lifeless hearth, and guardless gate,
 The dawn of day came desolate.

Eleleu.

v.

Away, away—a Persian's slave,
 I saw my bird of beauty borne,
 In wild despair, too weak to save,
 Too maddening to mourn.
 There dwells a sound within my brain
 Of horses hoofs' beat swift and hollow,
 Heard, when across the distant plain,
 Elaira stretched her arms in vain,
 To him whose limbs were faint to follow ;
 The spoiler knew not, when he fled,
 The power impending o'er his head ;
 The strength so few have tameless tried,
 That love can give for grief to guide.

Eleleu.

vi.

I flung my bow behind my back,
 And took a javelin in my hand,
 And followed on the fiery track
 Their rapine left upon the land.
 The desert sun in silence set,
 The desert darkness climbed the sky ;
 I knew that one was waking yet,
 Whose heart was wild, whose eye was wet,
 For me and for my misery.

¹ There were frequent incursions made by the Persians upon the Scythians before the grand invasion of Darius.

One who had left her glance of grief,
 Of earthly guides my chosen and chief ;
 Through thirst and fear, by wave and bill,
 That dark eye watched and wooed me still.
 Eleleu.

VII.

Weary and weak their traces lost,
 I roved the brazen cities through ;
 That Helle's undulating coast
 Doth lift beside its billows blue.
 Till in a palace-bordered street,
 In the dusk starlight of the day,
 A stalkless flower fell near my feet,
 Withered and worn, yet passing sweet ;
 Its root was left,—how far away ?
 Its leaves were wet, though not with dew ;
 The breast that kept, the hand that threw,
 Were those of one who sickened more,
 For the sweet breeze of Tyres' shore.
 Eleleu.

VIII.

My tale is long. Though bolts of brass
 Held not their captive's faint upbraiding,
 They melt like wax, they bend like grass,
 At sorrow's touch, when love is aiding ;
 The night was dim, the stars were dead,
 The drifting clouds were grey and wide ;
 The captive joined me and we fled,
 Quivering with joy, though cold with dread,
 She shuddered at my side.
 We passed the streets, we gained the gate,
 Where round the wall its watchers wait ;
 Our steps beneath were hushed and slow,
 For the third time—I met my foe.
 Eleleu.

IX.

Swift answering as his anger cried,
 Came down the sworded sentinels ;
 I dashed their closing spears aside ;
 They thicken, as a torrent swells,
 When tempests feed its mountain source,
 O'er-matched, borne down, with javelins rent,
 I backed them still with fainting force,
 Till the life curdled in its course,
 And left my madness innocent.
 The echo of a maiden's shriek,
 Mixed with my dreaming long and weak,
 And when I woke the daybreak fell
 Into a dark and silent cell.

Elelen.

X.

Know ye the price that must atone,
 When power is mocked at by its slave ?
 Know ye the kind of mercy shown,
 When pride condemns, though love would save ?
 A sullen plash was heard that night
 To check the calm of Helle's flow ;
 And there was much of love and light,
 Quenched, where the foam-globes moved most white,
 With none to save and few to know.
 Me they led forth, at dawn of day,
 To mock, to torture, and to slay ;
 They found my courage calm and mild,
 Until my foe came near and smiled.

Eleleu.

XI.

He told me how the midnight chasm
 Of ocean had been sweetly fed :
 He paled—recoiling, for a spasm
 Came o'er the limbs they dreamed were dead :

The earth grew hot—the sky grew black—
 The twisted cords gave way like tow ;
 I felt the branding fetters crack,
 And saw the torturers starting back,
 And more I do not know,
 Until my stretched limbs dashed their way
 Through the cold sea's resulting spray,
 And left me where its surges bore
 Their voices to a lifeless shore.

Eleleu.

XII.

Mine aged eyes are dim and dry ;
 They have not much to see or mourn,
 Save when in sleep, pale thoughts pass by—
 My heart is with their footsteps worn
 Into a pathway. Swift and steep
 Their troops pass down it—and I feel not—
 Though they have words would make me weep
 If I could tell their meaning deep—
 But *I* forget—and *they* reveal not :
 Oh, lost Elaira !—when I go
 Where cold hands hold the soundless bow,
 Shall the black earth, all pitiless,
 Forget the early grave
 Of her, whom beauty did not bless,
 Affection could not save ?

Eleleu.

XIII.

Oh, lost Elaira ! long for thee
 Sweet Tyres' banks have blushed in vain ;
 And blight to them and death to me
 Shall break the link of memory's chain.
 My spirit keeps its lonely lair
 In mouldering life to burn and blacken ;

The throbs that moved it once are there
 Like winds that stir a dead man's hair,
 Unable to awaken.

Thy soul on earth supremely smiled,
 In beauty bright, in mercy mild,
 It looked to love, it breathed to bless—
 It died, and left me—merciless.

Eleleu.

XIV.

And men shrink from me, with no sense
 That the fierce heart they fear and fly,
 Is one, whose only evidence
 Of beating is in agony.
 They know, with me, to match or melt,
 The sword or prayer alike are vain ;
 The spirit's presence, half unfelt,
 Hath left,—slow withering where it dwelt,
 One precedence of pain.
 All that my victims feel or fear
 Is well avenged by something here ;
 And every curse they breathe on me
 Joins in the deep voice of the sea.

Eleleu.

XV.

It rolls—it coils—it foams—it flashes,
 Pale and putrid—ghastly green ;
 Lit with light of dead men's ashes
 Flickering through the black weed's screen.
 Oh ! there along the breathless land,
 Elaira keeps the couch allotted ;
 The waters wave her weary hand,
 And toss pale shells and ropy sand
 About her dark hair, clasped and clotted.
 The purple isles are bright above
 The frail and moon-blanch'd bones of love ;

Their citron breeze is full of bliss,
 Her lips are cool without its kiss.
 Eleleu.

XVI.

My thoughts are wandering and weak ;
 Forgive an old man's dotard dreaming ;
 I know not sometimes when I speak
 Such visions as have quiet seeming.
 I told you how my madness bore
 My limbs from torture. When I woke,
 I do remember something more
 Of wandering on the wet sea-shore,
 By waving weed and withered rock,
 Calling Elaira, till the name
 Crossed o'er the waters as they came—
 Mildly—to hallow and to bless
 Even what had made it meaningless—
 Eleleu.

XVII.

The waves in answering murmurs mixed,
 Tossed a frail fetter on the sand ;
 Too well I knew whose fingers fixed,
 Whose arm had lost the golden band ;
 For such it was, as still confines
 Faint Beauty's arm who will not listen,
 The words of love that mockery twines
 To soothe the soul that pants and pines
 Within its rose-encumbered prison.
 The waters freed her ; she who wore,
 Fetter or armlet needs no more ;
 Could the wavelets tell, who saw me lift,
 For whom I kept, their glittering gift,
 Eleleu.

XVIII.

Slow drifts the hour when Patience waits
 Revenge's answering orison ;
 But—one by one the darkening Fates
 Will draw the balanced axle on,
 Till torture pays the price of pride,
 And watches wave with sullen shine,
 The sword of sorrow justified.
 The long years kept their quiet glide,
 His hour was past : they brought me mine.
 When steed to steed, and rank to rank,
 With matched numbers fierce and frank,
 (The war-wolves waiting near to see
 Our battle bright) my Foe met Me.

Ha—Hurra !

XIX.

As the tiger tears through the jungle reeds,
 As the west wind breaks through the sharp corn ears,
 As the quick death follows where the lightning leads,
 Did my dark horse bear through the bended spears ;
 And the blood came up to my brain like a mist,
 With a dark delight and a fiery feel ;
 For the black darts hailed, and the javelins hissed,
 To the corpses clasped in their tortured twist,
 From mine arms like rain from the red-hot steel.
 Well went the wild horses—well rode their lords—
 Wide waved the sea of their circling swords ;
 But down went the wild steeds—down went the sea—
 Down went the dark banners—down went He.

Ha—Hurra !

XX.

For, forward fixed, my frenzy rushed,
 To one pale plume of fitful wave ;
 With failing strength, o'er corpses crushed,
 My horse obeyed the spurs I gave.

Slow rolled the tide of battle by,
 And left me on the field alone
 Save that a goodly company
 Lay gazing on the bright blue sky,
 All as stiff as stone.
 And the howling wolves came, merry and thick,
 The flesh to tear and the bones to pick.
 I left his carcass, a headless prize,
 To these priests of mine anger's sacrifice.
 Ha—Hurra!

XXI.

Hungry they came, though at first they fled
 From the grizzly look of a stranger guest—
 From a horse with its hoof on a dead man's head,
 And a soldier who leaned on a lance in his breast.
 The night wind's voice was hoarse and deep,
 But there were thoughts within me rougher,
 When my foiled passion could not keep
 His eyes from settling into sleep
 That could not see, nor suffer.
 He knew his spirit was delivered
 By the last nerve my sword had severed,
 And lay—his death pang scarcely done,
 Stretched at my mercy—asking none.
 Eleleu.

XXII.

His lips were pale. They once had worn
 A fiercer paleness. For awhile
 Their gashes kept the curl of scorn
 But now—they always smile.
 A life like that of smouldering ashes,
 Had kept his shadowy eyeballs burning.
 Full through the neck my sabre crashes—
 The black blood burst beneath their lashes
 In the strained sickness of their turning.

By my bridle-rein did I hang the head,
 And I spurred my horse through the quick and dead,
 Till his hoofs and his hair dropped thick and fresh,
 From the black morass of gore and flesh.

Ha—Hurra!

XXIII.

My foe had left me little gold
 To mock the stolen food of the grave,
 Except one circlet : I have told
 The arm that lost, the surge that gave,
 Flexile it was, of fairest twist :
 Pressing its sunlike, woven line,
 A careless counter had not missed
 One pulse along a maiden's wrist,
 So softly did the clasp confine.
 This—molten till it flowed as free
 As daybreak on the Egean sea,
 He who once clasped—for Love to sever
 And death to lose, received—for ever.

XXIV.

I poured it round the wrinkled brow,
 Till hissed its cold, corrupted skin ;
 Through sinuous nerves the fiery flow
 Sucked and seared the brain within.
 The brittle bones were well annealed,
 A bull's hide bound the goblet grim,
 Which backwards bended, and revealed
 The dark eye sealed, the set lips peeled :
 Look here ! how I have pardoned him.
 They call it glorious to forgive ;
 'Tis dangerous, among those that live,
 But the dead are daggerless and mild,
 And my foe smiles on me—like a child.

XXV.

Fill me the wine! for daylight fades,
 The evening mists fall cold and blue ;
 My soul is crossed with lonelier shades,
 My brow is damp with darker dew ;
 The earth hath nothing but its bed
 Left more for me to seek, or shun ;
 My rage is passed—my vengeance fed—
 The grass is wet with what I've shed,
 The air is dark with what I've done ;
 And the gray mound, that I have built
 Of intermingled grief and guilt,
 Sits on my breast with sterner seat
 Than my old heart can bear, and beat.
Eleleu

XXVI.

Fill wine ! These fleshless jaws are dry,
 And gurgle with the crimson breath ;
 Fill me the wine ! for such as I
 Are meet, methinks, to drink with death.
 Give me the roses ! They shall weave
 One crown for me, and one for him,
 Fresher than his compeers receive,
 Who slumber where the white worms leave
 Their tracks of slime on cheek and limb.
 Kiss me, mine enemy ! Lo ! how it slips,
 The rich red wine through his skeleton lips ;
 His eye-holes glitter, his loose teeth shake,
 But their words are all drowsy and will not wake.

XXVII.

That lifeless gaze is fixed on me ;
 Those lips would hail a bounden brother ;
 We sit in love, and smile to see
 The things that we have made each other.

The wreaking of our wrath has reft
 Our souls of all that loved or lightened :
He knows the heart his hand has left,
 He sees its calm and closeless cleft,
 And *I*—the bones my vengeance whitened.
 Kiss me, mine enemy ! Fill thee with wine !
 Be the flush of thy revelling mingled with mine ;
 Since the hate and the horror we drew with our breath
 Are lost in forgiveness, and darkened in death.

 THE SCYTHIAN GUEST.

WHEN the master of a Scythian family died he was placed in his state chariot, and carried to visit every one of his blood relations. Each of them gave him and his attendants a splendid feast at which the dead man sat at the head of the table, and a piece of everything was put on his plate. In the morning he continued his circuit. This round of visits generally occupied nearly forty days, and he was never buried till the whole number had elapsed. I have taken him at about six days old when a little phosphoric light might play about his skin in the dark, and yet the corruption would not, in a cool country, have made anything shapeless or decidedly unpleasant.—*See Herodotus, Melpomene, 73.*

I.

The feast is full, the guests are gay,
 Though at his lance-illumin'd door
 Still must the anxious master stay,
 For, by the echoing river shore,
 He hears the hot and hurrying beat
 Of harnessed horse's flying feet,
 And waits to watch and yearns to greet
 The coming of the brave.
 Behold—like showers of silver sleet,
 His lines of lances wind and wave :
 He comes as he was wont to ride
 By Hypanis' war troubled tide,
 When, like the west wind's sternest stoop,
 Was the strength of his tempestuous troop,

And when their dark steeds' shadows swift
 Had crossed the current's foamless drift,
 The light of the river grew dazzled and dim,
 With the flash of the hair and the flight of the limb.

II.

He comes—urged on by shout and lash,
 His favorite courser flies ;
 There's frenzy in its drooping dash,
 And sorrow in its eyes.
 Close on its hoofs the chariots crash,
 Their shook reins ring—their axles flash—
 The charioteers are wild and rash ;
 Panting and cloven the swift air feels
 The red breath of the whirling wheels,
 Hissing with heat, and drunk with speed
 Of wild delight, that seems to feed
 Upon the fire of its own flying
 Yet he for whom they race is lying
 Motionless in his chariot, and still
 Like one of weak desire or fettered will,
 Is it the sun-lulled sleep of weariness
 That weighs upon him? Lo! there is no stress
 Of slumber on his eyelids—some slow trance,
 Seems dwelling on the darkness of his glance ;
 Its depth is quiet, and its keenness cold
 As an eagle's quenched with lightning, the close fold
 Of his strong arms is listless, like the twine
 Of withered weeds along the waving line
 Of flowing streams ; and o'er his face a strange
 Deep shadow is cast, which doth not move nor change.

III.

At the known gate the courses check,
 With panting breast and lowly neck ;
 From kingly group, from menial crowd,
 The cry of welcome rings aloud :

It was not wont to be so weak,—
 Half a shout and half a shriek,
 Mixed with the low yet penetrating quiver
 Of constrained voices, such as creep
 Into cold words, when, dim and deep,
 Beneath the wild heart's death-like shiver
 Mocks at the message that the lips deliver.

IV.

Doth he not hear? Will he not wake?
 That shout of welcome did not break,
 Even for an instant on the trace
 Of the dark shadow o'er his face.
 Behold, his slaves in silence lift
 That frame so strong, those limbs so swift,
 Like a sick child's; though half erect
 He rose when first his chariot checked,
 He fell—as leaves fall on the spot
 Where summer sun shall waken not
 The mingling of their veined sensation,
 With the black earth's wormy desolation.
 With stealthy tread, like those that dread
 To break the peace of sorrow's slumber,
 They move, whose martial force he led,
 Whose arms his passive limbs encumber:
 Through passage and port, through corridor and court,
 They hold their dark, slow-trodden track;
 Beneath that crouching figure's scowl
 The household dogs hang wildly back,
 With wrinkled lip and hollow howl;
 And on the mien of those they meet,
 Their presence passes like the shadow
 Of the grey storm-cloud's swirling sheet,
 Along some soft sun-lighted meadow;
 For those who smiled before they met,
 Have turned away to smile no more;

Even as they pass, their lips forget
 The words they wove—the hues they wore ;
 Even as they look, the eyes grow wet
 That glanced most bright before !

V.

The feast is ranged, the guests are met ;
 High on the central throne,
 That dark and voiceless Lord is set,
 And left alone ;
 And the revel is loud among the crowd,
 As the laugh on surges free,
 Of their merry and multitudinous lips,
 When the fiery foamlight skims and skips,
 Along the sounding sea.
 The wine is red and wildly shed,
 The wreathed jest is gaily sped.
 And the rush of their merriment rises aloof
 Into the shade of the ringing roof ;
 And yet their cheeks look faint and dead,
 And their lips look pale and dry ;
 In every heart there dwells a dread,
 And a trouble in every eye.

VI.

For sternly charmed, or strangely chill,
 That lonely Lord sits stiff and still,
 Far in the chamber gathered back
 Where the lamps are few, and the shadows black ;
 So that the strained eye scarce can guess
 At the fearful form of his quietness,
 And shrinks from what it cannot trace,
 Yet feels, is worse than even the error
 That veils, within that ghastly space,
 The shrouded form and shadowed face
 Of indistinct, unmoving terror.

And the life and light of the atmosphere
 Are choked with mingled mist and fear,
 Something half substance and half thought,—
 A feeling, visibly inwrought
 Into the texture of the air ;
 And though the fanned lamps flash and flare
 Among the other guests—by Him,
 They have grown narrow, and blue and dim,
 And steady in their fire, as if
 Some frigid horror made them stiff.
 Nor eye hath marked, nor ear hath heard
 That form, if once it breathed or stirred ;
 Though the dark revel's forced fits
 Penetrate where it sleeps and sits ;
 But this, their fevered glances mark
 Ever, for ever, calm and dark ;
 With lifeless hue, and changeless trace,
 That shadow dwells upon his face.

VII.

It is not pain, nor passion, but a deep
 Incorporated darkness, like the sleep
 Of the lead-coloured anger of the ocean,
 When the heaven is fed with death, and its gray motion
 Over the waves, invisible—it seems
 Entangled with the flesh, till the faint gleams
 Of natural flush have withered like the light
 Of the keen morning, quenched with the close flight
 Of thunder ; and beneath that deadly veil,
 The coldness of the under-skin is pale
 And ghastly, and transparent as beneath
 Some midnight vapour's intertwined wreath
 Glares the green moonlight ; and a veined fire
 Seems throbbing through it, like a dim desire
 Felt through inanimation, of charmed life
 Struggling with strong sick pants of beaming strife,

That wither and yet warm not :—through its veins,
The quenched blood beats not, burns not, but dark stains
Of congealed blackness, on the cheek and brow,
Lie indistinct amidst their frightful shade ;
The breathless lips, like two thin flakes of snow,
Gleam with wan lines, by some past agony made
To set into the semblance of a smile,
Such as strong-hearted men wear wildly, while
Their souls are twined with torture ; calm and fixed,
And yet distorted, as it could not be,
Had not the chill with which it froze been mixed
With twitching cords of some strong agony.
And the white teeth gleam through the ghastly chasm
Of that strange smile ; close clenched, as the last spasm
Of the wrung nerves has knit them ; could they move,
They would gnash themselves to pieces ; from above
The veiling shadow of the forehead falls,
Yet with an under-glare the fixed balls
Of the dark eyes gleam steadily, though not
With any inward light, or under-thought,
But casting back from their forgetful trance,
To each who looks, the flash of his own glance ;
So that each feels, of all assembled there,
Fixed on himself, that strange and meaning glare
Of eyes most motionless ; the long dark hair
Hangs tangled o'er the faded feature's gloom,
Like withered weeds above a mouldering tomb,
Matted in black decay ; the cold night air
Hath stirred them once or twice, even as despair
Plays with the heart's worn chords, that last retain
Their sense of sorrow, and their pulse of pain.

VIII.

Yet strike, oh ! strike the chorded shell,
And let the notes be low and skilled ;
Perchance the words he loved so well
May thrill as once they thrilled.

That deadened ear may still be true
 To the soft voice that once it knew ;
 And the throbs that beat below the heart,
 And the joys that burn above,
 Shall bid the light of laughter dart
 Along the lips of love.
 Alas! those tones are all untold
 On ear and heart so closed and cold ;
 The slumber shall be sound,—the night,—how long!
 That will not own the power of smile or song ;
 Those lips of love may burn, his eyes are dim ;
 That voice of joy may wake, but not for him.

IX.

The rushing wine, the rose's flush,
 Have crowned the goblet's glancing brim ;
 But who shall call the blossom's blush,
 Or bid the goblet flow for him ?
 For how shall thirst or hunger's heat
 Attend the sunless track,
 Towards the cool and calm retreat,
 From which his courser's flashing feet
 Can never bear him back ?
 There by the cold corpse-guarded hill,
 The shadows fall both broad and still ;
 There shall they fall at night,—at noon,
 Nor own the day star's warning,
 Grey shades, that move not with the moon,
 And perish not with morning.

X.

Farewell, farewell, thou presence pale !
 The bed is stretched where thou shouldst be ;
 The dawn may lift its crimson veil,
 It doth not breathe, nor burn for thee.

The mien of might, the glance of light,
 That checked or cheered the war's career,
 Are dreadless in the fiery fight,
 Are dreadful only here.
 Exulting hatred, red and rife,
 May smile to mark thine altered brow ;
 There are but those who loved in life,
 Who fear thee, now.
 Farewell, farewell, thou Presence pale !
 The couch is near where thou shouldst be ;
 Thy troops of Death have donned their mail,
 And wait and watch for thee.

 THE BROKEN CHAIN.

PART FIRST.

I.

It is most sad to see—to know
 This world so full of war and woe,
 E'er since our parents failing duty
 Bequeathed the curse to all below,
 And left the burning breach of beauty.
 Where the flower hath fairest hue,
 Where the breeze hath balmiest breath,
 Where the dawn hath softest dew,
 Where the heaven hath deepest blue,
 There is death.
 Where the gentle streams of thinking,
 Through our hearts that flow so free,
 Have the deepest, softest sinking
 And the fullest melody ;
 Where the crown of hope is nearest,
 Where the voice of joy is clearest,
 Where the heart of youth is lightest,
 Where the light of love is brightest,
 There is death.

II.

It is the hour when day's delight
 Fadeth in the dewy sorrow
 Of the star inwoven night ;
 And the red lips of the west
 Are in smiles of lightning drest,
 Speaking of a lovely morrow :
 But there's an eye in which, from far,
 The chill beams of the evening star
 Do softly move, and mildly quiver ;
 Which, ere the purple mountains meet
 The light of morning's misty feet,
 Will be dark—and dark for ever.

III.

It was within a convent old,
 Through her lips the low breath sighing,
 Which the quick pains did unfold
 With a paleness calm, but cold,
 Lay a lovely lady dying.
 As meteors from the sunless north
 Through long low clouds illumine the air,
 So brightly shone her features forth
 Amidst her darkly tangled hair ;
 And, like a spirit, still and slow,
 A light beneath that raven veil
 Moved,—where the blood forgot to glow,
 As moonbeams shine on midnight snow,
 So dim,—so sad,—so pale.
 And, ever as the death came nearer,
 That melancholy light waxed clearer :
 It rose, it shone, it never dwindled,
 As if in death it could not die ;
 The air was filled with it, and kindled
 As souls are by sweet agony.

Where once the life was rich and red,
 The burning lip was dull and dead,
 As crimson cloud-streaks melt away,
 Before a ghastly darkened day.
 Faint and low the pulses faded,

One by one, from brow and limb ;
 There she lay—her dark eyes shaded

By her fingers dim ;
 And through their paly brightness burning
 With a wild inconstant motion,
 As reflected stars of morning

Through the crystal foam of ocean.
 There she lay—like something holy,
 Moveless—voiceless, breathing slowly,
 Passing, withering, fainting, failing,
 Lulled and lost and unbewailing.

IV.

The abbess knelt beside, to bless
 Her parting hour with tenderness,
 And watched the light of life depart,
 With tearful eye and weary heart ;
 And, ever and anon, would dip

Her fingers in the hallowed water,
 And lay it on her parching lip,

Or cross her death-damp'd brow ;
 And softly whisper,—Peace,—my daughter,

For thou shalt slumber softly now.
 And upward held, with pointing finger,

The cross before her darkening eye ;
 Its glance was changing, nor did linger
 Upon the ebon and ivory ;

Her lips moved feebly, and the air
 Between them whispered—not with prayer !

Oh ! who shall know what wild and deep
 Imaginations rouse from sleep,

Within that heart, whose quick decay
 So soon shall sweep them all away.

Oh! who shall know what things they be
 That tongue would tell—that glance doth see;
 Which rouse the voice, the vision fill,
 Ere eye be dark, and tongue be still.

v.

It is most fearful when the light
 Of thoughts, all beautiful and bright,
 That through the heart's illumination
 Darts burning beams and fiery flashes,
 Fades into weak wan animation,
 And darkens into dust and ashes;
 And hopes, that to the heart have been
 As to the forest is its green,
 (Or as the gentle passing by
 Of its spirits' azure wings
 Is to the broad, wind-wearied sky);
 Do pale themselves like fainting things,
 And wither, one by one, away,
 Leaving a ghastly silence where
 Their voice was wont to move and play
 Amidst the fibres of our feeling,
 Like the low and unseen stealing,
 Of the soft and sultry air;
 That, with its fingers weak unweaves
 The dark and intertangled hair,
 Of many moving forest leaves;
 And, though their life be lost do float,
 Around us still, yet far remote,
 And come at the same call arranged,
 By the same thoughts, but oh, how changed!
 Alas! dead hopes are fearful things,
 To dwell around us, for their eyes
 Pierce through our souls like adder stings;
 Vampyre-like their troops arise,
 Each in his own death entranced,
 Frozen and corpse-countenanced;

Filling memory's maddened eye
 With a shadowed mockery,
 And a wan and fevered vision,
 Of her loved and lost Elysian ;
 Until we hail, and love, and bless
 The last strange joy, where joy hath fled,
 The last one hope, where hope is dead,
 The finger of forgetfulness ;
 Which, dark as night, and dull as lead,
 Comes across the spirit passing,
 Like a coldness through night air,
 With its withering wings effacing
 Thoughts that lived or lingered there ;
 Light, and life, and joy, and pain,
 Till the frozen heart rejoices,
 As the echoes of lost voices
 Die and do not rise again ;
 And shadowy memories wake no more
 Along the heart's deserted shore ;
 But fall and faint away and sicken,
 Like a nation fever-stricken,
 And see not from the bosom reft
 The desolation they have left.

VI.

Yet, though that trance be still and deep,
 It will be broken ere its sleep
 Be dark and unawaked—forever ;
 And from the soul quick thoughts will leap
 Forth like a sad, sweet-singing river,
 Whose gentle waves flow softly o'er
 That broken heart,—that desert shore ;
 The lamp of life leaps up before
 Its light be lost to live no more ;
 Ere yet its shell of clay be shattered,
 And all the beams at once could pour,
 In dust of death be darkly scattered.

VII.

Alas! the stander-by might tell
 That lady's racking thoughts too well ;
 The work within he might descry
 By trembling brow, and troubled eye,
 That as the lightning fiery, fierce,
 Strikes chasms along the keen ice plain
 The barbed and burning memories pierce
 Her dark and dying brain.
 And many mingled visions swim
 Within the convent chamber dim ;
 The sad twilight whose lingering lines
 Fall faintly through the forest pines,
 And with their dusky radiance lume
 That lowly bed and lonely room,
 Are filled, before her earnest gaze,
 With dazzling dreams of by-gone days.
 They come, they come, a countless host,
 Forms long unseen, and looks long lost,
 And voices loved,—not well forgot,
 Awake and seem, with accents dim,
 Along the convent air to float ;
 That innocent air that knoweth not,
 A sound except the vesper hymn.

VIII.

'Tis past, that rush of hurried thought,
 The light within her deep dark eye
 Was quenched by a wan tear mistily,
 Which trembled though it lightened not,
 As the cold peace, which all may share,
 Soothed the last sorrow life could bear.
 What grief was that, the broken heart
 Loved to the last, and would not part ?
 What grief was that, whose calmness cold
 By death alone could be consoled ?

As the soft hand of coming rest
 Bowed her fair head upon her breast,
 As the last pulse decayed, to keep
 Her heart from heaving in its sleep,
 The silence of her voice was broken,
 As by a gasp of mental pain ;
 " May the faith thou hast forgotten
 Bind thee with its broken chain."
 The Abbess raised her, but in vain ;
 For, as the last faint word was spoken,
 The silver cord was burst in twain,
 The golden bowl was broken.

PART SECOND.

I.

The bell from Saint Cecilia's shrine
 Had tolled the evening hour of prayer ;
 With tremulation, far and fine,
 It waked the purple air :
 The peasant heard its distant beat,
 And crossed his brow with reverence meet :
 The maiden heard it sinking sweet
 Within her jasmine bower,
 And treading down, with silver feet,
 Each pale and passioned flower :
 The weary pilgrim, lowly lying
 By Saint Cecilia's fountain grey,
 Smiled to hear that curfew dying
 Down the darkening day :
 And where the white waves move and glisten
 Along the river's reedy shore,
 The lonely boatman stood to listen,
 Leaning on his lazy oar.

II.

On Saint Cecilia's vocal spire
 The sun had cast his latest fire,
 And flecked the west with many a fold
 Of purple clouds o'er bars of gold.
 That vocal spire is all alone,
 Albeit its many winding tone
 Floats waste away—oh! far away,
 Where bowers are bright and fields are gay;
 That vocal spire is all alone,
 Amidst a secret wilderness,
 With deep free forest overgrown;
 And purple mountains, which the kiss
 Of pale-lipped clouds doth fill with love
 Of the bright heaven that burns above,
 The woods around are wild and wide,
 And interwove with breezy motion;
 Their bend before the tempest tide
 Is like the surge of shoreless ocean;
 Their summer voice is like the tread
 Of trooping steeds to battle bred;
 Their autumn voice is like the cry
 Of a nation clothed with misery;
 And the stillness of the winter's wood
 Is as the hush of a multitude.

III.

The banks beneath are flecked with light,
 All through the clear and crystal night,
 For as the blue heaven, rolling on,
 Doth lift the stars up one by one;
 Each, like a bright eye through its gates
 Of silken lashes dark and long,
 With lustre fills, and penetrates
 Those branches close and strong;
 And nets of tangled radiance weaves
 Between the many twinkling leaves,

And through each small and verdant chasm
Lets fall a flake of fire,

Till every leaf, with voiceful spasm,
Wakes like a golden lyre.

Swift, though still, the fiery thrill
Creeps along from spray to spray,
Light and music, mingled, fill
Every pulse of passioned breath ;
Which, o'er the incense—sickened death
Of the faint flowers, that live by day,
Floats like a soul above the clay,
Whose beauty hath not passed away.

IV.

Hark ! hark ! along the twisted roof
Of bough and leafage, tempest-proof,

There whispers, hushed and hollow,
The beating of a horse's hoof,

Which low, faint echoes follow,
Down the deeply-swarded floor
Of a forest aisle, the muffled tread,
Hissing where the leaves are dead,
Increases more and more ;

And lo ! between the leaves and light,
Up the avenue's narrow span,

There moves a blackness, shaped like
The shadow of a man.

Nearer now, where through the maze
Cleave close the horizontal rays :

It moves—a solitary knight,
Borne with undulation light

As is the windless walk of ocean,
On a black steed's Arabian grace,

Mighty of mien, and proud of pace,
But modulate of motion.

O'er breast and limb, from head to heel,
Fall flexile folds of sable steel :

Little the lightning of war could avail,
 If it glanced on the strength of the folded mail.
 The beaver bars his visage mask,
 By outward bearings unrevealed :
 He bears no crest upon his casque,
 No symbol on his shield.
 Slowly and with slackened rein,
 Either in sorrow, or in pain,
 Through the forest he paces on,
 As our life does in a desolate dream,
 When the heart and the limbs are as heavy as stone,
 And the remembered tone and moony gleam
 Of hushed voices and dead eyes
 Draw us on the dim path of shadowy destinies.

v.

The vesper chime hath ceased to beat,
 And the hill echoes to repeat
 The trembling of the argent bell.
 What second sounding—dead and deep,
 And cold of cadence, stirs the sleep
 Of twilight with its sullen swell?
 The knight drew bridle, as he heard
 Its voice creep through his beaver barred,
 Just where a cross of marble stood,
 Grey in the shadow of the wood.
 Whose youngest coppice, twined and torn,
 Concealed its access worship-worn :
 It might be chance—it might be art,
 Or opportune, or unconfessed,
 But from this cross there did depart
 A pathway to the west ;
 By which a narrow glance was given,
 To the high hills and highest heaven,
 To the blue river's bended line,
 And Saint Cecilia's lonely shrine.

VI.

Blue, and baseless, and beautiful
 Did the boundless mountains bear
 Their folded shadows into the golden air.
 The comfortlessness of their chasms was full
 Of orient cloud and undulating mist,
 Which, where their silver cataracts hissed,
 Quivered with panting colour. Far above
 A lightning pulse of soundless fire did move
 In the blue heaven itself, and, snake-like, slid
 Round peak and precipice, and pyramid ;
 White lines of light along their crags alit,
 And the cold lips of their chasms were wreathed with it,
 Until they smiled with passionate fire ; the sky
 Hung over them with answering ecstasy ;
 Through its pale veins of cloud, like blushing blood,
 From south to north the swift pulsation glowed
 With infinite emotion ; but it ceased

In the far chambers of the dewy west.
 There the weak day stood withering, like a spirit
 Which, in its dim departure, turns to bless
 Their sorrow whom it leaveth, to inherit
 Their lonely lot of night and nothingness.

Keen in its edge, against the farthest light,
 The cold calm earth its black horizon lifted.

Though a faint vapour, which the winds had sifted
 Like thin sea-sand, in undulations white
 And multitudinous, veiled the lower stars.
 And over this there hung successive bars
 Of crimson mist, which had no visible ending

But in the eastern gloom ; voiceless and still,
 Illimitable in their arched extending,

They kept their dwelling place in heaven ; the chill
 Of the passing night-wind stirred them not ; the ascending
 Of the keen summer moon was marked by them
 Into successive steps : the plenitude
 Of pensive light was kindled and subdued

Alternate, as her crescent keel did stem
 Those waves of currentless cloud, the diadem
 Of her companion planet near her, shed
 Keen quenchless splendour down the drowsy air ;
 Glowed as she glowed, and followed where she led,
 High up the hill of the night heaven, where
 Thin threads of darkness, braided like black hair,
 Were in long trembling tresses interwoven,
 The soft blue eyes of the superior deep
 Looked through them, with the glance of those who cannot weep
 For sorrow. Here and there the veil was cloven,
 By crossing of faint winds, whose wings did keep
 Such cadence as the breath of dreamless sleep
 Among the stars, and soothed with strange delight
 The vain vacuity of the Infinite.

VII.

Stiff as stone, and still as death,
 Stood the knight like one amazed,
 And dropped his rein, and held his breath,
 So anxiously he gazed.
 Oh ! well might such a scene and sun
 Surprise the sudden sight,
 And yet his mien was more of one
 In dread than in delight.
 His glance was not on heaven or hill,
 On cloud or lightning, swift or still,
 On azure earth or orient air ;
 But long his fixed look did lie
 On one bright line of western sky,—
 What saw he there ?

VIII.

On the brow of a lordly line
 Of chasm-divided crag, there stood
 The walls of Saint Cecilia's shrine.
 Above the undulating wood

Broad basalt bulwarks, stern and stiff,
 Ribbed, like black bones, the grisly cliff
 On the torn summit stretched away
 The convent walls, tall, old, and grey ;
 So strong their ancient size did seem,
 So stern their mountain seat,
 Well might the passing pilgrim deem
 Such desperate dwelling-place more meet
 For soldier true, or baron bold,
 For army's guard or bandit's hold,
 Than for the rest, deep, calm, and cold,
 Of those whose tale of troublous life is told

IX.

The topmost tower rose, narrow and tall,
 O'er the broad mass of crag and wall ;
 Against the streak of western light
 It raised its solitary height.
 Just above, nor far aloof,
 From the cross upon its roof,
 Sat a silver star.
 The low clouds drifting fast and far,
 Gave, by their own mocking loss,
 Motion to the star and cross.
 Even the black tower was stirred below
 To join the dim, mysterious march,
 The march so strangely slow.
 Near its top an opening arch
 Let through a passage of pale sky
 Enclosed with stern captivity ;
 And in its hollow height there hung,
 From a black bar, a brazen bell :
 Its hugeness was traced clear and well
 The slanting rays among.
 Ever and anon it swung
 Halfway round its whirling wheel ;
 Back again, with rocking reel.

Lazily its length was flung,
 Till brazen lip and beating tongue,
 Met once, with unrepeatd peal,
 Then paused ;—until the winds could feel
 The weight of the wide sound that clung
 To their inmost spirit, like the appeal
 Of startling memories, strangely strung,
 That point to pain, and yet conceal.
 Again with single sway it rung,
 And the black tower beneath could feel
 The undulating tremor steal
 Through its old stones, with long shiver,
 The wild woods felt it creep and quiver
 Through their thick leaves and hushed air,
 As fear creeps through a murderer's hair.
 And the grey reeds beside the river,
 In the moonlight meek and mild,
 Moved like spears when war is wild.

x.

And still the knight like statue stood,
 In the arched opening of the wood.
 Slowly still the brazen bell
 Marked its modulated knell ;
 Heavily, heavily, one by one,
 The dull strokes gave their thunder tone.
 So long the pause between was led,
 Ere one rose the last was dead—
 Dead and lost by hollow and hill.
 Again, again, it gathered still ;
 Ye who hear, peasant or peer,
 By all you hope and all you fear,
 Lowly now be heart and knee,
 Meekly be your orison said
 For the body in its agony,
And the spirit in its dread.

XL.

Reverent as a cowl'd monk
 The knight before the cross had sunk ;
 Just as he bowed his helmless head,
 Twice the bell struck faint and dead,
 And ceased. Hill, valley, and winding shore
 The rising roll received no more.
 His lips were weak, his words were low,
 A paleness came across his brow ;
 He started to his feet, in fear
 Of something that he seemed to hear.
 Was it the west wind that did feign
 Articulation strange and vain ?
 Vainly with thine ear thou warrest :
 Lo ! it comes, it comes again !
 Through the dimly woven forest
 Comes the cry of one in pain—
 “ May the faith thou hast forgotten
 Bind thee with its broken chain.”

 PART THIRD.

I.

On grey Amboise's rocks and keep
 The early shades of evening sleep,
 And veils of mist, white-folded, fall
 Round his long range of iron wall ;
 O'er the last line of withering light
 The quick bats cut with angled flight,
 And the low breathing fawns that rest
 The twilight forest through,
 Each on his starry flank and stainless breast
 Can feel the coolness of the dew
 Soothing his sleep with heavenly weight :
 Who are these who tread so late
 Beyond Amboise's castle gate,

And seek the garden shade ?
 The flowers are closed, the paths are dark,
 Their marble guards look stern and stark,
 The birds are still, the leaves are stayed,
 On windless bough, and sunless glade.
 Ah ! who are these that walk so late,
 Beyond Amboise's castle gate ?

II.

Steep down the river's margin sink
 The gardens of Amboise,
 And all their inmost thickets drink
 The wide, low water-voice.
 By many a bank whose blossoms shrink
 Amidst sweet herbage young and cold,
 Through many an arch and avenue,
 That noontide roofs with checkered blue,
 And paves with fluctuating gold,
 Pierced by a thousand paths that guide
 Grey echo-haunted rocks beside,
 And into caves of cool recess,
 Which ever-falling fountains dress
 With emerald veils, dashed deep in dew,
 And through dim thickets that subdue
 The crimson light of flowers afar,
 As sweet rain doth the sunset, decked
 Themselves with many a living star,
 Which music winged bees detect
 By the white rays and ceaseless odor shed
 Over the scattered leaves that every day lays dead.

III.

But who are these that pass so late
 Beneath Amboise's echoing gate,
 And seek the sweet path, poplar-shaded,
 By breeze and moonbeam uninvaded ?

They are two forms, that move like one,
 Each to the music of the other's lips,
 The cold night thrilling with the tone
 Of their low words—the grey eclipse,
 Cast from the tangled boughs above.
 Their dark eyes penetrate with love ;
 Two forms, one crested, calm, and proud,
 Yet with bowed head, and gentle ear inclining
 To her who moves as in a sable cloud
 Of her own waving hair—the star-flowers shining
 Through its soft waves, like planets when they keep
 Reflected watch beneath the sunless deep.

IV.

Her brow is pure and pale, her eyes
 Deep as the unfathomed sky,
 Her lips, from which the sweet words rise
 Like flames from incensed sacrifice,
 Quiver with untold thoughts, that lie
 Burning beneath their crimson glow,
 As mute and deathless lightnings sleep
 At sunset, where the dyes are deep
 On Rosa's purple snow ;
 She moves all beautiful and bright,
 With little in that form of light
 To set the seal of mortal birth,
 Or own her earthy—of the earth,
 Unless it be one strange quick trace
 That checks the glory of her face,
 A wayward meaning, dimly shed,
 A shadow, scarcely felt, ere fled ;
 A spot upon the brow, a spark
 Under those eyes subdued and dark ;
 A low short discord in the tone
 Of music round her being thrown ;
 A mystery more conceived than seen ;
 A wildness of the word and mien ;

The sign of wilder work within,
Which may be sorrow—must be sin.

v.

Slowly they moved that knight and dame,
Where hanging thickets quench and tame
The river's flash and cry ;
Mellowed among the leafage came
Its thunder voice—its flakes of flame
Drifted undisturbing by,
Sunk to a twilight and a sigh.
Their path was o'er the entangled rest
Of dark night flowers that underneath
Their feet as their dim bells were pressed,
Sent up warm pulses of soft breath.
Ranged in sepulchral ranks above,
Grey spires of shadowy cypress clove,
With many a shaft of sacred gloom,
The evening heaven's mysterious dome ;
Slowly above their columns keen
Rolled on its path that starred serene ;
A thousand fountains soundless flow
With imaged azure moved below ;
And through the grove and o'er the tide
Pale forms appeared to watch, to glide,
O'er whose faint limbs the evening sky
Had cast like life its crimson dye ;
Was it not life—so bright—so weak—
That flushed the bloodless brow and cheek,
And bade the lips of wreathed stone
Kindle to all but breath and tone ?
It moved—it heaved—that stainless breast !
Ah ! what can break such marble rest ?
It was a shade that passed— a shade,
It was not bird nor bough that made,
Nor dancing leaf, nor falling fruit,
For where it moves—that shadow, grey and chill,

The birds are lulled—the leaves are mute—
The air is cold and still.

VI.

Slowly they moved, that dame and knight,
As one by one the stars grew bright ;
Fondly they moved—they did not mark
They had a follower strange and dark.
Just where the leaves their feet disturbed
Sunk from their whispering tune,
(It seemed beneath a fear that curbed
Their motion very soon),
A shadow fell upon them, cast
By a less visible form that passed
Between them and the moon.
Was it a fountain's falling shiver ?
It moveth on—it will not stay—
Was it a mist wreath of the river ?
The mist hath melted all away,
And the risen moon is full and clear,
And the moving shadow is marked and near.
See! where the dead leaves felt it pass,
There are footsteps left on the bended grass—
Footsteps as of an armed heel,
Heavy with links of burning steel.

VII.

Fondly they moved, that dame and knight,
By the gliding river's billow light.
Their lips were mute, their hands were given,
Their hearts did hardly stir ;
The maid had raised her eyes to heaven,
But his were fallen on her.
They did not heed, they did not fear
That follower strange that trod so near,
An armed form whose cloudy mail
Flashed as it moved with radiance pale ;

So gleams the moonlit torrent through
 It's glacier's deep transparent blue ;
 Quivering and keen its steps of pride
 Shook the sheathed lightning at its side,
 And waved its dark and drifted plume,
 Like fires that haunt the unholy tomb
 Where cursed with crime the mouldering dead,
 Lie restless in their robes of lead.
 What eye shall seek, what soul can trace
 The deep death-horror of its face ?
 The trackless, livid smile that played
 Beneath the casque's concealing shade ;
 The angered eye's unfathomed glare,
 (So sleep the fountains of despair,
 Beneath the soul whose sins unseal
 The wells of all it fears to feel.)
 The sunk, unseen, all-seeing gloom,
 Scarred with the ravage of the tomb,
 The passions that made life their prey,
 Fixed on the feature's last decay,
 The pangs that made the human heart their slave,
 Frozen on the changeless aspect of the grave.

VIII.

And still it followed where they went,
 That unregarding pair ;
 It kept on them its eyes intent,
 And from their glance the sickened air
 Shrank, as if tortured. Slow, how slow,
 The knight and lady trod ;
 You had heard their hearts beat just as loud
 As their footsteps on the sod.
 They paused at length in a leafless place,
 Where the moonlight shone on the maiden's face ;
 Still as an image of stone she stood,
 Though the heave of her breath, and the beat of her blood
 Murmured and mantled to and fro,

Like the billows that heave on a hill of snow,
 When the midnight winds are short and low.
 The words of her lover came burning and deep,
 And his hand was raised to the holy sky ;
 Can the lamps of the universe bear or keep,
 False witness or record on high ?
 He starts to his feet from the spot where he knelt,
 What voice hath he heard, what fear hath he felt ?
 His lips in their silence are bloodless and dry,
 And the love-light fails from his glazed eye.

IX.

Well might he quail, for full displayed
 Before him rose that dreadful shade,
 And o'er his mute and trembling trance
 Waved its pale crest and quivering lance ;
 And traced, with pangs of sudden pain,
 The form of words upon his brain ;
 "Thy vows are deep, but still thou bears't the chain,
 Cast on thee by a deeper—vowed in vain ;
 Thy love is fair, but fairer forms are laid,
 Cold and forgotten, in the cypress shade ;
 Thy arm is strong, but arms of stronger trust,
 Repose unnerved, undreaded in the dust ;
 Around thy lance shall bend the living brave,
 Then arm thee for the challenge of the grave."

X.

The sound had ceased, the shape had passed away,
 Silent the air and pure the planet's ray.
 They stood beneath the lonely breathing night,
 The lovely lady and the lofty knight ;
 He moved in shuddering silence by her side,
 Or wild and wandering to her words replied,
 Shunning her anxious eyes on his that bent :
 "Thou didst not see it, 'twas to me 'twas sent.

To me,—but why to me?—I knew it not,
 It was no dream, it stood upon the spot,
 Where"—Then with lighter tone and bitter smile,
 "Nothing, beloved,—a pang that did beguile
 My spirit of its strength, a dream, a thought,
 A fancy of the night." And though she sought
 More reason of his dread, he heard her not,
 For, mingling with those words of phantom fear,
 There was another echo in his ear,
 An under murmur deep and clear,
 The faint low sob of one in pain,
 "May the faith thou hast forgotten
 Bind thee with its broken chain."

PART FOURTH.

I.

'Tis morn!—in clustered rays increased—
 Exulting rays, that deeply drink
 The starlight of the East,
 And strew with crocus dyes the brink
 Of those blue streams that pause and sink
 Far underneath their heavenly strand—
 Soft capes of vapour, ribbed like sand.
 Along the Loire white sails are flashing,
 Through stars of spray their dark oars dashing ;
 The rocks are reddening one by one,
 The purple sandbanks flushed with sun,
 And crowned with fire on crags and keep,
 Amboise! above thy lifted steep,
 Far lightning o'er the subject vale,
 Blaze thy broad range of ramparts pale !
 Through distance azure as the sky,
 That vale sends up its morning cry.
 From countless leaves, that shaking shade
 Its tangled paths of pillared giade,

And ceaseless fan, with quivering cool,
 Each gentle stream and slumbrous pool,
 That catch the leaf-song as they flow,
 In tinkling echo pure and low,
 Clear, deep, and moving, as the night,
 And starred with orbs of lily light.
 Nor are they leaves alone that sing,
 Nor waves alone that flow ;
 The leaves are lifted on the wing
 Of voices from below ;
 The waters keep, with shade subdued,
 The image of a multitude—
 A merry crowd promiscuous met,
 Of every age and heart united—
 Grey hairs with golden twined, and yet
 With equal mien and eyes delighted,
 With thoughts that mix, and hands that lock,
 Behold they tread, with hurrying feet,
 Along the thousand paths that meet
 Beneath Amboise's rock ;
 For there upon the meadows wide,
 That couch along the river-side,
 Are pitched a snowy flock
 Of warrior tents, like clouds that rest,
 Through champaigns of the quiet west,
 When, far in distance, stretched serene,
 The evening sky lies calm and green.
 Amboise's lord must bear to-day
 His love-gage through the rival fray ;
 Through all the coasts of fiery France
 His challenge shook the air,
 That none could break so true a lance,
 Nor for a dame so fair.

II.

The lists are circled round with shields,
 Like lily-leaves that lie
 On forest pools in clustered fields

Of countless company.
 But every buckler's bosses black
 Dash the full beams of morning back,
 In orb'd wave of welded lines,
 With mingled blaze of crimson signs,
 And light of lineage high :
 As sounds that gush when thoughts are strong,
 But words are weak with tears,
 Awoke, above the warrior throng,
 The wind among the spears ;
 Afar in hollow surge they shook,
 As reeds along some summer brook,
 Glancing beneath the July moon,
 All bowed and touched in pleasant tune ;
 Their steely lightning passed and played
 Alternate with the cloudy shade
 Of crested casques, and flying flakes
 Of horse-manes, twined like sable snakes,
 And misty plumes in darkness drifted,
 And chargèd banners broadly lifted,
 Purpling the air with storm-tints cast
 Down through their undulation vast,
 Wide the billowy army strewing,
 Like to flags of victory
 From some wretched Armada's ruin,
 Left to robe the sea.

III.

As the morning star new risen
 In a circle of calm sky,
 Where the white clouds stand to listen
 For the spherèd melody
 Of her planetary path,
 And her soft rays pierce the wrath
 Of the night storms stretched below,
 Till they sink like wreaths of snow,
 (Lighting heaven with their decay)
 Into sudden silentness—

Throned above the stormy stress
 Of that knightly host's array,
 Goddess-formed, as one whom mortals
 Need but gaze on to obey,
 Distant seen, as through the portals
 Of some temple gray ;
 The glory of a marble dream,
 Kindling the eyes that gaze, the lips that pray—
 One gentle lady sat, retiring but supreme.

IV.

Upon her brow there was no crown,
 Upon her robe no gem ;
 Yet few were there who would not own
 Her queen of earth, and them,
 Because that brow was crowned with light
 As with a diadem,
 And her quick thoughts, as they did rise,
 Were in the deep change of her eyes,
 Traced one by one, as stars that start
 Out of the orbèd peace of night,
 Still drooping as they dart,
 And her sweet limbs shone heavenly bright,
 Following with undulation white,
 The heaving of her heart.
 High she sat, and all apart,
 Meek of mien, with eyes declined,
 Less like one of mortal mind,
 Than some changeless spirit shrined
 In the memories of men,
 Whom the passions of its kind
 Cannot hurt nor move again.

V.

High she sat in meekness shaming,
 All of best and brightest there,
 Till the herald's voice, proclaiming

Her the fairest of the fair,
 Rang along the morning air ;
 And then she started, and that shade,
 Which in the moonlit garden glade
 Had marked her with its mortal stain.
 Did pass upon her face again,
 And in her eye a sudden flash
 Came and was gone ; but it were rash
 To say if it were pride or pain ;
 And on her lips a smile, scarce worn,
 Less, as it seemed, of joy than scorn,
 Was with a strange quick quivering mixed,
 Which passed away, and left them fixed
 In calm, persisting, colourless,
 Perchance too perfect to be peace.
 A moment more, and still serene
 Returned, yet changed—her mood and mien ;
 What eye that traceless change could tell,
 Slight, transient,—but unspeakable !
 She sat, divine of soul and brow ;
 It passed,—and all is human now.

VI.

The multitude, with loud acclaim,
 Caught up the lovely lady's name ;
 Thrice round the lists arose the cry ;
 But when it sunk, and all the sky
 Grew doubly silent by its loss,
 A slow strange murmur came across
 The waves of the reposing air,
 A deep, soft voice that everywhere
 Arose at once, so lowly clear,
 That each seemed in himself to hear
 Alone, and fixed with sweet surprise,
 Did ask around him, with his eyes,
 If 'twere not some dream-music dim
 And false, that only rose for him.

VII.

“ Oh, lady Queen,—Oh, lady Queen !
 Fairest of all who tread
The soft earth carpet green,
 Or breathe the blessings shed
 By the stars and tempest free ;
Know thou, oh, lady Queen,
Earth hath borne, sun hath seen,
 Fairer than thee.
The flush of beauty burneth
 In the palaces of earth,
But thy lifted spirit scorneth
 All match of mortal birth :
And the nymph of the hill,
 And the naiad of the sea,
Were of beauty quenched and chill,
 Beside thee !
Where the grey cypress shadows
 Move onward with the moon,
Round the low-mounded meadows,
 And the grave-stones, whitely hewn,
Gleam like camp-fires through the night,
 There, in silence of long swoon,
 In the horror of decay ;
With the worm for their delight,
 And the shroud for their array,
With the garland on their brow,
 And the black cross by their side,
With the darkness for their beauty,
 And the dust for their pride,
With the smile of baffled pain
 On the cold lips half apart,
With the dimness on the brain,
 And the peace upon the heart ;
Even sunk in solemn shade,
 Underneath the cypress tree,
Lady Queen, there are laid
 Fairer than thee ! ”

VIII.

It passed away, that melodie,
 But none the minstrel there could see ;
 The lady sat still calm of thought,
 Save that there rose a narrow spot
 Of crimson on her cheek ;
 But then, the words were far and weak,
 Perchance she heard them not.
 The crowd still listening, feared to speak,
 And only mixed in sympathy
 Of pressing hand and wondering eye,
 And left the lists all hushed and mute,
 For every wind of heaven had sunk
 To that ærial lute.
 The ponderous banners, closed and shrunk
 Down from their listless lances hung,
 The windless plumes were feebly flung,
 With lifted foot, the listening steed,
 Did scarcely fret the fern,
 And the challenger on his charmed steed
 Sat statue-like and stern,
 Till mixed with martial trumpet-strain,
 The herald's voice arose again,
 Proclaiming that Amboise's lord
 Dared by the trial of the sword,
 The bravest knights of France, to prove
 Their fairer dame or truer love,—
 And ere the brazen blast had died,
 That strange sweet-singing voice replied,
 So wild that every heart did keep
 Its pulse to time the cadence deep :

IX.

"Where the purple swords are swiftest,
 And the rage of death unreigned,
 Lord of battle, though thou liftest
 Crest unstooped, and shield unstained,

Vain before thy footsteps fail,
 Useless spear and rended mail,
 Shuddering from thy glance and blow,
 Earth's best armies sink like snow ;
 Know thou this ; unmatched, unmet,
 Might hath children mightier yet.

“ The chapel vaults are deadly damp,
 Their air is breathless all,
 The downy bats they clasp and cramp
 Their cold wings to the wall ;
 The bright-eyed eft, from cranny and cleft,
 Doth noiselessly pursue
 The twining light of the death-worms white,
 In the pools of the earth dew ;
 The downy bat,—the death-worm white,
 And the eft with its sable coil—
 They are company good for a sworded knight,
 In his rest from the battle toil ;
 The sworded knight is sunk in rest,
 With the cross-hilt in his hand ;
 But his arms are folded o'er his breast
 As weak as ropes of sand.
 His eyes are dark, his sword of wrath
 Is impotent and dim ;
 Dark lord, in this thy victor path,
 Remember him.”

x.

The sounds sunk deeply,—and were gone,
 And for a time the quiet crowd
 Hung on the long departing tone,
 Of wailing in the morning cloud,
 In spirit wondering and beguiled ;
 Then turned with steadfast gaze to learn
 What reeked he, of such warning wild—
 Amboise's champion stern.

But little to their sight betrayed
 The visor bars and plumage shade ;
 The nearest thought he smiled ;
 Yet more in bitterness than mirth,
 And held his eyes upon the earth
 With thoughtful gaze, half sad, half keen,
 As they would seek beneath the screen
 Of living turf and golden bloom,
 The secrets of its under tomb.

XI.

A moment more, with burning look,
 High in the air his plume he shook,
 And waved his lance as in disdain,
 And struck his charger with the rein,
 And loosed the sword-hilt to his grasp,
 And closed the visor's grisly clasp,
 And all expectant sate and still ;
 The herald blew his summons shrill,
 Keen answer rose from list and tent,
 For France had there her bravest sent,
 With hearts of steel, and eyes of flame,
 Full armed the knightly concourse came ;
 They came like storms of heaven set free,
 They came like surges of the sea,
 Resistless, dark and dense,
 Like surges on a sable rock,
 They fell with their own fiery shock,
 Dashed into impotence.
 O'er each encounter's rush and gloom,
 Like meteor rose Amboise's plume,
 As stubble to his calm career ;
 Crashed from his breast the splintered spear,
 Before his charge the war-horse reeled,
 And bowed the helm, and sunk the shield,
 And checked the heart, and failed the arm ;
 And still the herald's loud alarm

Disturbed the short delay—
 On, chevaliers! for fame, for love,—
 For these dark eyes that burn above
 The field of your affray!

XII.

Six knights had fallen, the last in death,—
 Deeply the challenger drew his breath.
 The field was hushed,—the wind that rocked
 His standard staff grew light and low.
 A seventh came not. He unlocked
 His visor clasp, and raised his brow
 To catch its coolness. Marvel not
 If it were pale with weariness,
 For fast that day his hand had wrought
 Its warrior work of victory;
 Yet, one who loved him might have thought
 There was a trouble in his eye,
 And that it turned in some distress
 Unto the quiet sky.
 Indeed that sky was strangely still,
 And through the air unwonted chill
 Hung on the heat of noon;
 Men spoke in whispers, and their words
 Came brokenly, as if the chords
 Of their hearts were out of tune;
 And deeper still, and yet more deep
 The coldness of that heavy sleep
 Came on the lulled air. And men saw
 In every glance, an answering awe
 Meeting their own with doubtful change
 Of expectation wild and strange.
 Dread marvel was it thus to feel
 The echoing earth, the trumpet-peal,
 The thundering hoof, the crashing steel,
 Cease to a pause so dead,
 They heard the aspens moaning shiver,
 And the low tinkling of the river

Upon its pebble bed.
 The challenger's trump rang long and loud,
 And the light upon his standard proud
 Grew indistinct and dun ;
 The challenger's trump rang long and loud,
 And the shadow of a narrow cloud
 Came suddenly o'er the sun.

XIII.

A narrow cloud of outline quaint,
 Much like a human hand ;
 And after it, with following faint,
 Came up a dull grey lengthening band
 Of small cloud billows, like sea sand,
 And then out of the gaps of blue,
 Left moveless in the sky, there grew
 Long snaky knots of sable mist,
 Which counter winds did vex and twist,
 Knitted and loosed, and tossed and tore,
 Like passive weeds on that sandy shore ;
 And these seemed with their touch to infect
 The sweet white upper clouds, and checked
 Their pacing on the heavenly floor,
 And quenched the light which was to them
 As blood and life, singing the while
 A fitful requiem,
 Until the hues of each cloud isle
 Sank into one vast veil of dread,
 Coping the heaven as if with lead,
 With drag'd pale edges here and there,
 Through which the noon's transparent glare
 Fell with a dusky red.
 And all the summer voices sank
 To let that darkness pass ;
 The weeds were quiet on the bank,
 The cricket in the grass :
 The merry birds the buzzing flies,

The leaves of many lips,
 Did make their songs a sacrifice
 Unto the noon eclipse.

XIV.

The challenger's trump rang long and loud—
 Hark ! as its notes decay !
 Was it out of the earth—or up in the cloud?—
 Or an echo far away ?
 Soft it came and none knew whence—
 Deep, melodious and intense,
 So lightly breathed, so wildly blown,
 Distant it seemed—yet everywhere
 Possessing all the infinite air—
 One quivering trumpet tone !
 With slow increase of gathering sway,
 Louder along the wind it lay ;
 It shook the woods, it pressed the wave,
 The guarding rocks through chasm and cave
 Roared in their fierce reply.
 It rose, and o'er the lists at length
 Crashed into full tempestuous strength,
 Shook through its storm-tried turrets high
 Amboise's mountain home,
 And the broad thunder-vaulted sky
 Clanged like a brazen dome.

XV.

Unchanged, unchilled in heart and eye ;
 The challenger heard that dread reply ;
 His head was bowed upon his breast,
 And on the darkness in the west
 His glance dwelt patiently ;
 Out of that western gloom there came
 A small white vapour, shaped like flame,
 Unscattering, and on constant wing ;
 Rode lonely, like a living thing,

Upon its stormy path ; it grew,
 And gathered as it onward drew—
 It paused above the lists, a roof
 Inwoven with a lightning woof
 Of undulating fire, whose trace,
 Like corpse-fire on a human face,
 Was mixed of light and death ; it sank
 Slowly ; the wild war-horses shrank
 Tame from the nearing flash ; their eyes
 Glared the blue terror back, it shone
 On the broad spears, like wavering wan
 Of unaccepted sacrifice.

Down to the earth the smoke-cloud rolled—
 Pale shadowed through sulphurous fold,
 Banner and armor, spear and plume
 Gleamed like a vision of the tomb.
 One form alone was all of gloom—
 In deep and dusky arms arrayed,
 Changeless alike through flash and shade,
 Sudden within the barrier gate
 Behold, the Seventh champion sate !
 He waved his hand—he stooped his lance—
 The challenger started from his trance ;
 He plunged his spur—he loosed his rein—
 A flash—a groan—a woman's cry—
 And up to the receiving sky
 The white cloud rose again !

XVI.

The white cloud rose—the white cloud fled—
 The peace of heaven returned in dew,
 And soft and far the noontide shed
 Its holiness of blue.
 The rock, the earth, the wave, the brake
 Rejoiced beneath that sweet succeeding ;
 No sun nor sound can warm or wake
 One human heart's unheeding.

Stretched on the dark earth's bosom, chill,
 Amboise's lord lay stark and still.
 The heralds raise him, but to mark
 The last light leave his eyeballs dark—
 The last blood dwindle on his cheek—
 They turned ; a murmur wild and weak
 Passed on the air, in passion broken,
 The faint low sob of one in pain—
 "Lo ! the faith thou hast forgotten
 Binds thee with its broken chain ! "

PART FIFTH.

I.

The mists, that mark the day's decline,
 Have cooled and lulled the purple air ;
 The bell, from Saint Cecilia's shrine,
 Hath tolled the evening hour of prayer ;
 With folded veil, and eyes that shed
 Faint rays along the stones they tread,
 And bosom stooped, and step subdued,
 Came forth that ancient sisterhood ;
 Each bearing on her lips along
 Part of the surge of a low song,—
 A wailing requiem, wildly mixed
 With suppliant cry, how weak to win,
 From home so far—from fate so fixed,
 A Spirit dead in sin !
 Yet yearly must they meet, and pray
 For her who died—how long ago ?
 How long—'twere only Love could know ;
 And she, ere her departing day,
 Had watched the last of Love's decay ;
 Had felt upon her fading cheek
 None but a stranger's sighs ;

Had none but stranger souls to seek
 Her death-thoughts in her eyes ;
 Had none to guard her couch of clay,
 Or trim her funeral stone,
 Save those, who, when she passed away,
 Felt not the more alone.

II.

And years had seen that narrow spot
 Of death-sod levelled and forgot,
 Ere question came of record kept,
 Or how she died—or where she slept.
 The night was wild, the moon was late—
 A lady sought the convent gate ;
 The midnight chill was on her breast,
 The dew was on her hair,
 And in her eye there was unrest,
 And on her brow despair ;
 She came to seek the face, she said,
 Of one deep injured. One by one
 The gentle sisters came, and shed
 The meekness of their looks upon
 Her troubled watch. “ I know them not,
 I know them not,” she murmured still :
 “ Are then her face—her form forgot ? ”
 “ Alas ! we lose not when we will
 The thoughts of an accomplished ill ;
 The image of our love may fade,
 But what can quench a victim's shade ? ”

III.

“ She comes not yet. She will not come.
 I seek her chamber ; ” and she rose
 With a quick start of grief, which some
 Would have restrained ; but the repose
 Of her pale brow rebuked them. “ Back,”
 She cried, “ the path,—the place,—I know,—

Follow me not—though broad and black
 The night lies on that lonely track.
 There moves forever by my side
 A darker spirit for my guide ;
 A broader curse—a wilder woe,
 Must gird my footsteps as I go.”

IV.

Sternly she spoke, and, shuddering, sought
 The cloister arches, marble-wrought,
 That send, through many a trembling shaft
 The deep wind's full, melodious draught,
 Round the low space of billowy turf
 Where funeral roses flash like surf,
 O'er those who share the convent grave,
 Laid each beneath her own green wave.

V.

From stone to stone she passed, and spelt
 The letters with her fingers felt ;
 The stains of time are drooped across
 Those mouldering names, obscure with moss ;
 The hearts where once they deeply dwelt,
 With music's power to move and melt,
 Are stampless too—the fondest few
 Have scarcely kept a trace more true.

VI.

She paused at length beside a girth
 Of osiers overgrown and old ;
 And with her eyes fixed on the earth,
 Spoke slowly and from lips as cold
 As ever met the burial mould.

VII.

“I have not come to ask for peace
 From thee, thou unforgiving clay !
 The pangs that pass—the throbs that cease
 From such as thou, in their decay,

Bequeath them that repose of wrath
 So dark of heart, so dull of ear,
 That bloodless strength of sworded sloth,
 That shows not mercy, knows not fear,
 And keeps its death-smile of disdain
 Alike for pity, as for pain.
 But, galled by many a ghastly link,
 That bound and brought my soul to thee,
 I come to bid thy vengeance drink
 The wine of this my misery.
 Look on me as perchance the dead
 Can look ; through soul and spirit spread
 Before thee ; go thou forth, and tread
 The lone fields of my life, and see
 Those dark large flocks of restless pangs
 They pasture, and the thoughts of thee,
 That shepherd them, and teach their fangs
 To eat the green, and guide their feet
 To trample where the banks are sweet
 And judge betwixt us, which is best,
 My sleepless torture, or thy rest ;
 And which the worthier to be wept,
 The fate I caused, or that I kept.
 I tell thee, that my steps must stain
 With more than blood, their path of pain ;
 And I would fold my weary feet
 More gladly in thy winding-sheet,
 And wrap my bosom in thy shroud,
 And dash thy darkness on the crowd
 Of terrors in my sight, and sheathe
 Mine ears from their confusion loud,
 And cool my brain with cypress wreath
 More gladly from its pulse of blood,
 Than ever bride with orange bud
 Clouded her moony brow. Alas !
 This osier fence I must not pass.
 Wilt thou not thank me—that I dare
 To feel the beams and drink the breath

That curse me out of Heaven, nor share
 The cup that quenches human care,
 The sacrament of death ;
 But yield thee this, thy living prey
 Of erring soul and tortured clay,
 To feed thee, when thou com'st to keep
 Thy watch of wrath around my sleep,
 Or turn the shafts of daylight dim,
 With faded breast and frozen limb ?

VIII.

Yet come, and be, as thou hast been,
 Companion ceaseless—not unseen,
 Though gloomed the veil of flesh between
 Mine eyes and thine, and fast and rife
 Around me flashed the forms of life :
 I knew them by their change—for one
 I did not lose, I could not shun,
 Through laughing crowd, and lighted room,
 Through listed field, and battle's gloom,
 Through all the shapes and sounds that press
 The Path, or wake the Wilderness ;
 E'en when He came, mine eyes to fill,
 Whom Love saw solitary still,
 For ever, shadowy by my side,
 I heard thee murmur, watched thee glide ;
 But what shall now thy purpose bar ?
 The laughing crowd is scattered far,
 The lighted hall is left forlorn,
 The listed field is white with corn,
 And he, beneath whose voice and brow
 I could forget thee—is—as thou."

IX.

She spoke, she rose, and from that hour,
 The peasant groups that pause beside
 The chapel walls at eventide,

To catch the notes of chord and song
 That unseen fingers form, and lips prolong,
 Have heard a voice of deeper power,
 Of wilder swell, and purer fall,
 More sad, more modulate, than all.
 It is not keen, it is not loud,
 But ever heard alone,
 As winds that touch on chords of cloud
 Across the heavenly zone,
 Then chiefly heard, when drooped and drowned
 In strength of sorrow, more than sound ;
 That low articulated rush
 Of swift, but secret passion, breaking
 From sob to song, from gasp to gush ;
 Then failing to that deadly hush,
 That only knows the wilder waking—
 That deep, prolonged, and dream-like swell,
 So full that rose—so faint that fell,
 So sad—so tremulously clear—
 So checked with something worse than fear.
 Whose can they be ?
 Go, ask the midnight stars, that see
 The secrets of her sleepless cell,
 For none but God and they can tell
 What thoughts and deeds of darkened choice
 Gave horror to that burning voice—
 That voice, unheard save thus, untaught
 The words of penitence or prayer ;
 The grey confessor knows it not ;
 The chapel echoes only bear
 Its burst and burthen of despair ;
 And pity's voice hath rude reply,
 From darkened brow and downcast eye,
 That quench the question, kind or rash,
 With rapid shade, and reddening flash ;
 Or, worse, with the regardless trance
 Of sealèd ear, and sightless glance,
 That fearful glance, so large and bright,

That dwells so long, with heed so light,
 When far within, its fancy lies,
 Nor movement marks, nor ray replies,
 Nor kindling dawn, nor holy dew
 Reward the words that soothe or sue.

x.

Restless she moves ; beneath her veil
 That writhing brow is sunk and shaded ;
 Its touch is cold—its veins are pale—
 Its crown is lost—its lustre faded ;
 Yet lofty still, though scarcely bright,
 Its glory burns beneath the blight
 Of wasting thought, and withering crime,
 And curse of torture and of time ;
 Of pangs—of pride, endured—degraded—
 Of guilt unchecked, and grief unaided :
 Her sable hair is slightly braided,
 Warm, like south wind, its foldings float
 Round her soft hands and marble throat ;
 How passive these, how pulseless this,
 That love should lift, and life should warm !
 Ah ! where the kindness, or the kiss,
 Can break their dead and drooping charm !
 Perchance they were not always so :
 That breast hath sometimes movement deep,
 Timed like the sea that surges slow
 Where storms have trodden long ago ;
 And sometimes, from their listless sleep,
 Those hands are harshly writhed and knit,
 As grasping what their frenzied fit
 Deemed peace to crush, or death to quit.
 And then the sisters shrink aside ;
 They know the words that others hear
 Of grace, or gloom—to charm or chide,
 Fall on her inattentive ear,
 As falls the snowflake on the rock,

That feels no chill, and knows no shock ;
 Nor dare they mingle in her mood,
 So dark, and dimly understood ;
 And better so, if, as they say,
 'Tis something worse than solitude :
 For some have marked, when that dismay
 Had seemed to snatch her soul away,
 That in her eye's unquietness
 There shone more terror than distress ;
 And deemed they heard, when soft and dead,
 By night they watched her sleepless tread,
 Strange words addressed, beneath her breath,
 As if to one who heard in death,
 And, in the night wind's sound and sigh,
 Imagined accents of reply.

* * * * *

XI.

The sun is on his western march,
 His rays are red on shaft and arch ;
 With hues of hope their softness dyes
 The image with the lifted eyes,
 Where, listening still, with trançèd smile,
 Cecilia lights the glimmering aisle ;
 So calm the beams that flushed her rest
 Of ardent brow, and virgin breast
 Whose chill they pierced, but not profaned,
 And seemed to stir, what scarce they stained,
 So warm the life, so pure the ray :
 Such she had stood, ere snatched from clay,
 When sank the tones of sun and sphere,
 Deep melting on her mortal ear ;
 And angels stooped, with fond control,
 To write the rapture on her soul.

XII.

Two sisters, at the statue's feet,
 Paused in the altar's arched retreat,

As risen but now from earnest prayer—
 One aged and grey—one passing fair ;
 In changeful gush of breath and blood,
 Mute for a time the younger stood ;
 Then raised her head and spoke : the flow
 Of sound was measured, stern, and slow ;

XIII.

“ Mother ! thou sayest she died in strife
 Of heavenly wrath, and human woe ;
 For me, there is not that in life
 Whose loss could ask, or love could owe
 As much of pang as now I show :
 But that the book which angels write
 Within men’s spirits day by day
 That diary of judgment-light
 That cannot pass away,
 Which, with cold ear and glazing eye,
 Men hear and read before they die,
 Is open now before me set ;
 Its drifting leaves are red and wet
 With blood and fire, and yet, methought,
 Its words were music, were they not
 Written in darkness.

I confess !

Say’st thou ? The sea shall yield its dead,
 Perchance my spirit its distress ;
 Yet there are paths of human dread
 That none but God should trace or tread ;
 Men judge by a degraded law ;
 With Him I fear not : He who gave
 The sceptre to the passion, saw
 The sorrow of the slave.
 He made me, not as others are,
 Who dwell, like willows by a brook,
 That see the shadow of one star
 Forever with serenest look,

Lighting their leaves,—that only hear
 Their sun-stirred boughs sing soft and clear,
 And only live, by consciousness
 Of waves that feed, and winds that bless.
 Me—rooted on a lonely rock,

Amidst the rush of mountain rivers,
 He, doomed to bear the sound and shock
 Of shafts that rend and storms that rock,
 The frost that blasts, and flash that shivers ;
 And I am desolate and sunk.
 A lifeless wreck—a leafless trunk,
 Smitten with plagues, and seared with sin,
 And black with rottenness within,
 But conscious of the holier will
 That saved me long, and strengthens still.

XIV.

“ Mine eyes are dim, they scarce can trace
 The rays that pierce this lonely place ;
 But deep within their darkness dwell
 A thousand thoughts they knew — too well.
 Those orbèd towers obscure and vast,¹
 That light the Loire with sunset last ;
 Those fretted groups of shaft and spire
 That crest Amboise's cliff with fire,
 When, far beneath, in moonlight fail
 The winds that shook the pausing sail ;
 The panes that tint with dyes divine
 The altar of St. Hubert's shrine ;
 The very stone on which I knelt ;
 When youth was pure upon my brow,
 Though word I prayed, or wish I felt
 I scarce remember now.
 Methought that there I bowed to bless
 A warrior's sword—a wanderer's way :
 Ah ! nearer now, the knee would press

¹ Note. page 100.

The heart for which the lips would pray.
 The thoughts were meek, the words were low—
 I deemed them free from sinful stain ;
 It might be so. I only know
 These were unheard, and those were vain.

xv.

That stone is raised ;—where once it lay
 Is built a tomb of marble grey :¹
 Asleep within the sculptured veil
 Seems laid a knight in linked mail ;
 Obscurely laid in powerless rest,
 The latest of his line,
 Upon his casque he bears no crest,
 Upon his shield no sign.
 I've seen the day when through the blue
 Of broadest heaven his banner flew,
 And armies watched through farthest fight,
 The stainless symbol's stormy light
 Wave like an angel's wing.
 Ah ! now a scorned and scathed thing,
 It's silken folds the worm shall fret,
 The clay shall soil, the dew shall wet,
 Where sleeps the sword that once could save,
 And droops the arm that bore ;
 Its hues must gird a nameless grave ;
 Nor wind shall wake, nor lance shall wave,
 Nor glory gild it more :
 For he is fallen—oh ! ask not how,
 Or ask the angels that unlock
 The inmost grave's sepulchral rock ;
 I could have told thee once, but now
 'Tis madness in me all, and thou
 Wouldst deem it so, if I should speak.
 And I am glad my brain is weak ;—
 Ah, this is yet its only wrong,
 To know too well—to feel too long.

¹ Note, page 100.

XVI.

"But I remember how he lay
 When the rushing crowd were all away ;
 And how I called, with that low cry
 He never heard without reply ;
 And how there came no sound, nor sign
 And the feel of his dead lips on mine ;
 And when they came to comfort me,
 I laughed, because they could not see
 The stain of blood, or print of lance,
 To write the tomb upon the trance.
 I saw, what they had heeded not,
 Above his heart a small black spot ;
 Ah, woe ! I knew how deep within
 That stamp of death, that seal of sin
 Had struck with mortal agony
 The heart so false—to all but me.

XVII.

"Mother, methinks my soul can say
 It loved as well as woman's may ;
 And what I would have given, to gain
 The answering love, to count were vain ;
 I know not—what I gave I know—
 My hope on high, my all below.
 But hope and height of earth and heaven,
 Or highest sphere to angels given,
 Would I surrender, and take up
 The horror of this cross and cup
 I bear and drink, to win the thought
 That I had failed in what I sought.
 Alas ! I won—rejoiced to win
 The love whose every look was sin,
 Whose every dimly worded breath
 Was but the distant bell of death
 For her who heard, for him who spoke.

Ah ! though those hours were swift and few,
 The guilt they bore, the vow they broke,
 Time cannot punish—nor renew.

XVIII.

“They told me long ago that thou
 Hadst seen, beneath this very shade
 Of mouldering stone that wraps us now,
 The death of her whom he betrayed.
 Thine eyes are wet with memory,—
 In truth 'tis fearful sight to see
 E'en the last sands of sorrow run,
 Though the fierce work of death be done,
 And the worst woe that fate can will
 Bids but its victim to be still.
 But I beheld the darker years
 That first oppressed her beauty's bloom ;
 The sickening heart and silent tears
 That asked and eyed her early tomb ;
 I watched the deepening of her doom,
 As, pulse by pulse, and day by day,
 The crimson life-tint waned away
 And timed her bosom's quickening beat,
 That hastened only to be mute,
 And the short tones, each day more sweet,
 That made her lips like an Eolian lute,
 When winds are saddest ; and I saw
 The kindling of the unearthly awe
 That touched those lips with frozen light,
 The smile, so bitter, yet so bright,
 Which grief, that sculptured, seals its own.
 Which looks like life, but stays like stone ;
 Which checks with fear the charm it gives,
 And loveliest burns, when least it lives,—
 All this I saw. Thou canst not guess
 How woman may be merciless.
 One word from me had rent apart
 The chains that chafed her dying heart :

Closer I clasped the links of care,
And learned to pity—not to spare.

XIX.

“She might have been avenged ; for, when
Her woe was aidless among men,
And tooth of scorn and brand of shame
Had seared her spirit, soiled her name,
There came a stranger to her side,
Or—if a friend, forgotten long,
For hearts are frail, when hands divide.
There were who said her early pride
Had cast his love away with wrong ;
But that might be a dreamer’s song.
He looked like one whom power or pain
Had hardened, or had hewn, to rock
That could not melt nor rend again,
Unless the staff of God might shock,
And burst the sacred waves to birth
That deck with bloom the Desert’s dearth—
That dearth, that knows nor breeze, nor balm,
Nor feet that print, nor sounds that thrill,
Though cloudless was his soul, and calm,
It was the Desert still ;
And blest the wildest cloud had been
That broke the desolate serene,
And kind the storm, that farthest strewed
Those burning sands of solitude.

XX.

“Darkly he came, and in the dust
Had writ, perchance, Amboise’s shame ;
I knew the sword he drew was just,
And in my fear a fiend there came ;
It deepened first, and then derided
The madness of my youth ;

I deemed not that the God, who guided
 The battle blades in truth,
 Could gather from the earth the guilt
 Of holy blood in secret spilt.

XXI.

“I watched at night the feast flow high ;
 I kissed the cup he drank to die ;
 I heard at morn the trumpet call
 Leap cheerily round the guarded wall ;
 And laughed to think how long and clear
 The blast must be, for him to hear.
 He lies within the chambers deep,
 Beneath Amboise’s chapel floor,
 Where slope the rocks in ridges steep,
 Far to the river shore ;
 Where thick the summer flowers are sown,
 And, even within the deadening stone,
 A living ear can catch the close
 Of gentle waves forever sent,
 To soothe, with lull and long lament,
 That murdered knight’s repose :
 And yet he sleeps not well ;—but I
 Am wild, and know not what I say ;—
 My guilt thou knowest—the penalty
 Which I have paid, and yet must pay,
 Thou canst not measure. O’er the day
 I see the shades of twilight float—
 My time is short. Believest thou not ?
 I know my pulse is true and light,
 My step is firm, mine eyes are bright ;
 Yet see they—what thou canst not see,
 The open grave, deep dug for me ;
 The vespers we shall sing to-night
 My burial hymn shall be :
 But what the path by which I go,
 My heart desires yet dreads to know.

But this remember, (these the last
 Of words I speak for earthly ear ;
 Nor sign nor sound my soul shall cast,
 Wrapt in its final fear) :
 For him, forgiving, brave and true,
 Whom timeless and unshrived I slew,
 For him be holiest masses said,
 And rites that sanctify the dead,
 With yearly honor paid.
 For her, by whom he was betrayed,
 Nor blood be shed, nor prayer be made,—
 The cup were death—the words were sin,
 To judge the soul they could not win,
 And fall in torture o'er the grave
 Of one they could not wash, nor save.”

* * * * *

XXII.

The vesper beads are told and slipped,
 The chant has sunk by choir and crypt.
 That circle dark—they rise not yet ;
 With downcast eyes, and lashes wet,
 They linger, bowed and low ;
 They must not part before they pray
 For her who left them on this day
 How many years ago !

XXIII.

They knelt within the marble screen,
 Black-robed and moveless, hardly seen,
 Save by their shades that sometimes shook
 Along the quiet floor,
 Like leaf-shades on a waveless brook
 When the wind walks by the shore.
 The altar lights that burned between,
 Were seven small fire-shafts, white and keen,
 Intense and motionless.

They did not shake for breeze nor breath,
 They did not change, nor sink, nor shiver ;
 They burned as burn the barbs of death
 At rest within their angel's quiver.
 From lip to lip, in chorus kept,
 The sad sepulchral music swept,
 While *one* sweet voice unceasing led :
 Were there but mercy for the dead,
 Such prayer had power to soothe—to save—
 Ay, even beneath the binding grave ;
 So pure the springs of faith that fill
 The spirit's fount, at last unsealed.
 A corpse's ear, an angel's will,
 That voice might wake, or wield.
 Keener it rose, and wilder yet,
 The lifeless flowers that wreath and fret
 Column and arch with garlands white,
 Drank the deep fall of its delight,
 Like purple rain at evening shed
 On Sestri's cedar-darkened shore,
 When all her sunlit waves lie dead,
 And far along the mountains fled,
 Her clouds forget the gloom they wore,
 Till winding vale and pasture low
 Pant underneath their gush and glow ;
 So sank, so swept, on earth and air,
 That single voice of passion'd prayer.
 The hollow tombs gave back the tone,
 The roof's grey shafts of stalwart stone
 Quivered like chords, the keen night blast
 Grew tame beneath the sound. 'Tis past :
 That failing cry—how feebly flung !
 What charm is laid on her who sung ?
 Slowly she rose—her eyes were fixed
 On the void, penetrable air ;
 And in their glance was gladness mixed
 With terror, and an under glare :
 What human soul shall seize or share

The thoughts it might avow ?
 It might have been—ah ! is it now—
 Devotion ?—or despair ?

XXIV.

With steps whose short white flashes keep
 Beneath the shade of her loose hair,
 With measured pace, as one in sleep
 Who heareth music in the air,
 She left the sisters' circle deep.
 Their anxious eyes of troubled thought
 Dwelt on her but she heeded not ;
 Fear struck and breathless as they gazed,
 Before her steps their ranks divided ;
 Her hand was given—her face was raised
 As if to one who watched and guided—
 Her form emerges from the shade ;
 Lo ! she will cross, where full displayed
 Against the altar light 'tis thrown ;
 She crosses now—but not alone.
 Who leads her ? Lo ! the sisters' shrink
 Back from that guide with limbs that sink,
 And eyes that glaze, and lips that blench ;
 For, seen where broad the beams were cast
 By what it dimmed, but did not quench,
 A dark, veiled form there passed—
 Veiled with the nun's black robe, that shed
 Faint shade around its soundless tread ;
 Moveless and mute the folds that fell,
 Nor touch can change, nor breeze repel.
 Deep to the earth its head was bowed,
 Its face was bound with the white shroud ;
 One hand upon its bosom pressed—
 One seemed to lead its mortal guest ;
 The hand it held lay bright and bare,
 Cold as itself, and deadly fair.
 What oath had bound the fatal troth
 Whose horror seems to seal them both ?

Each powerless in the grasp they give,
This to release, and that to live.

XXV.

Like sister sails, that drift by night
Together on the deep,
Seen only where they cross the light
That pathless waves must pathlike keep
From fisher's signal fire, or pharos steep.

XXVI.

Like two thin wreaths that autumn dew
Hath framed of equal paced cloud,
Whose shapes the hollow night can shroud,
Until they cross some caverned place
Of moon illumined blue,
That live an instant, but must trace
Their onward way, to waste and wane
Within the sightless gloom again,
Where, scattered from their heavenly pride
Nor star nor storm shall gild or guide,—
So shape and shadow, side by side
The consecrated light had crossed.
Beneath the aisle an instant lost,
Behold! again they glide
Where yonder moonlit arch is bent
Above the marble steps' descent,—
Those ancient steps, so steep and worn,
Though none descend, unless it be
Bearing, or borne, to sleep, or mourn,
The faithful or the free.
The shade yon bending eypress cast,
Stirred by the weak and tremulous air,
Kept back the moonlight as they passed.
The rays returned: they were not there.
Who follows? Watching still, to mark
If ought returned—(but all was dark)

Down to the gate, by two and three,
 The sisters crept, how fearfully !
 They only saw, when there they came,
 Two wandering tongues of waving flame,
 O'er the white stones, confusedly strewed
 Across the field of solitude.

 NOTES.

Stanza II. Line 4.

“The image with the lifted eyes.”—I was thinking of the St. Cecilia of Raphael at Bologna, turned into marble—were it possible—where so much depends on the entranced darkness of the eyes. The shrine of St. Cecilia is altogether imaginary; she is not a favorite saint in matters of dedication. I don't know why.

Stanza XIV. Line 5.

“Those orbèd towers, obscure and vast.”—The circular tower, in Amboise, is so large as to admit of a spiral ascent in its interior, which two horsemen may ride up abreast. The chapel, which crowns the precipice, though small, is one of the loveliest bits of rich detail in France. It is terminated by a wooden spire. It is dedicated to St. Hubert, a grotesque piece of carving above the entrance representing his rencontre with the sacred stag.

Stanza XV. Line 2.

“Is built a tomb of marble grey.”—There is no such tomb now in existence, the chapel being circular, and unbroken in design; in fact, I have my doubts whether there ever was anything of the kind, the lady being slightly too vague in her assertions to deserve unqualified credit.

Stanza XXI. Line 42.

“Nor blood be shed.”—In the sacrifices of masses the priest is said to offer Christ for the quick and dead.

Stanza XXIII. Line 26.

“Like purple rain.”—I never saw such a thing but once, on the mountains of Sestri, in the gulf of Genoa. The whole western half of the sky was one intense amber color, the air crystalline and cloudless, the other half, grey with drifting showers. At the instant of sunset, the whole mass of rain turned of a deep rose-color, the consequent rainbow being not varied with the seven colors, but one broad belt of paler rose; the other tints being so delicate as to be overwhelmed by the crimson of the rain.

THE TEARS OF PSAMMENITUS.

[CAMBYSES, the son of Cyrus, made war on Psammenitus of Egypt, and deposed him. His sons were sentenced to death, his daughters to slavery. He saw his children pass to death and to dishonor without apparent emotion, but *wept* on observing a noble, who had been his companion, ask alms of the Persians. Cambyses sent to inquire the reason of his conduct. The substance of his reply was as follows:—]

SAY ye I wept? I do not know :—

There came a sound across my brain.

Which was familiar long ago ;

And through the hot and crimson stain

That floods the earth and chokes the air,

I saw the waving of white hair—

The palsy of an aged brow ,

I should have known it once, but now

One desperate hour hath dashed away

The memory of my kingly day.

Mute, weak, unable to deliver

That bowed distress of passion pale,

I saw that forehead's tortured quiver,

And watched the weary footstep fail,

With just as much of sickening thrill

As marked my heart was human still ;

Yes, though my breast is bound and barred

With pain, and though that heart is hard,

And though the grief that should have bent

Hath made me, what ye dare not mock,

The being of untamed intent,

Between the tiger and the rock,

There's that of pity's outward glow

May bid the tear atone,

In mercy to another's woe

For mockery of its own ;

It is not cold,—it is not less,

Though yielded in unconsciousness.

And it is well that I can weep,
 For in the shadow, not of sleep,
 Through which, as with a vain endeavor,
 These aged eyes must gaze forever,
 Their tears can cast the only light
 That mellows down the mass of night ;
 For they have seen the curse of sight
 My spirit guards the dread detail
 And wears their vision like a veil.
 They saw the low Pelusian shore
 Grow warm with death and dark with gore,

When on those widely watered fields,
 Shivered and sunk, betrayed, oppressed,
 Ionian sword and Carian crest,¹

And Egypt's shade of shields :
 They saw, oh God ! they still must see
 That dream of long dark agony,
 A vision passing, never past,
 A troop of kingly forms, that cast
 Cold quivering shadows of keen pain
 In bars of darkness o'er my brain :
 I see them move,—I hear them tread,

Each his untroubled eyes declining,
 Though fierce in front, and swift and red
 The Eastern sword is sheathless shining.
 I hear them tread,—the earth doth not !

Alas ! its echoes have forgot
 The fiery steps that shook the shore
 With their swift pride in days of yore.

In vain, in vain, in wrath arrayed,
 Shall Egypt wave her battle blade ;
 It cannot cleave the dull death shade,
 Where, sternly checked and lowly laid,
 Despised, dishonored, and betrayed,
 That pride is past, those steps are stayed.

¹ The Ionians and Carians were faithful auxiliaries of the Egyptian kings, from the beginning of the reign of Psammenitus. The helmet crest was invented by the Carians.

Oh! would I were as those who sleep
 In yonder island lone and low.¹
 Beside whose shore, obscure and deep,
 Sepulchral waters flow,
 And wake, with beating pause, like breath,
 Their pyramidal place of death ;
 For it is cool and quiet there,
 And on the calm frankincensed clay
 Passes no change, and this despair
 Shrinks like the baffled worm, their prey
 Alike impassive. I forget
 The thoughts of him who sent ye here :
 Bear back these words, and say, though yet
 The shade of this unkingly fear
 Hath power upon my brow, no tear
 Hath quenched the curse within mine eyes.
 And by that curse's fire,
 I see the doom that shall possess
 His hope, his passion, his desire,
 His life, his strength, his nothingness.
 I see across the desert led,²
 A plumed host, on whom distress
 Of fear and famine hath been shed ;
 Before them lies the wilderness,
 Behind, along the path they tread,
 If death make desolation less,
 There lie a company of dead
 Who cover the sand's hot nakedness
 With a cool moist bed of human clay,
 A soil and a surface of slow decay :

¹ Under the hill, on which the pyramids of Cheops were erected, were excavated vaults, around which a stream from the Nile was carried by a subterraneous passage. These were sepulchres for the kings, and Cheops was buried there himself.—HEROD., II., 187.

² Cambyses, after subduing Egypt, led an army against the Ethiopians. He was checked by famine. Persisting in his intention, until the troops were obliged to kill every tenth man for food, he lost the greater part of his army.

Through the dense and lifeless heap
 Irregularly rise
Short shuddering waves that heave and creep,
Like spasms that plague the guilty sleep,
 And where the motion dies,
A moaning mixes with the purple air,
They have not fallen in fight ; the trace
 Of war hath not passed by ;
There is no fear on any face,
 No wrath in any eye.
They have laid them down with bows unbent,
With swords unfleshed and innocent,
In the grasp of that famine whose gradual thrill
Is fiercest to torture and longest to kill :
Stretched in one grave on the burning plain
Coiled together in knots of pain,
Where the dead are twisted in skeleton writhe,
With the mortal pangs of the living and lithe ;
Soaking into the sand below,
With the drip of the death-dew, heavy and slow,
Mocking the heaven that heard no prayer,
With the lifted hand and the lifeless stare—
With the lifted hand, whose tremorless clay,
Though powerless to combat, is patient to pray.
And the glance that reflects, in its vain address,
Heaven's blue from its own white lifelessness ;
Heaped for a feast on the venomous ground,
For the howling jackal and herded hound ;
With none that can watch and with few that will weep
By the home they have left, or the home they must keep,
The strength hath been lost from the desolate land,
Once fierce as the simoon, now frail as the sand.
Not unavenged : their gathered wrath
Is dark along its desert path,
Nor strength shall bide, nor madness fly
The anger of their agony,
 For every eye, though sunk and dim,
And every lip, in its last need,

Hath looked and breathed a plague on him
 Whose pride they fell to feed.
 The dead remember well and long,
 And they are cold of heart and strong,
 They died, they cursed thee ; not in vain !
 Along the river's reedy plain
 Behold a troop,—a shadowy crowd—
 Of godlike spectres, pale and proud ;
 In concourse calm they move and meet,
 The desert billows at their feet,
 Heave like the sea when, deep distressed,
 The waters pant in their unrest.
 Robed in a whirl of pillared sand
 Avenging Ammon glides supreme ;¹
 The red sun smoulders in his hand
 And round about his brows, the gleam,
 As of a broad and burning fold
 Of purple wind, is wrapt and rolled.²
 With failing frame and lingering tread,
 Stern Apis follows, wild and worn ;³
 The blood by mortal madness shed,
 Frozen on his white limbs anguish-torn.
 What soul can bear, what strength can brook
 The God-distress that fills his look ?
 The dreadful light of fixed disdain,

¹ Cambyses sent 50,000 men to burn the temple of the Egyptian Jove or Ammon. They plunged into the desert and were never heard of more. It was reported they were overwhelmed with sand.

² The simoon is rendered visible by its purple tone of color.

³ The god Apis occasionally appeared in Egypt under the form of a handsome bull. He imprudently visited his worshippers immediately after Cambyses had returned from Ethiopia with the loss of his army and reason. Cambyses heard of his appearance, and insisted on seeing him. The officiating priests introduced Cambyses to the bull. The king looked with little respect on a deity whose divinity depended on the number of hairs in his tail, drew his dagger, wounded Apis in the thigh, and scourged all the priests. Apis died. From that time the insanity of Cambyses became evident, and he was subject to the violent and torturing passions described in the succeeding lines.

The fainting wrath, the flashing pain
 Bright to decree or to confess
 Another's fate—its own distress—
 A mingled passion and appeal,
 Dark to inflict and deep to feel.

Who are these that flitting follow
 Indistinct and numberless ?

As through the darkness, cold and hollow,
 Of some hopeless dream, there press
 Dim, delirious shapes that dress
 Their white limbs with folds of pain ;
 See the swift mysterious train—

Forms of fixed, embodied feeling,
 Fixed, but in a fiery trance,
 Of wildering mien and lightning glance,
 Each its inward power revealing
 Through its quivering countenance ;
 Visible living agonies,

Wild with everlasting motion,
 Memory with her dark dead eyes,
 Tortured thoughts that useless rise,
 Late remorse and vain devotion,
 Dreams of cruelty and crime,
 Unmoved by rage, untamed by time,
 Of fierce design, and fell delaying,
 Quenched affection, strong despair,
 Wan disease, and madness playing
 With her own pale hair.

The last, how woeful and how wild !

Enrobed with no diviner dread
 Than that one smile, so sad, so mild,
 Worn by the human dead ;
 A spectre thing, whose pride of power
 Is vested in its pain

Becoming dreadful in the hour

When what it seems was slain.
 Bound with the chill that checks the sense,

It moves in spasm-like spell :

It walks in that dead impotence,
 How weak, how terrible !
 Cambyses, when thy summoned hour
 Shall pause on Ecbatana's Tower,
 Though barbed with guilt, and swift, and fierce,
 Unnumbered pangs thy soul shall pierce
 The last, the worst thy heart can prove,
 Must be that brother's look of love ;¹
 That look that once shone but to bless,
 Then changed, how mute, how merciless !
 His blood shall bathe thy brow, his pain
 Shall bind thee with a burning chain,
 His arms shall drag, his wrath shall thrust
 Thy soul to death, thy throne to dust ;
 Thy memory darkened with disgrace,
 Thy kingdom wrested from thy race,²
 Condemned of God, accursed of men,
 Lord of my grief, remember then,
 The tears of him—who will not weep again.

 THE TWO PATHS.

I.

THE paths of life are rudely laid
 Beneath the blaze of burning skies ;
 Level and cool, in cloistered shade,
 The church's pavement lies.
 Along the sunless forest glade
 Its gnarled roots are coiled like crime,

¹ Cambyses caused his brother Smerdis to be slain ; suspecting him of designs on the throne. This deed he bitterly repented of on his death-bed, being convinced of the innocence of his brother.

² Treacherously seized by Smerdis the Magus, afterwards attained by Darius Hystaspes, through the instrumentality of his groom. Cambyses died in the Syrian Ecbatana, of a wound accidentally received in the part of the thigh where he had wounded Apis.

Where glows the grass with freshening blade,
 Thine eyes may track the serpent slime ;
 But there thy steps are unbetrayed,
 The serpent waits a surer time.

II.

The fires of earth are fiercely blent,
 Its suns arise with scorching glow ;
 The church's light hath soft descent,
 And hues like God's own bow.
 The brows of men are darkly bent,
 Their lips are wreathed with scorn and guile ;
 But pure, and pale, and innocent
 The looks that light the marble aisle—
 From angel eyes, in love intent,
 And lips of everlasting smile.

III.

Lady, the fields of earth are wide,
 And tempt an infant's foot to stray :
 Oh ! lead thy loved one's steps aside,
 Where the white altar lights his way.
 Around his path shall glance and glide,
 A thousand shadows false and wild ;
 Oh ! lead him to that surer Guide,
 Than sire, serene, or mother mild,
 Whose childhood quelled the age of pride,
 Whose Godhead called the little child.

IV.

So when thy breast of love untold,
 That warmed his sleep of infancy,
 Shall only make the marble cold,
 Beneath his aged knee ;
 From its steep throne of heavenly gold
 Thy soul shall stoop to see

His grief, that cannot be controlled,
Turning to God from thee—
Cleaving with prayer the cloudy fold,
That veils the sanctuary.

THE OLD WATER-WHEEL .

It lies beside the river ; where its marge
Is black with many an old and oarless barge,
And yeasty filth, and leafage wild and rank
Stagnate and batten by the crumbling bank.

Once, slow revolving by the industrious mill,
It murmured, only on the Sabbath still ;
And evening winds its pulse-like beating bore
Down the soft vale, and by the winding shore.

Sparkling around its orbèd motion flew,
With quick, fresh fall, the drops of dashing dew,
Through noon-tide heat that gentle rain was flung,
And verdant round the summer herbage sprung.

Now dancing light and sounding motion cease,
In these dark hours of cold continual peace ;
Through its black bars the unbroken moonlight flows,
And dry winds howl about its long repose ;

And mouldering lichens creep, and mosses grey
Cling round its arms, in gradual decay,
Amidst the hum of men—which doth not suit
That shadowy circle, motionless and mute.

So, by the sleep of many a human heart,
The crowd of men may bear their busy part,
Where withered, or forgotten, or subdued,
Its noisy passions have left solitude.

Ah, little can they trace the hidden truth !
 What waves have moved it in the vale of youth !
 And little can its broken chords avow
 How they once sounded. All is silent now.

THE DEPARTED LIGHT.

THOU know'st the place where purple rocks receive
 The deepened silence of the pausing stream ;
 And myrtles and white olives interweave
 Their cool grey shadows with the azure gleam
 Of noontide ; and pale temple columns cleave
 Those waves with shafts of light (as through a dream
 Of sorrow, pierced the memories of loved hours—
 Cold and fixed thoughts that will not pass away)
 All chapleted with wreaths of marble flowers,
 Too calm to live,—too lovely to decay.
 And hills rise round, pyramidal and vast,
 Like tombs built of blue heaven, above the clay
 Of those who worshipped here, whose steps have past
 To silence—leaving o'er the waters cast
 The light of their religion. There, at eve,
 That gentle dame would walk, when night-birds make
 The starry myrtle blossoms pant and heave
 With waves of ceaseless song ; she would awake
 The lulled air with her kindling thoughts, and leave
 Her voice's echo on the listening lake ;
 The quenched rays of her beauty would deceive
 Its depths into quick joy. Hill, wave, and brake
 Grew living as she moved : I did believe
 That they were lovely, only for her sake ;
 But now—she is not there—at least, the chill
 Hath passed upon her which no sun shall break.
 Stranger, my feet must shun the lake and hill :—
 Seek them,—but dream not they are lovely still.

AGONIA.

WHEN our delight is desolate,
And hope is overthrown ;
And when the heart must bear the weight
Of its own love alone ;

And when the soul, whose thoughts are deep,
Must guard them unrevealed,
And feel that it is full, but keep
That fullness calm and sealed ;

When love's long glance is dark with pain—
With none to meet or cheer ;
And words of woe are wild in vain
For those who cannot hear ;

When earth is dark and memory
Pale in the heaven above,—
The heart can bear to lose its joy,
But not to cease to love.

But what shall guide the choice within,
Of guilt or agony,—
When to remember is to sin,
And to forget—to die !

THE LAST SONG OF ARION.

*ὦ λιλγείας μορον ἀηδόνας
 * * * κύκνου δίκην
 τὸν ὕστατον μέλψασα θανασιμον γόνον.*

THE circumstances which led to the introduction of Arion to his Dolphin are differently related by Herodotus and Lucian. Both agree that he was a musician of the highest order born at Methymna, in the island of Lesbos, and that he acquired fame and fortune at the court of Periander of Corinth. Herodotus affirms that he became desirous of seeing Italy and Sicily, and having made a considerable fortune in those countries, hired a Corinthian vessel to take him back to Corinth. When halfway over the gulf the mariners conceived the idea of seizing the money and throwing the musician into the sea.

Arion started several objections, but finding that they were overruled, requested that he might be permitted to sing them a song.

Permission being granted he wreathed himself and his harp with flowers, sang, says Lucian, in the sweetest way in the world, and leaped into the sea.

The historian proceeds with less confidence to state that a dolphin carried him safe ashore. Lucian agrees with this account except in one particular: he makes no mention of the journey to Sicily, and supposes Arion to have been returning from Corinth to his native Lesbos when the attack was made on him. I have taken him to Sicily with Herodotus, but prefer sending him straight home. He is more interesting returning to his country than paying his respects at the court of Corinth.

L.

Look not upon me thus impatiently,
 Ye children of the deep ;
 My fingers fail, and tremble as they try
 To stir the silver sleep with song,
 Which underneath the surge ye sweep,
 These lulled and listless chords must keep—
 Alas—how long !

II.

The salt sea wind has touched my harp ; its thrill
 Follows the passing plectrum, low and chill,
 Woe for the wakened pulse of Ocean's breath,
 That injures these with silence—me with death.
 Oh wherefore stirred the wind on Pindu's chain,
 When joyful morning called me to the main ?
 Flashed the keen oars—our canvas filled and free,
 Shook like white fire along the purple sea,
 Fast from the helm the shattering surges flew,
 Pale gleamed our path along their cloven blue ;
 And orient path, wild wind and purple wave,
 Pointed and urged and guided to the grave.

III.

Ye winds ! by far Methymna's steep,
 I loved your voices long,
 And gave your spirits power to keep
 Wild syllables of song,
 When, folded in the crimson shade
 That veils Olympus' cloud-like whiteness,
 The slumber of your life was laid
 In the lull of its own lightness,
 Poised on the voiceless ebb and flow
 Of the beamy-billowed summer snow,
 Still at my call ye came—
 Through the thin wreaths of undulating flame
 That panting in their heavenly home,
 With crimson shadows flush the foam
 Of Adramyttium, round the ravined hill,
 Awakened with one deep and living thrill,
 Ye came and with your steep descent,
 The hollow forests waved and bent,
 Their leaf-lulled echoes caught the winding call.
 Through incensed glade and rosy dell,
 Mixed with the breath-like pause and swell
 Of waters following in eternal fall,

In azure waves, that just betray
 The music quivering in their spray
 Beneath its silent seven-fold arch of day
 High in pale precipices hung
 The lifeless rocks of rigid marble rung,
 Waving the cedar crests along their brows sublime,
 Swift ocean heard beneath, and flung
 His tranced and trembling waves in measured time
 Along his golden sands with faintly falling chime.

IV.

Alas ! had ye forgot the joy I gave,
 That ye did hearken to my call this day ?
 Oh ! had ye slumbered—when your sleep could save,
 I would have fed you with sweet sound for aye,
 Now ye have risen to bear my silent soul away.

V.

I heard ye murmur through the Etnæan caves,
 When joyful dawn had touched the topmost dome,
 I saw ye light along the mountain waves
 Far to the east, your beacon fires of foam,
 And deemed ye rose to bear your weary minstrel home.
 Home ? it shall be that home indeed,
 Where tears attend and shadows lead
 The steps of man's return ;
 Home ! woe is me, no home I need,
 Except the urn.
 Behold—beyond these billows' flow,
 I see Methymna's mountains glow ;
 Long, long desired, their peaks of light
 Flash on my sickened soul and sight,
 And heart and eye almost possess
 Their vales of long lost pleasantness ;
 But eye and heart, before they greet
 That land, shall cease to burn and beat.
 I see, between the sea and land,
 The winding belt of golden sand ;

But never may my footsteps reach
 The brightness of that Lesbian beach,
 Unless, with pale and listless limb,
 Stretched by the water's utmost brim,
 Naked, beneath my native sky,
 With bloodless brow, and darkened eye,
 An unregarded ghastly heap,
 For bird to tear and surge to sweep,
 Too deadly calm—too coldly weak
 To reckon of billow, or of beak.

VI.

My native isle! When I have been
 Reft of my love, and far from thee
 My dreams have traced, my soul hath seen
 Thy shadow on the sea,
 And waked in joy, but not to seek
 Thy winding strand, or purple peak.
 For strand and peak had waned away
 Before the desolating day,
 On Acro-Corinth redly risen,
 That burned above Ægina's bay,
 And laughed upon my palace prison.
 How soft on other eyes it shone,
 When light, and land, were all their own,
 I looked across the eastern brine,
 I knew *that* morning was not mine.

VII.

But thou art near me now, dear isle!
 And I can see the lightning smile
 By thy broad beach, that flashes free
 Along the pale lips of the sea.
 Near, nearer, louder, breaking, beating,
 The billows fall with ceaseless shower;
 It comes,—dear isle!—our hour of meeting—
 Oh God! across the soft eyes of the hour

Is thrown a black and blinding veil ;
 Its steps are swift, its brow is pale,
 Before its face, behold—there stoop,
 From their keen wings, a darkening troop
 Of forms like unto it—that fade
 Far in unfathomable shade,
 Confused, and limitless, and hollow,
 It comes, but there are none that follow,—
 It pauses, as they paused, but not
 Like them to pass away,
 For I must share its shadowy lot,
 And walk with it, where wide and grey,
 That caverned twilight chokes the day,
 And, underneath the horizon's starless line,
 Shall drink, like feeble dew, its life and mine.

VIII.

Farewell, sweet harp ! for lost and quenched
 Thy swift and sounding fire shall be ;
 And these faint lips be mute and blenched,
 That once so fondly followed thee.
 Oh ! deep within the winding shell
 The slumbering passions haunt and dwell,
 As memories of its ocean tomb
 Still gush within its murmuring gloom ;
 But closed the lips and faint the fingers
 Of fiery touch, and woven words,
 To rouse the flame that clings and lingers
 Along the loosened chords.
 Farewell ! thou silver-sounding lute,
 I must not wake thy wildness more,
 When I and thou lie dead, and mute,
 Upon the hissing shore.

IX.

The sounds I summon fall and roll
 In waves of memory o'er my soul ;

And there are words I should not hear,
 That murmur in my dying ear,
 Distant all, but full and clear,
 Like a child's footstep in its fear,
 Falling in Colono's wood
 When the leaves are sere ;
 And waves of black, tumultuous blood
 Heave and gush about my heart,
 Each a deep and dismal mirror
 Flashing back its broken part
 Of visible, and changeless terror ;
 And fiery foam-globes leap and shiver
 Along that crimson, living river ;
 Its surge is hot, its banks are black,
 And weak, wild thoughts that once were bright,
 And dreams, and hopes of dead delight,
 Drift on its desolating track,
 And lie along its shore :
 Oh ! who shall give that brightness back,
 Or those lost hopes restore ?
 Or bid that light of dreams be shed
 On the glazed eye-balls of the dead ?

x.

That light of dreams ! my soul hath cherished
 One dream too fondly, and too long.
 Hope—dread—desire—delight have perished,
 And every thought whose voice was strong
 To curb the heart to good or wrong ;
 But that sweet dream is with me still
 Like the shade of an eternal hill,
 Cast on a calm and narrow lake,
 That hath no room except for it—and heaven :
 It doth not leave me, nor forsake ;
 And often with my soul hath striven
 To quench or calm its worst distress,
 Its silent sense of loneliness.
 And must it leave me now ?

Alas ! dear lady, where my steps must tread,
 What veils the echo or the glow
 That word can leave, or smile can shed,
 Among the soundless, lifeless dead ?
 Soft o'er my brain the lulling dew shall fall,
 While I sleep on, beneath the heavy sea,
 Coldly,—I shall not hear though thou shouldst call.
 Deeply,—I shall not dream,—not e'en of thee.

XI.

And when my thoughts to peace depart
 Beneath the unpeaceful foam,
 Wilt thou remember him, whose heart
 Hath ceased to be thy home ?
 Nor bid thy breast its love subdue
 For one no longer fond nor true ;
 Thine ears have heard a treacherous tale,
 My words were false,—my faith was frail.
 I feel the grasp of death's white hand
 Laid heavy on my brow,
 And from the brain those fingers brand,
 The chords of memory drop like sand,
 And faint in muffled murmurs die,
 The passionate word, the fond reply,
 The deep redoubled vow.
 Oh ! dear Ismene flushed and bright,
 Although thy beauty burn,
 It cannot wake to love's delight
 The crumbling ashes quenched and white,
 Nor pierce the apathy of night
 Within the marble urn :
 Let others wear the chains I wore,
 And worship at the unhonored shrine—
 For me, the chain is strong no more,
 No more the voice divine :
 Go forth, and look on those that live,
 And robe thee with the love they give,
 But think no more of mine ;

Or think of all that pass thee by,
 With heedless heart and unveiled eye,
 That none can love thee *less* than I.

XII.

Farewell ; but do not grieve ; thy pain
 Would seek me where I sleep,
 Thy tears would pierce like rushing rain,
 The stillness of the deep.
 Remember, if thou wilt, but do not weep.
 Farewell, beloved hills, and native isle.
 Farewell to earth's delight, to heaven's smile ;
 Farewell to sounding air, to purple sea ;
 Farewell to light,—to life,—to love,—to thee.

 THE HILLS OF CARRARA.¹

I.

AMIDST a vale of springing leaves,
 Where spreads the vine its wandering root,
 And cumbrous fall the autumnal sheaves,
 And olives shed their sable fruit,
 And gentle winds, and waters never mute,
 Make of young boughs and pebbles pure
 One universal lute,
 And bright birds, through the myrtle copse obscure,
 Pierce with quick notes, and plumage dipped in dew,
 The silence and the shade of each lulled avenue.

¹The mountains of Carrara, from which nearly all the marble now used in sculpture is derived, form by far the finest piece of hill scenery I know in Italy. They rise out of valleys of exquisite richness, being themselves singularly desolate, magnificent in form and noble in elevation, but without forests on their flanks and without one blade of grass on their summits.

II.

Far in the depths of voiceless skies,
 Where calm and cold the stars are strewed,
 The peaks of pale Carrara rise.
 Nor sound of storm, nor whirlwind rude,
 Can break their chill of marble solitude ;
 The crimson lightnings round their crest
 May hold their fiery feud —
 They hear not, nor reply ; their chasmed rest
 No flowret decks, nor herbage green, nor breath
 Of moving thing can change their atmosphere of **death**.

III.

But far beneath, in folded sleep,
 Faint forms of heavenly life are laid,
 With pale brows and soft eyes, that keep
 Sweet peace of unawakened shade,
 Whose wreathed limbs, in robes of rock arrayed,
 Fall like white waves on human thought,
 In fitful dreams displayed ;
 Deep through their secret homes of slumber sought,
 They rise immortal, children of the day,
 Gleaming with godlike forms on earth, and her decay.

IV.

Yes, where the bud hath brightest germ,
 And broad the golden blossoms glow,
 There glides the snake and works the worm
 And black the earth is laid below.
 Ah ! think not thou the souls of men to know ;
 By outward smiles in wildness worn ;
 The words that jest at woe
 Spring not less lightly, though the heart be **torn**,
 The mocking heart, that scarcely dares confess
 Even to itself, the strength of its own bitterness.

Nor deem that they whose words are cold,
 Whose brows are dark, have hearts of steel,
 The couchant strength, untraced, untold,
 Of thoughts they keep and throbs they feel,
 May need an answering music to unseal,
 Who knows what waves may stir the silent sea,
 Beneath the low appeal
 From distant shores, of winds unfelt by thee?
 What sounds may wake within the winding shell,
 Responsive to the charm of those who touch it well!

 THE BATTLE OF MONTENOTTE.

“My patent of nobility” (said Napoleon) “dates from the Battle of Montenotte.”

I.

Slow lifts the night her starry host
 Above the mountain chain
 That guards the grey Ligurian coast,
 And lights the Lombard plain;
 That plain, that softening on the sight
 Lies blue beneath the balm of night,
 With lapse of rivers lulled, that glide
 In lustre broad of living tide,
 Or pause for hours of peace beside
 The shores they double, and divide,
 To feed with heaven's reverted hue
 The clustered vine's expanding blue:
 With crystal flow, for evermore,
 They lave a blood-polluted shore;
 Ah! not the snows, whose wreaths renew
 Their radiant depth with stainless dew,
 Can bid their banks be pure, or bless
 The guilty land with holiness.

II.

In stormy waves, whose wrath can reach
 The rocks that back the topmost beach,
 The midnight sea falls wild and deep
 Around Savona's marble steep,

And Voltri's crescent bay.

What fiery lines are these, that flash
 Where fierce the breakers curl and crash,

And fastest flies the spray?

No moon has risen to mark the night,
 Nor such the flakes of phosphor light
 That wake along the southern wave,
 By Baiæ's cliff and Capri's cave,

Until the dawn of day :

The phosphor flame is soft and green
 Beneath the hollow surges seen ;

But these are dyed with dusky red
 Far on the fitful surface shed ;

And evermore, their glance between,
 The mountain gust is deeply stirred
 With low vibration, felt, and heard,
 Which winds and leaves confuse, in vain.

It gathers through their maze again,
 Redoubling round the rocks it smote,

Till falls in fear the night-bird's note,
 And every sound beside is still,

But plash of torrent from the hill,
 And murmur by the branches made
 That bend above its bright cascade.

III.

Hark, hark ! the hollow Apennine

Laughs in his heart afar ;

Through all his vales he drinks like wine

The deepening draught of war ;

For not with doubtful burst, or slow,

That thunder shakes his breathless snow,

But ceaseless rends, with rattling stroke,
 The veils of white volcano-smoke
 That o'er Legino's ridges rest,
 And writhe in Merla's vale :
 There lifts the Frank his triple crest,
 Crowned with its plumage pale,
 Though, clogged and dyed with stains of death,
 It scarce obeys the tempest's breath,
 And darker still, and deadlier press
 The war-clouds on its weariness.
 Far by the bright Bormida's banks
 The Austrian cheers his chosen ranks,
 In ponderous waves, that, where they check
 Rise o'er their own tumultuous wreck,
 Recoiling—crashing—gathering still
 In rage around that Island hill.

Where stand the moveless Few—
 Few—fewer as the moments flit ;
 Though shaft and shell their column split
 As morning melts the dew,
 Though narrower yet their guarding grows,
 And hot the heaps of carnage close,
 In death's faint shade and fiery shock,
 They stand, one ridge of living rock,
 Which steel may rend, and wave may wear,
 And bolt may crush, and blast may tear,

But none can strike from its abiding.
 The flood, the flash, the steel, may bear
 Perchance destruction—not despair,
 And death—but not dividing.
 What matter ? while their ground they keep
 Though here a column—there an heap—
 Though these in wrath—and those in sleep,
 If all are *there*.

IV.

Charge, D'Argenteau ! Fast flies the night,
 The snows look wan with inward light :

Charge, D'Argenteau! Thy kingdom's power
 Wins not again this hope, nor hour :
 The force—the fate of France is thrown
 Behind those feeble shields,
 That ridge of death-defended stone
 Were worth a thousand fields !
 In vain—in vain ! Thy broad array
 Breaks on their front of spears like spray
 Thine hour hath struck—the dawning red
 Is o'er thy wavering standards shed ;
 A darker dye thy folds shall take
 Before its utmost beams can break.

v.

Out of its Eastern fountains
 The river of day is drawn,
 And the shadows of the mountains
 March downward from the dawn,—
 The shadows of the ancient hills
 Shortening as they go,
 Down beside the dancing rills
 Wearily and slow.
 The morning wind the mead hath kissed ;
 It leads in narrow lines
 The shadows of the silver mist,
 To pause among the pines.
 But where the sun is calm and hot,
 And where the wind hath peace,
 There is a shade that pauseth not,
 And a sound that doth not cease.
 The shade is like a sable river
 Broken with sparkles bright ;
 The sound is like dead leaves that shiver
 In the decay of night.

vi.

Together come with pulse-like beat
 The darkness, and the tread ;

A motion calm—a murmur sweet,
 Yet deathful both, and dread ;
 Poised on the hill, a fringed shroud,
 It wavered like the sea,
 Then clove itself, as doth a cloud,
 In sable columns three.
 They fired no shot—they gave no sign,—
 They blew no battle peal,
 But down they came, in deadly line,
 Like whirling bars of steel.
 As fades the forest from its place,
 Beneath the lava flood,
 The Austrian host, before their face,
 Was melted into blood :
 They moved, as moves the solemn night,
 With hulling, and release,
 Before them, all was fear and flight,
 Behind them, all was peace :
 Before them flashed the roaring glen
 With bayonet and brand ;
 Behind them lay the wrecks of men,
 Like sea-weed on the sand.

VII.

But still, along the cumbered heath,
 A vision strange and fair
 Did fill the eyes that failed in death,
 And darkened in despair ;
 Where blazed the battle wild and hot
 A youth, deep-eyed and pale,
 Did move amidst the storm of shot,
 As the fire of God through hail,
 He moved, serene as spirits are,
 And dying eyes might see
 Above his head a crimson star
 Burning continually.

* * * * *

VIII.

With bended head, and breathless tread,
 The traveller tracks that silent shore,
 Oppressed with thoughts that seek the dead,
 And visions that restore,
 Or lightly trims his pausing bark,
 Where lies the ocean lulled and dark,
 Beneath the marble mounds that stay
 The strength of many a bending bay,
 And lace with silver lines the flow
 Of tideless waters to and fro,

As drifts the breeze, or dies.

That scarce recalls its lightness, left
 In many a purple-curtained cleft,
 Whence to the softly lighted skies
 Low flowers lift up their dark blue eyes,
 To bring by fits the deep perfume
 Alternate, as the bending bloom

Diffuses or denies.

Above, the slopes of mountain shine,
 Where glows the citron, glides the vine,
 And breathes the myrtle wildly bright,
 And aloes lift their lamps of light,
 And ceaseless sunbeams clothe the calm
 Of orbèd pine and vaulted palm,
 Dark trees, that sacred order keep,
 And rise in temples o'er the steep—
 Eternal shrines, whose columned shade
 Though winds may shake, and frosts may fade,
 And dateless years subdue,
 Is softly builded, ever new,

By angel hands, and wears the dread
 And stillness of a sacred place,
 A sadness of celestial grace,
 A shadow, God-inhabited.

IX.

And all is peace, around, above,
 The air all balm—the light all love,
 Enduring love, that burns and broods
 Serenely o'er these solitudes,
 Or pours at intervals a part
 Of Heaven upon the wanderer's heart,
 Whose subjects old and quiet thought
 Are open to be touched or taught,
 By mute address of bud and beam
 Of purple peak and silver stream—
 By sounds that fall at nature's choice,
 And things whose being is their voice,
 Innumerable tongues that teach
 The will and ways of God to men,
 In waves that beat the lonely beach,
 And winds that haunt the homeless glen,
 Where they, who ruled the rushing deep,
 The restless and the brave,
 Have left along their native steep
 The ruin, and the grave.

X.

And he who gazes while the day
 Departs along the boundless bay,
 May find against its fading streak
 The shadow of a single peak,
 Seen only when the surges smile,
 And all the heaven is clear,
 That sad and solitary isle.¹
 Where, captive, from his red career,
 He sank—who shook the hemisphere,
 Then, turning from the hollow sea,
 May trace, across the crimsoned height

¹ Elba.

That saw his earliest victory,
 The purple rainbow's resting light,
 And the last lines of storm that fade
 Within the peaceful evening-shade.

 NOTES.

STANZA 3.—Line 9.—*That o'er Legino's ridges rest.*

The Austrian centre, 10,000 strong, had been advanced to Montenotte in order, if possible, to cut asunder the French force which was following the route of the Corniche. It encountered at Montenotte, only Colonel Rampon, at the head of 1,200 men, who, retiring to the redoubt at Monte Legino, defended it against the repeated attacks of the Austrians until nightfall—making his soldiers swear to conquer or die. The Austrian General Roccavina was severely wounded, and his successor, D'Argenteau, refused to continue the attack. Napoleon was lying at Savona, but set out after sunset with the divisions of Massena and Serrurier, and occupied the heights at Montenotte. At daybreak the Imperialists found themselves surrounded on all sides, and were totally defeated, with the loss of two thousand prisoners, and above one thousand killed and wounded. [April 12, 1796.]

This victory, the first gained by Napoleon, was the foundation of the success of the Italian campaign. Had Colonel Rampon been compelled to retire from Monte Legino, the fate of the world would probably have been changed.—*Vide* Alison, ch. 20.

STANZA 7.—Line 6.—*Where lies the ocean lulled and dark.*

The view given in the engraving, though not near the scene of the battle, is very characteristic of the general features of the coast. The ruins in the centre are the Château de Cornolet, near Mentoni; the sharp dark promontory running out beyond, to the left, is the Capo St. Martin; that beyond it is the promontory of Monaco. Behind the hills, on the right, lies the Bay of Nice and the point of Antibes. The dark hills in the extreme distance rise immediately above Frejus. Among them winds the magnificent Pass de L'Esterelle, which, for richness of southern forest scenery, and for general grace of mountain outline, surpasses anything on the Corniche itself.

STANZA 9.—Line 7.—*That solitary isle.*

Elba is said to be visible from most of the elevated points of this coast. From the citadel of Genoa I have seen what was asserted to be Elba. I believe it to have been Corsica.

A WALK IN CHAMOUNI.

TOGETHER on the valley, white and sweet,
 The dew and silence of the morning lay :
 Only the tread of my disturbing feet
 Did break the printed shade and patient beat
 The crispèd stillness of the meadow way ;
 And frequent mountain waters, welling up
 In crystal gloom beneath some mouldering stone,
 Curdled in many a flower-enamelled cup
 Whose soft and purple border, scarcely blown,
 Budded beneath their touch, and trembled to their tone.

The fringed branches of the swinging pines
 Closed o'er my path ; a darkness in the sky,
 That barred its dappled vault with rugged lines,
 And silver network,¹—interwoven signs
 Of dateless age and deathless infancy ;
 Then through their aisles a motion and a brightness
 Kiudled and shook—the weight of shade they bore
 On their broad arms, was lifted by the lightness
 Of a soft, shuddering wind, and what they wore
 Of jewelled dew, was strewed about the forest floor.
 That thrill of gushing wind and glittering rain
 Onward amid the woodland hollows went,
 And bade by turns the drooping boughs complain
 O'er the brown earth, that drank in lightless stain
 The beauty of their burning ornament ;
 And then the roar of an enormous river
 Came on the intermittent air uplifted,
 Broken with haste, I saw its sharp waves shiver,
 And its wild weight in white disorder drifted,
 Where by its beaten shore the rocks lay heaped and rifted.

¹ The white mosses on the meleze, when the tree is very old, are singularly beautiful, resembling frost-work of silver.

But yet unshattered, from an azure arch ¹
 Came forth the nodding waters, wave by wave,
 In silver lines of modulated march,
 Through a broad desert, which the frost-winds parch
 Like fire, and the resounding ice-falls pave
 With pallid ruin—wastes of rock—that share
 Earth's calm and ocean's fruitlessness.²—Undone
 The work of ages lies,—through whose despair
 Their swift procession dancing in the sun,
 The white and whirling waves pass mocking one by one.

And with their voice—unquiet melody—
 Is filled the hollow of their mighty portal,
 As shells are with remembrance of the sea ;
 So might the eternal arch of Eden be
 With angels' wail for those whose crowns immortal
 The grave dust dimmed in passing. There are here,
 With azure wings, and scymitars of fire,
 Forms as of Heaven, to guard the gate, and rear
 Their burning arms afar,—a boundless choir
 Beneath the sacred shafts of many a mountain spire.
 Countless as clouds, dome, prism, and pyramid
 Pierced through the mist of morning scarce withdrawn,
 Signing the gloom like beacon fires, half hid
 By storm—part quenched in billows—or forbid
 Their function by the fullness of the dawn :
 And melting mists and threads of purple rain
 Fretted the fair sky where the east was red,
 Gliding like ghosts along the voiceless plain,
 In rainbow hues around its coldness shed,
 Like thoughts of loving hearts that haunt about the dead.

And over these, as pure as if the breath
 Of God had called them newly into light,
 Free from all stamp of sin, or shade of death,
 With which the old creation travaileth,

¹ Source of the Arveron.

² παρὰ θείν' ἄλως ἀτρογέταιο.—ΙΛΙΑΔ. Α'

Rose the white mountains, through the infinite
 Of the calm, concave heaven ; inly bright
 With lustre everlasting and intense,
 Serene and universal as the night,
 But yet more solemn with pervading sense
 Of the deep stillness of omnipotence.

Deep stillness ! for the throbs of human thought,
 Count not the lonely night that pauses here,
 And the white arch of morning findeth not
 By chasm or alp, a spirit, or a spot,
 Its call can waken, or its beams can cheer :
 There are no eyes to watch, no lips to meet
 Its messages with prayer—no matin bell
 Touches the delicate air with summons sweet ;—
 That smoke was of the avalanche ;¹ that knell
 Came from a tower of ice that into fragments fell.

Ah ! why should that be comfortless—why cold,
 Which is so near to Heaven ? The lowly earth
 Out of the blackness of its charnel mould
 Feeds its fresh life, and lights its banks with gold ;
 But these proud summits, in eternal dearth,
 Whose solitudes nor mourning know, nor mirth,
 Rise passionless and pure, but all unblest :
 Corruption—must it root the brightest birth ?
 And is the life that bears its fruitage best,
 One neither of supremacy nor rest ?

¹ The vapor or dust of dry snow which rises after the fall of a large avalanche, sometimes looks in the distance not unlike the smoke of a village.

THE OLD SEAMAN.

I.

You ask me why mine eyes are bent
So darkly on the sea,
While others watch the azure hills
That lengthen on the lee.

II.

The azure hills—they soothe the sight
That fails along the foam ;
And those may hail their nearing height
Who there have hope, or home.

III.

But I a loveless path have trod—
A beaconless career ;
My hope hath long been all with God,
And all my home is—here.

IV.

The deep by day, the heaven by night,
Roll onward swift and dark ;
Nor leave my soul the dove's delight,
Of olive branch, or ark.

V.

For more than gale, or gulf, or sand,
I've proved that there may be
Worse treachery on the steadfast land,
Than variable sea.

VI.

A danger worse than bay or beach—
 A falsehood more unkind—
 The treachery of a governed speech,
 And an ungoverned mind.

VII.

The treachery of the deadly mart
 Where human souls are sold ;
 The treachery of the hollow heart
 That crumbles as we hold.

VIII.

Those holy hills and quiet lakes—
 Ah ! wherefore should I find
 This weary fever-fit, that shakes
 Their image in my mind.

IX.

The memory of a streamlet's din,
 Through meadows daisy-drest--
 Another might be glad therein,
 And yet I cannot rest.

X.

I cannot rest unless it be
 Beneath the churchyard yew ;
 But God, I think, hath yet for me
 More earthly work to do.

XI.

And therefore with a quiet will,
 I breathe the ocean air,
 And bless the voice that calls me still
 To wander and to bear.

XII.

Let others seek their native sod,
 Who there have hearts to cheer :
 My soul hath long been given to God,
 And all my home is—here.

 THE ALPS.

SEEN FROM MARENGO.

THE glory of a cloud—without its wane ;
 The stillness of the earth—but not its gloom ;
 The loveliness of life—without its pain ;
 The peace—but not the hunger of the tomb !
 Ye Pyramids of God ! around whose bases
 The sea foams noteless in his narrow cup ;
 And the unseen movements of the earth send up
 A murmur which your lulling snow effaces
 Like the deer's footsteps. Thrones imperishable !
 About whose adamant steps the breath
 Of dying generations vanisheth,
 Less cognizable than clouds ; and dynasties,
 Less glorious and more feeble than the array
 Of your frail glaciers, unregarded rise,
 Totter and vanish. In the uncounted day,
 When earth shall tremble as the trump unwraps
 Their sheets of slumber from the crumbling dead,
 And the quick, thirsty fire of judgment laps
 The loud sea from the hollow of his bed—
 Shall not your God spare *you*, to whom He gave
 No share nor shadow of man's crime, or fate ;
 Nothing to render, nor to expiate ;
 Untainted by his life—untrusted with his grave ?

WRITTEN AMONG THE BASSES ALPS.

[It is not among mountain scenery that human intellect usually takes its finest temper, or receives its highest development; but it is at least there that we find a consistent energy of mind and body, compelled by severer character of agencies to be resisted and hardships to be endured; and it is there that we must seek for the last remnants of patriarchal simplicity and patriotic affection—the few rock fragments of manly character that are yet free from the lichenous stain of over-civilization. It must always, therefore, be with peculiar pain that we find, as in the district to which the following verses allude, the savageness and seclusion of mountain life, without its force and faithfulness; and all the indolence and sensuality of the most debased cities of Europe, without the polish to disguise, the temptation to excuse, or the softness of natural scenery to harmonize with them]

“Why stand ye here all the day idle?”

HAVE you in heaven no hope—on earth no care—
 No foe in hell—ye things of stye and stall,
 That congregate like flies, and make the air
 Rank with your fevered sloth—that hourly call
 The sun, which should your servant be, to bear
 Dread witness on you, with uncounted wane
 And unregarded rays, from peak to peak
 Of piny-gnomed mountain moved in vain?
 Behold, the very shadows that ye seek
 For slumber, write along the wasted wall
 Your condemnation. They forget not, they,
 Their ordered function and determined fall,
 Nor useless perish. But *you* count your day
 By sins, and write your difference from clay
 In bonds you break and laws you disobey.
 God! who hast given the rocks their fortitude,
 The sap unto the forests, and their food
 And vigor to the busy tenantry
 Of happy soulless things that wait on Thee,

Hast Thou no blessing where Thou gav'st Thy blood?
 Wilt Thou not make Thy fair creation whole?
 Behold and visit this Thy vine for good—
 Breathe in this human dust its living soul.

THE GLACIER.

THE mountains have a peace which none disturb—
 The stars and clouds a course which none restrain—
The wild sea-waves rejoice without a curb,
 And rest without a passion; but the chain
 Of Death, upon this ghastly cliff and chasm
 Is broken evermore, to bind again,
 Nor hulls nor looses. Hark! a voice of pain
Suddenly silenced;—a quick passing spasm,
 That startles rest, but grants not liberty,—
 A shudder, or a struggle, or a cry.—
And then sepulchral stillness. Look on us,
 God! who hast given these hills their place of pride,
If Death's captivity be sleepless thus,
 For those who sink to it unsanctified.

GIOTTO
AND HIS WORKS IN PADUA

BEING

AN EXPLANATORY NOTICE OF THE SERIES OF WOODCUTS
EXECUTED FOR THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY AFTER
THE FRESCOES IN THE ARENA CHAPEL

BY

JOHN RUSKIN



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following notice of Giotto has not been drawn up with any idea of attempting a history of his life. That history could only be written after a careful search through the libraries of Italy for all documents relating to the years during which he worked. I have no time for such search, or even for the examination of well-known and published materials; and have therefore merely collected, from the sources nearest at hand, such information as appeared absolutely necessary to render the series of Plates now published by the Arandel Society intelligible and interesting to those among its Members who have not devoted much time to the examination of mediæval works. I have prefixed a few remarks on the relation of the art of Giotto to former and subsequent efforts; which I hope may be useful in preventing the general reader from either looking for what the painter never intended to give, or missing the points to which his endeavours were really directed.

J. R.



GIOTTO

AND HIS WORKS IN PADUA.

TOWARDS the close of the thirteenth century, Enrico Scrovegno, a noble Paduan, purchased, in his native city, the remains of the Roman Amphitheatre or Arena from the family of the Delesmanini, to whom those remains had been granted by the Emperor Henry III. of Germany in 1090. For the power of making this purchase, Scrovegno was in all probability indebted to his father, Reginald, who, for his avarice, is placed by Dante in the seventh circle of the *Inferno*, and regarded apparently as the chief of the usurers there, since he is the only one who addresses Dante.* The son, having possessed himself of the Roman ruin, or of the site which it had occupied, built himself a fortified palace upon the ground, and a chapel dedicated to the Annunciate Virgin.

* "Noting the visages of some who lay
Beneath the pelting of that dolorous fire,
One of them all I knew not; but perceived
That pendent from his neck each bore a pouch,
With colours and with emblems various marked,
On which it seemed as if their eye did feed.
And when amongst them looking round I came,
A yellow purse I saw, with azure wrought,
That wore a lion's countenance and port.
Then, still my sight pursuing its career,
Another I beheld, than blood more red,
A goose display of whiter wing than curd.
And one who bore a fat and azure swine
Pictured on his white scrip, addressed me thus:
What dost thou in this deep? Go now and know,
Since yet thou livest, that my neighbour here,

This chapel, built in or about the year 1303,* appears to have been intended to replace one which had long existed on the spot ; and in which, from the year 1278, an annual festival had been held on Lady-day, in which the Annunciation was represented in the manner of our English mysteries (and under the same title : “una sacra rappresentazione di quel *mistero*”), with dialogue, and music both vocal and instrumental. Scrovegno’s purchase of the ground could not be allowed to interfere with the national custom ; but he is reported by some writers to have rebuilt the chapel with greater

Vitaliano, on my left shall sit.

A Paduan with these Florentines am I.

Ofttimes they thunder in mine ears, exclaiming,

Oh ! haste that noble knight, he who the pouch

With the three goats will bring. This said, he writhed

The mouth, and lolled the tongue out, like an ox

That licks his nostrils.”

Canto xvii.

This passage of Cary’s Dante is not quite so clear as that translator’s work usually is. “One of them all I knew not” is an awkward periphrasis for “I knew none of them.” Dante’s indignant expression of the effect of avarice in withering away distinctions of character, and the prophecy of Scrovegno, that his neighbour Vitaliano, then living, should soon be with him, to sit on his left hand, is rendered a little obscure by the transposition of the word “here.” Cary has also been afraid of the excessive homeliness of Dante’s imagery ; “whiter wing than curd” being in the original “whiter than butter.” The attachment of the purse to the neck, as a badge of shame, in the *Inferno*, is found before Dante’s time ; as, for instance, in the windows of Bourges cathedral (see Plate iii. of MM. Martin and Cahier’s beautiful work). And the building of the Arena Chapel by the son, as a kind of atonement for the avarice of the father, is very characteristic of the period, in which the use of money for the building of churches was considered just as meritorious as its unjust accumulation was criminal. I have seen, in a MS. Church-service of the thirteenth century, an illumination representing Church-Consecration, illustrating the words, “Fundata est domus Domini supra verticem montium,” surrounded for the purpose of contrast, by a grotesque, consisting of a picture of a miser’s death-bed, a demon drawing his soul out of his mouth, while his attendants are searching in his chests for his treasures.

* For these historical details I am chiefly indebted to the very careful treatise of Selvatico, *Sulla Cappellina degli Scrovegni nell’ Arena di Padova*. Padua, 1836.

costliness, in order, as far as possible, to efface the memory of his father's unhappy life. But Federici, in his history of the Cavalieri Godenti, supposes that Scrovegno was a member of that body, and was assisted by them in decorating the new edifice. The order of Cavalieri Godenti was instituted in the beginning of the thirteenth century, to defend the "existence," as Selvatico states it, but more accurately the dignity, of the Virgin, against the various heretics by whom it was beginning to be assailed. Her knights were first called Cavaliers of St. Mary; but soon increased in power and riches to such a degree, that, from their general habits of life, they received the nickname of the "Merry Brothers." Federici gives forcible reasons for his opinion that the Arena Chapel was employed in the ceremonies of their order; and Lord Lindsay observes, that the fulness with which the history of the Virgin is recounted on its walls, adds to the plausibility of his supposition.

Enrico Scrovegno was, however, towards the close of his life, driven into exile, and died at Venice in 1320. But he was buried in the chapel he had built; and has one small monument in the sacristy, as the founder of the building, in which he is represented under a Gothic niche, standing, with his hands clasped and his eyes raised; while behind the altar is his tomb, on which, as usual at the period, is a recumbent statue of him. The chapel itself may not unwarrantably be considered as one of the first efforts of Popery in resistance of the Reformation: for the Reformation, though not victorious till the sixteenth, began in reality in the thirteenth century; and the remonstrances of such bishops as our own Grossteste, the martyrdoms of the Albigenes in the Dominican crusades, and the murmurs of those "heretics" against whose aspersions of the majesty of the Virgin this chivalrous order of the Cavalieri Godenti was instituted, were as truly the signs of the approach of a new era in religion, as the opponent work of Giotto on the walls of the Arena was a sign of the approach of a new era in art. 7

The chapel having been founded, as stated above, in 1303, Giotto appears to have been summoned to decorate its in-

terior walls about the year 1306,—summoned, as being at that time the acknowledged master of painting in Italy. By what steps he had risen to this unquestioned eminence it is difficult to trace; for the records of his life, strictly examined, and freed from the verbiage and conjecture of artistical history, nearly reduce themselves to a list of the cities of Italy where he painted, and to a few anecdotes, of little meaning in themselves, and doubly pointless in the fact of most of them being inheritances of the whole race of painters, and related successively of all in whose biographies the public have deigned to take an interest. There is even question as to the date of his birth; Vasari stating him to have been born in 1276, while Baldinucci, on the internal evidence derived from Vasari's own narrative, throws the date back ten years.* I believe, however, that Vasari is most probably accurate in his first main statement; and that his errors, always numerous, are in the subsequent and minor particulars. It is at least undoubted truth that Giotto was born, and passed the years of childhood, at Vespignano, about fourteen miles north of Florence, on the road to Bologna. / Few travellers can forget the peculiar landscape of that district of the Apennine. As they ascend the hill which rises from Florence to the lowest break in the ridge of Fiesole, they pass continually beneath the walls of villas bright in perfect luxury, and beside cypress-hedges, enclosing fair terraced gardens, where the masses of oleander and magnolia, motionless as leaves in a picture, inlay alternately upon the blue sky their branching lightness of pale rose-colour, and deep green breadth of shade, studded with balls of budding silver, and showing at intervals through their framework of rich leaf and rubied flower, the far-away bends of the Arno beneath its slopes of olive, and the purple peaks of the Carrara mountains, tossing themselves against the western distance, where the streaks of motionless cloud burn above the Pisan sea. | The traveller passes the Fiesolan ridge, and all is changed. The country is on a sudden lonely. Here and there indeed are seen the scattered houses of a farm grouped gracefully upon the hill-sides,—here and

* Lord Lindsay, *Christian Art*, vol. ii. p. 166.

there a fragment of tower upon a distant rock; but neither gardens, nor flowers, nor glittering palace-walls, only a grey extent of mountain-ground, tufted irregularly with ilex and olive: a scene not sublime, for its forms are subdued and low; not desolate, for its valleys are full of sown fields and tended pastures; not rich nor lovely, but sunburnt and sorrowful; becoming wilder every instant as the road winds into its recesses, ascending still, until the higher woods, now partly oak and partly pine, drooping back from the central crest of the Apennine, leave a pastoral wilderness of scathed rock and arid grass, withered away here by frost, and there by strange lambent tongues of earth-fed fire.* Giotto passed the first ten years of his life, a shepherd-boy, among these hills; was found by Cimabue, near his native village, drawing one of his sheep upon a smooth stone; was yielded up by his father, "a simple person, a labourer of the earth," to the guardianship of the painter, who, by his own work, had already made the streets of Florence ring with joy; attended him to Florence, and became his disciple.

We may fancy the glance of the boy, when he and Cimabue stood side by side on the ridge of Fiesole, and for the first time he saw the flowering thickets of the Val d'Arno; and deep beneath, the innumerable towers of the City of the Lily, the depths of his own heart yet hiding the fairest of them all. Another ten years passed over him, and he was chosen from among the painters of Italy to decorate the Vatican.

The account given us by Vasari of the mode of his competition on this occasion, is one of the few anecdotes of him which seem to be authentic (especially as having given rise to an Italian proverb), and it has also great point and value. I translate Vasari's words literally.

"This work (his paintings in the Campo Santo of Pisa) acquired for him, both in the city and externally, so much fame, that the Pope, Benedict IX. sent a certain one of his courtiers into Tuscany, to see what sort of a man Giotto was, and what

* At Pietra Mala. The flames rise two or three feet above the stony ground out of which they spring, white and fierce enough to be visible in the intense rays even of the morning sun.

was the quality of his works, he (the pope) intending to have some paintings executed in St. Peter's; which courtier, coming to see Giotto, and hearing that there were other masters in Florence who excelled in painting and in mosaic, spoke, in Siena, to many masters; then, having received drawings from them, he came to Florence; and having gone one morning into Giotto's shop as he was at work, explained the pope's mind to him, and in what way he wished to avail himself of his powers, and finally requested from him a little piece of drawing to send to his Holiness. Giotto, who was most courteous, took a leaf (of vellum?), and upon this, with a brush dipped in red, fixing his arm to his side, to make it as the limb of a pair of compasses, and turning his hand, made a circle so perfect in measure and outline, that it was a wonder to see: which having done, he said to the courtier, with a smile, 'There is the drawing.' He, thinking himself mocked, said, 'Shall I have no other drawing than this?' 'This is enough, and too much,' answered Giotto; 'send it with the others: you will see if it will be understood.' The ambassador, seeing that he could not get any thing else, took his leave with small satisfaction, doubting whether he had not been made a jest of. However, when he sent to the pope the other drawings, and the names of those who had made them, he sent also that of Giotto, relating the way in which he had held himself in drawing his circle, without moving his arm, and without compasses. Whence the pope, and many intelligent courtiers, knew how much Giotto overpassed in excellence all the other painters of his time. Afterwards, the thing becoming known, the proverb arose from it: ('Thou art rounder than the O of Giotto;') which it is still in custom to say to men of the grosser clay; for the proverb is pretty, not only on account of the accident of its origin, but because it has a double meaning, 'round' being taken in Tuscany to express not only circular form, but slowness and grossness of wit."

Such is the account of Vasari, which, at the first reading, might be gravely called into question, seeing that the paintings at Pisa, to which he ascribes the sudden extent of Giotto's reputation, have been proved to be the work of Francesco da

Volterra;* and since, moreover, Vasari has even mistaken the name of the pope, and written Boniface IX. for Boniface VIII. But the story itself must, I think, be true; and, rightly understood, it is singularly interesting. I say, rightly understood; for Lord Lindsay supposes the circle to have been mechanically drawn by turning the sheet of vellum under the hand, as now constantly done for the sake of speed at schools. But neither do Vasari's words bear this construction, nor would the drawing so made have borne the slightest testimony to Giotto's power. Vasari says distinctly, "and turning his hand" (or, as I should rather read it, "with a sweep of his hand"), not "turning the vellum;" neither would a circle produced in so mechanical a manner have borne distinct witness to any thing except the draughtsman's mechanical ingenuity; and Giotto had too much common sense, and too much courtesy, to send the pope a drawing which did not really contain the evidence he required. Lord Lindsay has been misled also by his own careless translation of "*pennello tinto di rosso*" ("a brush dipped in red,") by the word "crayon." It is easy to draw the mechanical circle with a crayon, but by no means easy with a brush. I have not the slightest doubt that Giotto drew the circle as a painter naturally would draw it; that is to say, that he set the vellum upright on the wall or panel before him, and then steadying his arm firmly against his side, drew the circular line with one sweeping but firm revolution of his hand, holding the brush long. Such a feat as this is completely possible to a well-disciplined painter's hand, but utterly impossible to any other; and the circle so drawn was the most convincing proof Giotto could give of his decision of eye and perfectness of practice.

Still, even when thus understood, there is much in the anecdote very curious. Here is a painter requested by the head of the Church to execute certain religious paintings, and the only qualification for the task of which he deigns to demonstrate his possession is executive skill. Nothing is said, and nothing appears to be thought, of expression, or inven-

* At least Lord Lindsay seems to consider the evidence collected by Förster on this subject conclusive. *Christian Art*, vol. ii. p. 168.

tion, or devotional sentiment. Nothing is required but firmness of hand. And here arises the important question: Did Giotto know that this was all that was looked for by his religious patrons? and is there occult satire in the example of his art which he sends them?—or does the founder of sacred painting mean to tell us that he holds his own power to consist merely in firmness of hand, secured by long practice? I cannot satisfy myself on this point: but yet it seems to me that we may safely gather two conclusions from the words of the master, “It is enough, and more than enough.” The first, that Giotto had indeed a profound feeling of the value of precision in all art; and that we may use the full force of his authority to press the truth, of which it is so difficult to persuade the hasty workmen of modern times, that the difference between right and wrong lies within the breadth of a line; and that the most perfect power and genius are shown by the accuracy which disdains error, and the faithfulness which fears it.

And the second conclusion is, that whatever Giotto's imaginative powers might be, he was proud to be a good workman, and willing to be considered by others only as such. There might lurk, as has been suggested, some satire in the message to the pope, and some consciousness in his own mind of faculties higher than those of draughtsmanship. I cannot tell how far these hidden feelings existed; (but the more I see of living artists, and learn of departed ones, the more I am convinced that the highest strength of genius is generally marked by strange unconsciousness of its own modes of operation, and often by no small scorn of the best results of its exertion.) The inferior mind intently watches its own processes, and dearly values its own produce; the master-mind is intent on other things than itself, and cares little for the fruits of a toil which it is apt to undertake rather as a law of life than a means of immortality. It will sing at a feast, or retouch an old play, or paint a dark wall, for its daily bread, anxious only to be honest in its fulfilment of its pledges or its duty, and careless that future ages will rank it among the gods.

I think it unnecessary to repeat here any other of the anecdotes commonly related of Giotto, as, separately taken, they are quite valueless. Yet much may be gathered from their general *tone*. It is remarkable that they are, almost without exception, records of good-humoured jests, involving or illustrating some point of practical good sense; and by comparing this general colour of the reputation of Giotto with the actual character of his designs, there cannot remain the smallest doubt that his mind was one of the most healthy, kind, and active, that ever informed a human frame. His love of beauty was entirely free from weakness; his love of truth untinged by severity; his industry constant, without impatience; his workmanship accurate, without formalism; his temper serene, and yet playful; his imagination exhaustless, without extravagance; and his faith firm, without superstition. (I do not know, in the annals of art, such another example of happy, practical, unerring, and benevolent power.)

I am certain that this is the estimate of his character which must be arrived at by an attentive study of his works, and of the few data which remain respecting his life; but I shall not here endeavour to give proof of its truth, because I believe the subject has been exhaustively treated by Rumohr and Förster, whose essays on the works and character of Giotto will doubtless be translated into English, as the interest of the English public in mediæval art increases. I shall therefore here only endeavour briefly to sketch the relation which Giotto held to the artists who preceded and followed him, a relation still imperfectly understood; and then, as briefly, to indicate the general course of his labours in Italy, as far as may be necessary for understanding the value of the series in the Arena Chapel.

The art of Europe, between the fifth and thirteenth centuries, divides itself essentially into great branches, one springing from, the other grafted on, the old Roman stock. The first is the Roman art itself, prolonged in a languid and degraded condition, and becoming at last a mere formal system, centered at the feet of Eastern empire, and thence generally called Byzantine. The other is the barbarous and

incipient art of the Gothic nations, more or less coloured by Roman or Byzantine influence, and gradually increasing in life and power.

Generally speaking, the Byzantine art, although manifesting itself only in perpetual repetitions, becoming every day more cold and formal, yet preserved reminiscences of design originally noble, and traditions of execution originally perfect.

Generally speaking, the Gothic art, although becoming every day more powerful, presented the most ludicrous experiments of infantile imagination, and the most rude efforts of untaught manipulation.

Hence, if any superior mind arose in Byzantine art, it had before it models which suggested or recorded a perfection they did not themselves possess; and the superiority of the individual mind would probably be shown in a more sincere and living treatment of the subjects ordained for repetition by the canons of the schools.

In the art of the Goth, the choice of subject was unlimited, and the style of design so remote from all perfection, as not always even to point out clearly the direction in which advance could be made. The strongest minds which appear in that art are therefore generally manifested by redundancy of imagination, and sudden refinement of touch, whether of pencil or chisel, together with unexpected starts of effort or flashes of knowledge in accidental directions, gradually forming various national styles.

Of these comparatively independent branches of art, the greatest is, as far as I know, the French sculpture of the thirteenth century. No words can give any idea of the magnificent redundancy of its imaginative power, or of the perpetual beauty of even its smallest incidental designs. But this very richness of sculptural invention prevented the French from cultivating their powers of painting, except in illumination (of which art they were the acknowledged masters), and in glass-painting. Their exquisite gift of fretting their stone-work with inexhaustible wealth of sculpture, prevented their feeling the need of figure-design on coloured surfaces.

The style of architecture prevalent in Italy at the same pe-

riod, presented, on the contrary, large blank surfaces, which could only be rendered interesting by covering them with mosaic or painting.

The Italians were not at the time capable of doing this for themselves, and mosaicists were brought from Constantinople, who covered the churches of Italy with a sublime monotony of Byzantine traditions. But the Gothic blood was burning in the Italian veins; and the Florentines and Pisans could not rest content in the formalism of the Eastern splendour. The first innovator was, I believe, Giunta of Pisa, the second Cimabue, the third Giotto; the last only being a man of power enough to effect a complete revolution in the artistic principles of his time.

He, however, began, like his master Cimabue, with a perfect respect for his Byzantine models; and his paintings for a long time consisted only of repetitions of the Byzantine subjects, softened in treatment, enriched in number of figures, and enlivened in gesture. Afterwards he invented subjects of his own. The manner and degree of the changes which he at first effected could only be properly understood by actual comparison of his designs with the Byzantine originals; * but in default of the means of such a comparison, it may be generally stated that the innovations of Giotto consisted in the introduction, A, of *gayer* or lighter colours; B, of broader masses; and, C, of more careful imitation of nature than existed in the works of his predecessors.

• A. *Greater lightness of colour.* This was partly in compliance with a tendency which was beginning to manifest itself even before Giotto's time. Over the whole of northern Europe, the colouring of the eleventh and early twelfth centuries

* It might not, I think, be a work unworthy of the Arundel Society, to collect and engrave in outline the complete series of these Byzantine originals of the subjects of the Arena Chapel, in order to facilitate this comparison. The Greek MSS. in the British Museum would, I think, be amply sufficient; the Harleian MS. numbered 1810 alone furnishing a considerable number of subjects, and especially a Death of the Virgin, with the St. John thrown into the peculiar and violent gesture of grief afterwards adopted by Giotto in the Entombment of the Arena Chapel.

had been pale : in manuscripts, principally composed of pale red, green, and yellow, blue being sparingly introduced (earlier still, in the eighth and ninth centuries, the letters had often been coloured with black and yellow only). Then, in the close of the twelfth and throughout the thirteenth century, the great system of perfect colour was in use ; solemn and deep ; composed strictly, in all its leading masses, of the colours revealed by God from Sinai as the noblest ;—blue, purple, and scarlet, with gold (other hues, chiefly green, with white and black, being used in points or small masses, to relieve the main colours). In the early part of the fourteenth century the colours begin to grow paler ; about 1330 the style is already completely modified ; and at the close of the fourteenth century the color is quite pale and delicate.

I have not carefully examined the colouring of early Byzantine work ; but it seems always to have been comparatively dark, and in manuscripts is remarkably so ; Giotto's paler colouring, therefore, though only part of the great European system, was rendered notable by its stronger contrast with the Byzantine examples.

B. *Greater breadth of mass.* It had been the habit of the Byzantines to break up their draperies by a large number of minute folds. Norman and Romanesque sculpture showed much of the same character. Giotto melted all these folds into broad masses of colour ; so that his compositions have sometimes almost a Titianesque look in this particular. This innovation was a healthy one, and led to very noble results when followed up by succeeding artists : but in many of Giotto's compositions the figures become ludicrously cumbrous, from the exceeding simplicity of the terminal lines, and massiveness of unbroken form. The manner was copied in illuminated manuscripts with great disadvantage, as it was unfavourable to minute ornamentation. The French never adopted it in either branch of art, nor did any other Northern school ; minute and sharp folds of the robes remaining characteristic of Northern (more especially of Flemish and German) design down to the latest times, giving a great superiority to the French and Flemish illuminated work, and causing a pro-

proportionate inferiority in their large pictorial efforts. (Even Rubens and Vandyke cannot free themselves from a certain meanness and minuteness in disposition of drapery.)

C. *Close imitation of nature.* (In this one principle lay Giotto's great strength, and the entire secret of the revolution he effected.) It was not by greater learning, not by the discovery of new theories of art, not by greater taste, nor by "ideal" principles of selection, that he became the head of the progressive schools of Italy. It was simply by being interested in what was going on around him, by substituting the gestures of living men for conventional attitudes, and portraits of living men for conventional faces, and incidents of every-day life for conventional circumstances, that he became great, and the master of the great. Giotto was to his contemporaries precisely what Millais is to his contemporaries,—a daring naturalist, in defiance of tradition, idealism, and formalism. The Giottesque movement in the fourteenth, and Pre-Raphaelite movement in the nineteenth centuries, are precisely similar in bearing and meaning: both being the protests of vitality against mortality, of spirit against letter, and of truth against tradition: and both, which is the more singular, literally links in one unbroken chain of feeling; for exactly as Niccola Pisano and Giotto were helped by the classical sculptures discovered in their time, the Pre-Raphaelites have been helped by the works of Niccola and Giotto at Pisa and Florence: and thus the fiery cross of truth has been delivered from spirit to spirit, over the dust of intervening generations.

But what, it may be said by the reader, is the use of the works of Giotto to us? They may indeed have been wonderful for their time, and of infinite use in that time; but since, after Giotto, came Leonardo and Correggio, what is the use of going back to the ruder art, and republishing it in the year 1854? Why should we fret ourselves to dig down to the root of the tree, when we may at once enjoy its fruit and foliage? I answer, first, that in all matters relating to human intellect, it is a great thing to have hold of the root: that at least we ought to see it, and taste it, and handle it; for it often hap

pens that the root is wholesome when the leaves, however fair, are useless or poisonous. In nine cases out of ten, the first expression of an idea is the most valuable: the idea may afterward be polished and softened, and made more attractive to the general eye; but the first expression of it has a freshness and brightness, like the flash of a native crystal compared to the lustre of glass that has been melted and cut. And in the second place, we ought to measure the value of art less by its executive than by its moral power.) Giotto was not indeed one of the most accomplished painters, but he was one of the greatest men, who ever lived. He was the first master of his time, in architecture as well as in painting; he was the friend of Dante, and the undisputed interpreter of religious truth, by means of painting, over the whole of Italy. The works of such a man may not be the best to set before children in order to teach them drawing; but they assuredly should be studied with the greatest care by all who are interested in the history of the human mind.

One point more remains to be noticed respecting him. As far as I am aware, he never painted profane subjects. All his important existing works are exclusively devoted to the illustration of Christianity. This was not a result of his own peculiar feeling or determination; it was a necessity of the period. Giotto appears to have considered himself simply as a workman, at the command of any employer, for any kind of work, however humble. "In the sixty-third novel of Franco Sacchetti we read that a stranger, suddenly entering Giotto's study, threw down a shield, and departed, saying, 'Paint me my arms on that shield.' Giotto looking after him, exclaimed, 'Who is he? What is he? He says, 'Paint me my arms,' as if he was one of the BARDI. What arms does he bear?'"* But at the time of Giotto's eminence, art was never employed on a great scale except in the service of religion; nor has it ever been otherwise employed, except in declining periods. I do not mean to draw any severe conclusion from this fact; but it is a fact nevertheless, which ought to be very distinctly stated, and very carefully considered. All *progressive art*

* Notes to Rogers' *Italy*.

hitherto has been religious art; and commencements of the periods of decline are accurately marked, in illumination, by its employment on romances instead of psalters; and in painting, by its employment on mythology or profane history instead of sacred history. Yet perhaps I should rather have said, on *heathen mythology* instead of *Christian mythology*; for this latter term—first used, I believe, by Lord Lindsay—is more applicable to the subjects of the early painters than that of “sacred *history*.” Of all the virtues commonly found in the higher orders of human mind, that of a stern and just respect for truth seems to be the rarest; so that while self-denial, and courage, and charity, and religious zeal, are displayed in their utmost degrees by myriads of saints and heroes, it is only once in a century that a man appears whose word may be implicitly trusted, and who, in the relation of a plain fact, will not allow his prejudices or his pleasure to tempt him to some colouring or distortion of it. Hence the portions of sacred history which have been the constant subjects of fond popular contemplation have, in the lapse of ages, been encumbered with fictitious detail; and their various historians seem to have considered the exercise of their imagination innocent, and even meritorious, if they could increase either the vividness of conception or the sincerity of belief in their readers. A due consideration of that well-known weakness of the popular mind, which renders a statement credible in proportion to the multitude of local and circumstantial details which accompany it, may lead us to look with some indulgence on the errors, however fatal in their issue to the cause they were intended to advance, of those weak teachers, who thought the acceptance of their general statements of Christian doctrine cheaply won by the help of some simple (and generally absurd) inventions of detail respecting the life of the Virgin or the Apostles.

Indeed, I can hardly imagine the Bible to be ever read with true interest, unless, in our reading, we feel some longing for further knowledge of the minute incidents of the life of Christ,—for some records of those things, which “if they had been written every one,” the world could not have contained the

books that should be written : and they who have once felt this thirst for further truth, may surely both conceive and pardon the earnest questioning of simple disciples (who knew not, as we do, how much had been indeed revealed), and measure with some justice the strength of the temptation which betrayed these teachers into adding to the word of Revelation. Together with this specious and subtle influence, we must allow for the instinct of imagination exerting itself in the acknowledged embellishment of beloved truths. If we reflect how much, even in this age of accurate knowledge, the visions of Milton have become confused in the minds of many persons with scriptural facts, we shall rather be surprised, that in an age of legends so little should be added to the Bible, than that occasionally we should be informed of important circumstances in sacred history with the collateral warning, "This Moses spake not of." *

More especially in the domain of painting, it is surprising to see how strictly the early workmen confined themselves to representations of the same series of scenes ; how little of pictorial embellishment they usually added ; and how, even in the positions and gestures of figures, they strove to give the idea rather of their having seen the *fact*, than imagined a picturesque treatment of it. Often, in examining early art, we mistake conscientiousness for servility, and attribute to the absence of invention what was indeed the result of the earnestness of faith!

Nor, in a merely artistical point of view, is it less important to note, that the greatest advance in power was made when painters had few subjects to treat. The day has perhaps come when genius should be shown in the discovery of perpetually various interest amidst the incidents of actual life ; and the absence of inventive capacity is very assuredly proved by the narrow selection of subjects which commonly appear on the walls of our exhibitions. But yet it is to be always remembered, that more originality may be shown in giving in-

* These words are gravely added to some singular particulars respecting the life of Adam, related in a MS. of the sixteenth century preserved in the Herald's College.

terest to a well-known subject than in discovering a new one ; that the greatest poets whom the world has seen have been contented to retouch and exalt the creations of their predecessors ; and that the painters of the middle ages reached their utmost power by unweariedly treading a narrow circle of sacred subjects.

Nothing is indeed more notable in the history of art than the exact balance of its point of excellence, in all things, midway between servitude and license. Thus, in choice and treatment of subject, it became paralysed among the Byzantines, by being mercilessly confined to a given series of scenes, and to a given mode of representing them. Giotto gave it partial liberty and incipient life ; by the artists who succeeded him the range of its scenery was continually extended, and the severity of its style slowly softened to perfection. But the range was still, in some degree, limited by the necessity of its continual subordination to religious purposes ; and the style, though softened, was still chaste, and though tender, self-restrained. [At last came the period of license: the artist chose his subjects from the lowest scenes of human life, and let loose his passions in their portraiture. And the kingdom of art passed away.]

10. B.

As if to direct us to the observation of this great law, there is a curious visible type of it in the progress of ornamentation in manuscripts, corresponding with the various changes in the higher branch of art. In the course of the 12th and early 13th centuries, the ornamentation, though often full of high feeling and fantasy, is sternly enclosed within limiting border-lines ;—at first, severe squares, oblongs, or triangles. As the grace of the ornamentation advances, these border-lines are softened and broken into various curves, and the inner design begins here and there to overpass them. Gradually this emergence becomes more constant, and the lines which thus escape throw themselves into curvatures expressive of the most exquisite concurrence of freedom with self-restraint. At length the restraint vanishes, the freedom changes consequently into license, and the page is covered with exuberant, irregular, and foolish extravagances of leafage and line.

It only remains to be noticed, that the circumstances of the time at which Giotto appeared were peculiarly favourable to the development of genius (owing partly to the simplicity of the methods of practice, and partly to the naïveté with which art was commonly regarded.) Giotto, like all the great painters of the period, was merely a travelling decorator of walls, at so much a day; having at Florence a *bottega*, or workshop, for the production and sale of small tempera pictures. There were no such things as "studios" in those days. An artist's "studies" were over by the time he was eighteen; after that he was a *lavoratore*, "labourer," a man who knew his business, and produced certain works of known value for a known price; being troubled with no philosophical abstractions, shutting himself up in no wise for the reception of inspirations; receiving, indeed, a good many, as a matter of course,—just as he received the sunbeams which came in at his window, the light which he worked by;—in either case, without mousing about it, or much concerning himself as to the nature of it. Not troubled by critics either; satisfied that his work was well done, and that people would find it out to be well done; but not vain of it, nor more profoundly vexed at its being found fault with, than a good saddler would be by some one's saying his last saddle was uneasy in the seat. Not, on the whole, much molested by critics, but generally understood by the men of sense, his neighbours and friends, and permitted to have his own way with the walls he had to paint, as being, on the whole, an authority about walls; receiving at the same time a good deal of daily encouragement and comfort in the simple admiration of the populace, and in the general sense of having done good, and painted what no man could look upon without being the better for it.

Thus he went, a serene labourer, throughout the length and breadth of Italy. For the first ten years of his life, a shepherd; then a student, perhaps for five or six; then already in Florence, setting himself to his life's task; and called as a master to Rome when he was only twenty. There he painted the principal chapel of St. Peter's, and worked in mosaic also; no handicrafts, that had colour or form for their objects,

seemingly unknown to him. Then returning to Florence, he painted Dante, about the year 1300,* the 35th year of Dante's life, the 24th of his own; and designed the façade of the Duomo, on the death of its former architect, Arnolfo. Some six years afterwards he went to Padua, there painting the chapel which is the subject of our present study, and many other churches. Thence south again to Assisi, where he painted half the walls and vaults of the great convent that stretches itself along the slopes of the Perugian hills, and various other minor works on his way there and back to Florence. Staying in his native city but a little while, he engaged himself in other tasks at Ferrara, Verona, and Ravenna, and at last at Avignon, where he became acquainted with Petrarch—working there for some three years, from 1324 to 1327; † and then passed rapidly through Florence and Orvieto on his way to Naples, where “he received the kindest welcome from the good king Robert. The king, ever partial to men of mind and genius, took especial delight in Giotto's society, and used frequently to visit him while working in the Castello dell' Uovo, taking pleasure in watching his pencil and listening to his discourse; ‘and Giotto,’ says Vasari, ‘who had ever his repartee and bon-mot ready, held him there, fascinated at once with the magic of his pencil and pleasantry of his tongue.’ We are not told the length of his sojourn at Naples, but it must have been for a considerable period, judging from the quantity of works he executed there. He had certainly returned to Florence in 1332.” There he was immediately appointed “chief master” of the works of the Duomo, then in progress, “with a yearly salary of one hundred gold florins, and the privilege of citizenship.” He designed the Campanile, in a more perfect form than that

* Lord Lindsay's evidence on this point (*Christian Art*, vol. ii. p. 174) seems quite conclusive. It is impossible to overrate the value of the work of Giotto in the Bargello, both for its own intrinsic beauty, and as being executed in this year, which is not only that in which the Divina Commedia opens, but, as I think, the culminating period in the history of the art of the middle ages.

† *Christian Art*, vol. ii. p. 242.

which now exists; for his intended spire, 150 feet in height, never was erected. He, however, modelled the bas-reliefs for the base of the building, and sculptured two of them with his own hand. It was afterwards completed, with the exception of the spire, according to his design; but he only saw its foundations laid, and its first marble story rise. He died at Florence, on the 8th of January, 1337, full of honour; happy, perhaps, in departing at the zenith of his strength, when his eye had not become dim, nor his natural force abated. He was buried in the cathedral, at the angle nearest his campanile; and thus the tower, which is the chief grace of his native city, may be regarded as his own sepulchral monument.

I may refer the reader to the close of Lord Lindsay's letter on Giotto,* from which I have drawn most of the particulars above stated, for a very beautiful sketch of his character and his art. Of the real rank of that art, in the abstract, I do not feel myself capable of judging accurately, having not seen his finest works (at Assisi and Naples), nor carefully studied even those at Florence. But I may be permitted to point out one or two peculiar characteristics in it which have always struck me forcibly.

In the first place, Giotto never finished highly. He was not, indeed, a loose or sketchy painter, but he was by no means a delicate one. His lines, as the story of the circle would lead us to expect, are always firm, but they are never fine. Even in his smallest tempera pictures the touch is bold and somewhat heavy: in his fresco work the handling is much broader than that of contemporary painters, corresponding somewhat to the character of many of the figures, representing plain, masculine kind of people, and never reaching any thing like the ideal refinement of the conceptions even of Benozzo Gozzoli, far less of Angelico or Francia. For this reason, the character of his painting is better expressed by bold wood-engravings than in general it is likely to be by any other means.

Again, he was a very noble colourist: and in his peculiar feeling for breadth of hue resembled Titian more than any

**Christian Art*, p. 260.

other of the Florentine school. That is to say, had he been born two centuries later, when the art of painting was fully known, I believe he would have treated his subjects much more like Titian than like Raphael; in fact, the frescoes of Titian in the chapel beside the church of St. Antonio at Padua, are, in all technical qualities, and in many of their conceptions, almost exactly what I believe Giotto would have done, had he lived in Titian's time. As it was, he of course never attained either richness or truth of colour; but in serene brilliancy he is not easily rivalled; invariably massing his hues in large fields, limiting them firmly, and then filling them with subtle gradation. He had the Venetian fondness for bars and stripes, not unfrequently casting barred colours obliquely across the draperies of an upright figure, from side to side (as very notably in the dress of one of the musicians who are playing to the dancing of Herodias' daughter, in one of his frescoes at Santa Croce); and this predilection was mingled with the truly mediæval love of *'quartering.*'*) The figure of the Madonna in the small tempera pictures in the Academy at Florence is always completely divided into two narrow segments by her dark-blue robe.

And this is always to be remembered in looking at any engravings from the works of Giotto; for the injury they sustain in being deprived of their colour is far greater than in the case of later designers. All works produced in the fourteenth century agree in being more or less decorative; they were intended in most instances to be subservient to architectural effect, and were executed in the manner best calculated to produce a striking impression when they were seen in a mass. The painted wall and the painted window were part and parcel of one magnificent whole; and it is as unjust to the work of Giotto, or of any contemporary artist, to take out a single feature from the series, and represent it in black and white on a separate page, as it would be to take out a compartment

* I use this heraldic word in an inaccurate sense, knowing no other that will express what I mean,—the division of the picture into quaint segments of alternating colour, more marked than any of the figure outlines.

of a noble coloured window, and engrave it in the same manner. (What is at once refined and effective, if seen at the intended distance in unison with the rest of the work, becomes coarse and insipid when seen isolated and near; and the more skilfully the design is arranged, so as to give full value to the colours which are introduced in it, the more blank and cold will it become when it is deprived of them.)

In our modern art we have indeed lost sight of one great principle which regulated that of the middle ages, namely, that chiaroscuro and colour are incompatible in their highest degrees. Wherever chiaroscuro enters, colour must lose some of its brilliancy. There is no *shade* in a rainbow, nor in an opal, nor in a piece of mother-of-pearl, nor in a well-designed painted window; only various hues of perfect colour. The best pictures, by subduing their colour and conventionalising their chiaroscuro, reconcile both in their diminished degrees; but a perfect light and shade cannot be given without considerable loss of liveliness in colour. Hence the supposed inferiority of Tintoret to Titian. Tintoret is, in reality, the greater colourist of the two; but he could not bear to falsify his light and shadow enough to set off his colour. Titian nearly strikes the exact mean between the painted glass of the 13th century and Rembrandt; while Giotto closely approaches the system of painted glass, and hence his compositions lose grievously by being translated into black and white.

But even this chiaroscuro, however subdued, is not without a peculiar charm; and the accompanying engravings possess a marked superiority over all that have hitherto been made from the works of this painter, in rendering this chiaroscuro, as far as possible, together with the effect of the local colours. The true appreciation of art has been retarded for many years by the habit of trusting to outlines as a sufficient expression of the sentiment of compositions; whereas in all truly great designs, of whatever age, it is never the outline, but the disposition of the masses, whether of shade or colour, on which the real power of the work depends. For instance, in Plate III. (The Angel appears to Anna), the interest of the composition depends entirely upon the broad shadows which fill the

spaces of the chamber, and of the external passage in which the attendant is sitting. This shade explains the whole scene in a moment: gives prominence to the curtain and coverlid of the homely bed, and the rude chest and trestles which form the poor furniture of the house; and conducts the eye easily and instantly to the three figures, which, had the scene been expressed in outline only, we should have had to trace out with some care and difficulty among the pillars of the loggia and folds of the curtains. So also the relief of the faces in light against the dark sky is of peculiar value in the compositions No. X. and No. XII.

The *drawing* of Giotto is, of course, exceedingly faulty. > His knowledge of the human figure is deficient; and this, the necessary drawback in all works of the period, occasions an extreme difficulty in rendering them faithfully in an engraving. For wherever there is good and legitimate drawing, the ordinary education of a modern draughtsman enables him to copy it with tolerable accuracy; but when once the true forms of nature are departed from, it is by no means easy to express *exactly* the error, and *no more than* the error, of his original. In most cases modern copyists try to modify or hide the weaknesses of the old art,—by which procedure they very often wholly lose its spirit, and only half redeem its defects; the results being, of course, at once false as representations, and intrinsically valueless. And just as it requires great courage and skill in an interpreter to speak out honestly all the rough and rude words of the first speaker, and to translate deliberately and resolutely, in the face of attentive men, the expressions of his weakness or impatience; so it requires at once the utmost courage and skill in a copyist to trace faithfully the failures of an imperfect master, in the front of modern criticism, and against the inborn instincts of his own hand and eye. And let him do the best he can, he will still find that the grace and life of his original are continually flying off like a vapour, while all the faults he has so diligently copied sit rigidly staring him in the face,—a terrible *caput mortuum*. It is very necessary that this should be well understood by the members of the Arundel Society, when they hear their en-

gravings severely criticised. It is easy to produce an agreeable engraving by graceful infidelities; but the entire endeavour of the draughtsmen employed by this society has been to obtain accurately the character of the original; and he who never proposes to himself to rise *above* the work he is copying, must most assuredly often fall beneath it. Such fall is the inherent and inevitable penalty on all absolute copyism; and wherever the copy is made with sincerity, the fall must be endured with patience. It will never be an utter or a degrading fall; that is reserved for those who, like vulgar translators, wilfully quit the hand of their master, and have no strength of their own.

Lastly. It is especially to be noticed that these works of Giotto, in common with all others of the period, are independent of all the inferior sources of pictorial interest. They never show the slightest attempt at imitative realisation: they are simple suggestions of ideas, claiming no regard except for the inherent value of the thoughts. There is no filling of the landscape with variety of scenery, architecture, or incident, as in the works of Benozzo Gozzoli or Perugino; no wealth of jewellery and gold spent on the dresses of the figures, as in the delicate labours of Angelico or Gentile da Fabriano. The background is never more than a few gloomy masses of rock, with a tree or two, and perhaps a fountain; the architecture is merely what is necessary to explain the scene; the dresses are painted sternly on the "heroic" principle of Sir Joshua Reynolds—that drapery is to be "drapery, and nothing more,"—there is no silk, nor velvet, nor distinguishable material of any kind: the whole power of the picture is rested on the three simple essentials of painting—pure Colour, noble Form, noble Thought.

We moderns, educated in reality far more under the influence of the Dutch masters than the Italian, and taught to look for realisation in all things, have been in the habit of casting scorn on these early Italian works, as if their simplicity were the result of ignorance merely. When we know a little more of art in general, we shall begin to suspect that a man of Giotto's power of mind did not altogether suppose his

clusters of formal trees, or diminutive masses of architecture, to be perfect representations of the woods of Judea, or of the streets of Jerusalem : we shall begin to understand that there is a symbolical art which addresses the imagination, as well as a realist art which supersedes it ; and that the powers of contemplation and conception which could be satisfied or excited by these simple types of natural things, were infinitely more majestic than those which are so dependent on the completeness of what is presented to them as to be paralysed by an error in perspective, or stifled by the absence of atmosphere.

Nor is the healthy simplicity of the period less marked in the selection than in the treatment of subjects. It has in these days become necessary for the painter who desires popularity to accumulate on his canvas whatever is startling in aspect or emotion, and to drain, even to exhaustion, the vulgar sources of the pathetic. Modern sentiment, at once feverish and feeble, remains unawakened except by the violences of gaiety or gloom ; and the eye refuses to pause, except when it is tempted by the luxury of beauty, or fascinated by the excitement of terror. It ought not, therefore, to be without a respectful admiration that we find the masters of the fourteenth century dwelling on moments of the most subdued and tender feeling, and leaving the spectator to trace the under-currents of thought which link them with future events of mightier interest, and fill with a prophetic power and mystery scenes in themselves so simple as the meeting of a master with his herdsmen among the hills, or the return of a betrothed virgin to her house.

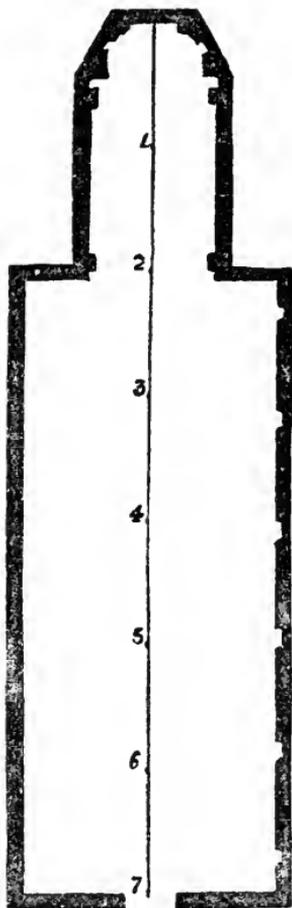
It is, however, to be remembered that this quietness in character of subject was much more possible to an early painter, owing to the connection in which his works were to be seen. [A modern picture, isolated and portable, must rest all its claims to attention on its own actual subject : but the pictures of the early masters were nearly always parts of a consecutive and stable series, in which many were subdued, like the connecting passages of a prolonged poem, in order to enhance the value or meaning of others.] The arrange-

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ment of the subjects in the Arena Chapel is in this respect peculiarly skilful; and to that arrangement we must now direct our attention.

It was before noticed that the chapel was built between 1300 and 1306. The architecture of Italy in the beginning



of the fourteenth century is always pure, and often severe; but this chapel is remarkable, even among the severest forms, for the absence of decoration. Its plan, seen in the marginal figure, is a pure oblong, with a narrow advanced tribune, terminating in a trilateral apse. Selvatico quotes from the German writer Stieglitz some curious observations on the apparent derivation of its proportions, in common with those of other buildings of the time, from the number of sides of its apse. Without entering into these particulars, it may be noted that the apse is just one-half the width of the body of the chapel, and that the length from the extremity of the tribune to the west end is just seven times the width of the apse. The whole of the body of the chapel was painted by Giotto; the walls and roof being entirely covered either with his figure-designs, or with various subordinate decorations connecting and enclosing them.

The woodcut opposite represents the arrangement of the frescoes on the sides, extremities, and roof of the chapel. The spectator is supposed to be looking from the western entrance towards the tribune, having on his right the south side, which is pierced by six tall windows, and on which the frescoes are therefore reduced in number. The north side is pierced by

no windows, and on it therefore the frescoes are continuous, lighted from the south windows. The several spaces num-



INTERIOR OF THE ARENA CHAPEL, PADUA, LOOKING EASTWARD.

bered 1 to 38 are occupied by a continuous series of subjects, representing the life of the Virgin and of Christ; the narrow panels below, marked *a*, *b*, *c*, &c., are filled by figures of the

cardinal virtues and their opponent vices: on the lunette above the tribune is painted a Christ in glory, and at the western extremity the Last Judgment. Thus the walls of the chapel are covered with a continuous meditative poem on the mystery of the Incarnation, the acts of Redemption, the vices and virtues of mankind as proceeding from their scorn or acceptance of that Redemption, and their final judgment.

The first twelve pictures of the series are exclusively devoted to the apocryphal history of the birth and life of the Virgin. This the Protestant spectator will observe, perhaps, with little favour, more especially as only two compartments are given to the ministry of Christ, between his Baptism and Entry into Jerusalem. Due weight is, however, to be allowed to Lord Lindsay's remark, that the legendary history of the Virgin was of peculiar importance in this chapel, as especially dedicated to her service; and I think also that Giotto desired to unite the series of compositions in one continuous action, feeling that to have enlarged on the separate miracles of Christ's ministry would have interrupted the onward course of thought. As it is, the mind is led from the first humiliation of Joachim to the Ascension of Christ in one unbroken and progressive chain of scenes; the ministry of Christ being completely typified by his first and last conspicuous miracle: while the very unimportance of some of the subjects, as for instance that of the Watching the Rods, is useful in directing the spectator rather to pursue the course of the narrative, than to pause in satisfied meditation upon any single incident. And it can hardly be doubted that Giotto had also a peculiar pleasure in dwelling on the circumstances of the shepherd life of the father of the Virgin, owing to its resemblance to that of his own early years.

The incidents represented in these first twelve paintings are recorded in the two apocryphal gospels known as the "Prot-evangelion" and "Gospel of St Mary."* But on comparing

* It has always appeared strange to me, that ecclesiastical history should possess no more authentic records of the life of the Virgin, before the period at which the narrative of St. Luke commences, than these apocryphal gospels, which are as wretched in style as untrust

the statements in these writings (which, by the by, are in no-wise consistent with each other) with the paintings in the Arena Chapel, it appeared to me that Giotto must occasionally have followed some more detailed traditions than are furnished by either of them; seeing that of one or two subjects the apocryphal gospels gave no distinct or sufficient explanation. Fortunately, however, in the course of some other researches, I met with a manuscript in the British Museum (Harl. 3571,) containing a complete "History of the most Holy Family," written in Northern Italian of about the middle of the 14th century; and appearing to be one of the forms of the legend which Giotto has occasionally followed in preference to the statements of the Protevangelion. I have therefore, in illustration of the paintings, given, when it seemed useful, some portions of this manuscript; and these, with one or two verses of the commonly received accounts, will be found generally enough to interpret sufficiently the meaning of the painter.

The following complete list of the subjects will at once enable the reader to refer any of them to its place in the series, and on the walls of the building; and I have only now to remind him in conclusion, that within those walls the greatest painter and greatest poet of mediæval Italy held happy companionship during the time when the frescoes were executed. "It is not difficult," says the writer already so often quoted, Lord Lindsay, "gazing on these silent but eloquent walls, to repeople them with the group once, as we know, five hundred years ago, assembled within them: Giotto intent upon

worthy in matter; and are evidently nothing more than a collection, in rude imitation of the style of the Evangelists, of such floating traditions as became current among the weak Christians of the earlier ages, when their inquiries respecting the history of Mary were met by the obscurity under which the Divine will had veiled her humble person and character. There must always be something painful, to those who are familiar with the Scriptures, in reading these feeble and foolish mockeries of the manner of the inspired writers; but it will be proper, nevertheless, to give the exact words in which the scenes represented by Giotto were recorded to *him*.

his work, his wife Ciuta admiring his progress ; and Dante, with abstracted eye, alternately conversing with his friend, and watching the gambols of the children playing on the grass before the door."

SERIES OF SUBJECTS.

1. The Rejection of Joachim's Offering.
2. Joachim retires to the Sheepfold.
3. The Angel appears to Anna.
4. The Sacrifice of Joachim.
5. The Vision of Joachim.
6. The Meeting at the Golden Gate.
7. The Birth of the Virgin.
8. The Presentation of the Virgin.
9. The Rods are brought to the High Priest.
10. The Watching of the Rods.
11. The Betrothal of the Virgin.
12. The Virgin returns to her House.
13. The Angel Gabriel.
14. The Virgin Annunciate.
15. The Salutation.
16. The Angel appearing to the Shepherds.
17. The Wise Men's Offering.
18. The Presentation in the Temple.
19. The Flight into Egypt.
20. The Massacre of the Innocents.
21. The Young Christ in the Temple.
22. The Baptism of Christ.
23. The Marriage in Cana.
24. The Raising of Lazarus.
25. The Entry into Jerusalem.
26. The Expulsion from the Temple.
27. The Hiring of Judas.
28. The Last Supper.
29. The Washing of the Feet.
30. The Kiss of Judas.

31. Christ before Caiaphas.
 32. The Scourging of Christ.
 33. Christ bearing his Cross.
 34. The Crucifixion.
 35. The Entombment.
 36. The Resurrection.
 37. The Ascension.
 38. The Descent of the Holy Spirit.
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I.

THE REJECTION OF JOACHIM'S OFFERING.

“ At that time, there was a man of perfect holiness, named Joachim, of the tribe of Juda, and of the city of Jerusalem. And this Joachim had in contempt the riches and honours of the world ; and for greater despite to them, he kept his flocks, with his shepherds.

“ . . . And he, being so holy and just, divided the fruits which he received from his flocks into three parts : a third part—wool, and lambs, and such like—he gave to God, that is to say, to those who served God, and who ministered in the temple of God ; another third part he gave to widows, orphans, and pilgrims ; the remaining third he kept for himself and his family. And he persevering in this, God so multiplied and increased his goods that there was no man like him in the land of Israel. . . . And having come to the age of twenty years, he took to wife Anna, the daughter of Ysaya, of his own tribe, and of the lineage of David.

“ This precious St. Anna had always persevered in the service of God with great wisdom and sincerity ; . . . and having received Joachim for her husband, was subject to him, and gave him honour and reverence, living in the fear of God. And Joachim having lived with his wife Anna for twenty years, yet having no child, and there being a great solemnity in Jerusalem, all the men of the city went to offer in the temple of God, which Solomon had built ; and Joachim

entering the temple with (incense ?) and other gifts to offer on the altar, and Joachim having made his offering, the minister of the temple, whose name was Issachar, threw Joachim's offering from off the altar, and drove Joachim out of the temple, saying, 'Thou, Joachim, art not worthy to enter into the temple, seeing that God has not added his blessing to you, as in your life you have had no seed.' Thus Joachim received a great insult in the sight of all the people; and he being all ashamed, returned to his house, weeping and lamenting most bitterly." (MS. Harl.)

The Gospel of St. Mary differs from this MS. in its statement of the respective cities of Joachim and Anna, saying that the family of the Virgin's father "was of Galilee and of the city of Nazareth, the family of her mother was of Bethlehem." It is less interesting in details; but gives a better, or at least more graceful, account of Joachim's repulse, saying that Issachar "despised Joachim and his offerings, and asked him why he, who had no children, would presume to appear among those who had: adding, that his offerings could never be acceptable to God, since he had been judged by Him unworthy to have children; the Scripture having said, Cursed is every one who shall not beget a male in Israel."

Giotto seems to have followed this latter account, as the figure of the high priest is far from being either ignoble or ungentle.

The temple is represented by the two most important portions of a Byzantine church; namely, the ciborium which covered the altar, and the pulpit or reading desk; with the low screen in front of the altar enclosing the part of the church called the "cancellum." Lord Lindsay speaks of the priest within this enclosure as "confessing a young man who kneels at his feet." / It seems to me, rather, that he is meant to be accepting the offering of another worshipper, so as to mark the rejection of Joachim more distinctly. /

II.

JOACHIM RETIRES TO THE SHEEPFOLD.

“Then Joachim, in the following night, resolved to separate himself from companionship ; to go to the desert places among the mountains, with his flocks ; and to inhabit those mountains, in order not to hear such insults. And immediately Joachim rose from his bed, and called about him all his servants and shepherds, and caused to be gathered together all his flocks, and goats, and horses, and oxen, and what other beasts he had, and went with them and with the shepherds into the hills ; and Anna his wife remained at home disconsolate, and mourning for her husband, who had departed from her in such sorrow.” (MS. Harl.)

“But upon inquiry, he found that all the righteous had raised up seed in Israel. Then he called to mind the patriarch Abraham,—how that God in the end of his life had given him his son Isaac : upon which he was exceedingly distressed, and would not be seen by his wife ; but retired into the wilderness and fixed his tent there, and fasted forty days and forty nights, saying to himself, ‘I will not go down to eat or drink till the Lord my God shall look down upon me ; but prayer shall be my meat and drink.’” (Protevangelion, chap. i.)

Giotto seems here also to have followed the ordinary tradition, as he has represented Joachim retiring unattended,—but met by two of his shepherds, who are speaking to each other, uncertain what to do or how to receive their master. The dog hastens to meet him with joy. The figure of Joachim is singularly beautiful in its pensiveness and slow motion ; and the ignobleness of the herdsmen’s figures is curiously marked in opposition to the dignity of their master.

III.

THE ANGEL APPEARS TO ANNA.

“Afterwards the angel appeared to Anna his wife, saying, ‘Fear not, neither think that which you see is a spirit. For I am that angel who hath offered up your prayers and alms before God, and am now sent to tell you that a daughter will be born unto you. . . . Arise, therefore, and go up to Jerusalem; and when you shall come to that which is called the Golden Gate (because it is gilt with gold), as a sign of what I have told you, you shall meet your husband, for whose safety you have been so much concerned.’” (Gospel of St. Mary, chap. iii. 1-7.)

The accounts in the Protevangelion and in the Harleian MS. are much expanded: relating how Anna feared her husband was dead, he having been absent from her five months; and how Judith, her maid, taunted her with her childlessness; and how, going then into her garden, she saw a sparrow’s nest, full of young, upon a laurel-tree, and mourning within herself, said, “I am not comparable to the very beasts of the earth, for even they are fruitful before thee, O Lord. . . . I am not comparable to the very earth, for the earth produces its fruits to praise thee. Then the angel of the Lord stood by her,” &c.

Both the Protevangelion and Harleian MS. agree in placing the vision in the garden; the latter adding, that she fled “into her chamber in great fear, and fell upon her bed, and lay as in a trance all that day and all that night, but did not tell the vision to her maid, because of her bitter answering.” Giotto has deviated from both accounts in making the vision appear to Anna in her chamber, while the maid, evidently being considered an important personage, is at work in the passage. Apart from all reference to the legends, there is something peculiarly beautiful in the simplicity of Giotto’s conception, and in the way in which he has shown the angel entering at the window, without the least endeavour to impress

our imagination by darkness, or light, or clouds, or any other accessory ; as though believing that angels might appear any where, and any day, and to all men, as a matter of course, if we would ask them, or were fit company for them. ✓

 IV.

THE SACRIFICE OF JOACHIM.

The account of this sacrifice is only given clearly in the Harleian MS. ; but even this differs from Giotto's series in the order of the visions, as the subject of the *next* plate is recorded first in this MS., under the curious heading, "*Disse Sancto Theofilo* como l'angelo de Dio aperse a Joachim lo qual li anuntia la nativita della vergene Maria ;" while the record of this vision and sacrifice is headed, "*Como l'angelo de Dio aperse anchora a Joachim.*" It then proceeds thus : "At this very moment of the day" (when the angel appeared to Anna), "there appeared a most beautiful youth (*unno belitissimo zovene*) among the mountains there, where Joachim was, and said to Joachim, 'Wherefore dost thou not return to thy wife?' And Joachim answered, 'These twenty years God has given me no fruit of her, wherefore I was chased from the temple with infinite shame. . . . And, as long as I live, I will give alms of my flocks to widows and pilgrims.' . . . And these words being finished, the youth answered, 'I am the angel of God who appeared to thee the other time for a sign; and appeared to thy wife Anna, who always abides in prayer, weeping day and night; and I have consoled her; wherefore I command thee to observe the commandments of God, and his will, which I tell you truly, that of thee shall be born a daughter, and that thou shalt offer her to the temple of God, and the Holy Spirit shall rest, upon her, and her blessedness shall be above the blessedness of all virgins, and her holiness so great that human nature will not be able to comprehend it.'* . . .

* This passage in the old Italian of the MS. may interest some readers: "E complice queste parole lo zovene respoxe, dignando, Io son

“Then Joachim fell upon the earth, saying, ‘My lord, I pray thee to pray God for me, and to enter into this my tabernacle, and bless me, thy servant.’ The angel answered, ‘We are all the servants of God: and know that my eating would be invisible, and my drinking could not be seen by all the men in the world; but of all that thou wouldest give to me, do thou make sacrifice to God.’ Then Joachim took a lamb without spot or blemish . . . ; and when he had made sacrifice of it, the angel of the Lord disappeared and ascended into heaven; and Joachim fell upon the earth in great fear, and lay from the sixth hour until the evening.”

This is evidently nothing more than a very vapid imitation of the scriptural narrative of the appearances of angels to Abraham and Manoah. But Giotto has put life into it; and I am aware of no other composition in which so much interest and awe has been given to the literal “burnt sacrifice.” In all other representations of such offerings which I remember, the interest is concentrated in the *slaying* of the victim. But Giotto has fastened on the *burning* of it; showing the white skeleton left on the altar, and the fire still hurtling up round it, typical of the Divine wrath, which is “as a consuming fire;” and thus rendering the sacrifice a more clear and fearful type not merely of the outward wounds and death of Christ, but of his soul-suffering. “All my bones are out of joint: my heart is like wax; it is melted in the midst of my bowels.”*

The hand of the Deity is seen in the heavens—the sign of the Divine Presence.

l'angelo de Dio, lo quale si te aparse l'altra fiada, in segno, e aparse a toa mulier Anna che sempre sta in oration plauzando di e note, e si lo consolada; unde io te comando che tu debie osservare li comandamenti de Dio, ela soa volonta che io te dico veramente, che de la toa somenza insera una fiola, e questa offrila al templo de Dio, e lo Spirito santo riposera in ley, ela soa beatitudine sera sovera tute le altre verzene, ela soa santita sera si grande che natura humana non la pora comprendere.”

* (Note by a friend):—“To me the most striking part of it is, that the skeleton is *cutire* (‘a bone of him shall not be broken’), and that the head stands up still looking to the skies: is it too fanciful to see a meaning in this?”

V.

THE ANGEL (RAPHAEL) APPEARS TO JOACHIM.

“Now Joachim being in this pain, the Lord God, Father of merey, who abandons not his servants, nor ever fails to console them in their distresses, if they pray for his grace and pity, had compassion on Joachim, and heard his prayer, and sent the angel Raphael from heaven to earth to console him, and announce to him the nativity of the Virgin Mary. Therefore the angel Raphael appeared to Joachim, and comforted him with much peace, and foretold to him the birth of the Virgin in that glory and gladness, saying, ‘God save you, O friend of God, O Joachim! the Lord has sent me to declare to you an everlasting joy, and a hope that shall have no end.’ . . . And having finished these words, the angel of the Lord disappeared from him, and ascended into the heaven.” (MS. Harl.)

∕ The passage which I have omitted is merely one of the ordinary Romanist accounts of the immaculate conception of the Virgin, put into the form of prophecy. There are no sufficient details of this part of the legend either in the Protevangelion or Gospel of St. Mary; but it is quite clear that Giotto followed it, and that he has endeavoured to mark a distinction in character between the angels Gabriel and Raphael* in the two subjects,—the form of Raphael melting back into the heaven, and being distinctly recognised as angelic, while Gabriel appears invested with perfect humanity. It is interesting to observe that the shepherds, who of course are not supposed to see the form of the Angel (his manifestation being only granted to Joachim during his sleep), are yet evidently under the influence of a certain degree of awe and expectation, as being conscious of some presence other than they can perceive, while the animals are unconscious altogether.

* The MS. makes the angel Raphael the only messenger. Giotto clearly adopts the figure of Gabriel from the Protevangelion.

VI.

THE MEETING AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

“And Joachim went down with the shepherds, and Anna stood by the gate, and saw Joachim coming with the shepherds. And she ran, and hanging about his neck, said, ‘Now I know that the Lord hath greatly blessed me.’” (Protevan-gelion, iv. 8, 9.)

This is one of the most celebrated of Giotto’s compositions, and deservedly so, being full of the most solemn grace and tenderness. The face of St. Anna, half seen, is most touching in its depth of expression ; and it is very interesting to observe how Giotto has enhanced its sweetness, by giving a harder and grosser character than is usual with him to the heads of the other two principal female figures (not but that this cast of feature is found frequently in the figures of somewhat earlier art), and by the rough and weather-beaten countenance of the entering shepherd. In like manner, the falling lines of the draperies owe a great part of their value to the abrupt and ugly oblongs of the horizontal masonry which ad-joins them.

VII.

THE BIRTH OF THE VIRGIN.

“And Joachim said, ‘Now I know that the Lord is propitious to me, and hath taken away all my sins.’ And he went down from the temple of the Lord justified, and went to his own house.

“And when nine months were fulfilled to Anna, she brought forth, and said to the midwife, ‘What have I brought forth?’ And she told her, a girl.

“Then Anna said, ‘The Lord hath this day magnified my soul.’ And she laid her in the bed.” (Protevan-gelion, v. 4-8.)

The composition is very characteristic of Giotto in two re-

spects: first, in its natural homeliness and simplicity (in older designs of the same subject the little Madonna is represented as born with a golden crown on her head); and secondly, in the smallness of the breast and head of the sitting figure on the right,—a fault of proportion often observable in Giotto's figures of children or young girls.

For the first time, also, in this series, we have here two successive periods of the scene represented simultaneously, the babe being painted twice. This practice was frequent among the early painters, and must necessarily become so wherever painting undertakes the task of lengthened narrative. Much absurd discussion has taken place respecting its propriety; the whole question being simply whether the human mind can or cannot pass from the contemplation of one event to that of another, without reposing itself on an intermediate gilt frame.

VIII.

THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN.

“And when three years were expired, and the time of her weaning complete, they brought the Virgin to the temple of the Lord with offerings.

“And there were about the temple, according to the fifteen Psalms of Degrees, fifteen stairs to ascend.

“The parents of the blessed Virgin and infant Mary put her upon one of these stairs; but while they were putting off their clothes in which they had travelled, in the meantime, the Virgin of the Lord in such a manner went up all the stairs, one after another, without the help of any one to lead her or lift her, that any one would have judged from hence that she was of perfect age.” (Gospel of St. Mary, iv. 1-6.)

There seems nothing very miraculous in a child's walking up stairs at three years old; but this incident is a favourite one among the Roman-Catholic painters of every period: generally, however, representing the child as older than in the legend, and dwelling rather on the solemn feeling with which

she presents herself to the high-priest, than on the mere fact of her being able to walk alone. Giotto has clearly regarded the incident entirely in this light; for St. Anna touches the child's arm as if to support her; so that the so-called miraculous walking is not even hinted at.

Lord Lindsay particularly notices that the Virgin is "a dwarf woman instead of a child; the delineation of childhood was one of the latest triumphs of art." Even in the time of those latest triumphs, however, the same fault was committed in another way; and a boy of eight or ten was commonly represented—even by Raffaello himself—as a dwarf Hercules, with all the gladiatorial muscles already visible in stunted rotundity. Giotto probably felt he had not power enough to give dignity to a child of three years old, and intended the womanly form to be rather typical of the Virgin's advanced mind, than an actual representation of her person.

 IX.

THE RODS ARE BROUGHT TO THE HIGH-PRIEST.

"Then he (the high-priest) appointed that all the men of the house and family of David who were marriageable, and not married, should bring their several rods to the altar. And out of whatsoever person's rod, after it was brought, a flower should bud forth, and on the top of it the Spirit of the Lord should sit in the appearance of a dove, he should be the man to whom the Virgin should be given, and be betrothed to her." (Gospel of St. Mary, v. 16, 17.)

There has originally been very little interest in this composition; and the injuries which it has suffered have rendered it impossible for the draughtsman to distinguish the true folds of the draperies amidst the defaced and worn colours of the fresco, so that the character of the central figure is lost. The only points requiring notice are, first, the manner in which St. Joseph holds his rod, depressing and half-concealing it,*

* In the next chapter, it is said that "Joseph drew back his rod when every one else presented his."

while the other suitors present theirs boldly ; and secondly, the graceful though monotonous grouping of the heads of the crowd behind him. This mode of rendering the presence of a large multitude, showing only the crowns of the heads in complicated perspective, was long practised in mosaics and illuminations before the time of Giotto, and always possesses a certain degree of sublimity in its power of suggesting perfect unity of feeling and movement among the crowd.

x.

THE WATCHING OF THE RODS AT THE ALTAR.

“After the high-priest had received their rods, he went into the temple to pray.

“And when he had finished his prayer, he took the rods and went forth and distributed them ; and there was no miracle attended them.

“The last rod was taken by Joseph ; and, behold, a dove proceeded out of the rod, and flew upon the head of Joseph.” (Protevangelion, viii. 9–11.)

This is among the least graceful designs of the series ; though the clumsiness in the contours of the leading figures is indeed a fault which often occurs in the painter's best works, but it is here unredeemed by the rest of the composition. The group of the suitors, however, represented as waiting at the outside of the temple, is very beautiful in its earnestness, more especially in the passionate expression of the figure in front. It is difficult to look long at the picture without feeling a degree of anxiety, and strong sympathy with the silent watching of the suitors ; and this is a sign of no small power in the work. The head of Joseph is seen far back on the extreme left : thus indicating by its position his humility, and desire to withdraw from the trial.

XI.

THE BETROTHAL OF THE VIRGIN.

There is no distinct notice of this event in the apocryphal Gospel: the traditional representation of it is nearly always more or less similar. Lord Lindsay's account of the composition before us is as follows:

“The high-priest, standing in front of the altar, joins their hands; behind the Virgin stand her bridesmaids; behind St. Joseph the unsuccessful suitors, one of whom steps forward to strike him, and another breaks his rod on his knee. Joseph bears his own rod, on the flower of which the Holy Spirit rests in the semblance of a dove.”

The development of this subject by Perugino (for Raffaele's picture in the Brera is little more than a modified copy of Perugino's, now at Caen.) is well known, but notwithstanding all its beauty, there is not, I think, any thing in the action of the disappointed suitors so perfectly true or touching as that of the youth breaking his rod in this composition of Giotto's; nor is there among any of the figures the expression of solemn earnestness and intentness on the event which is marked among the attendants here, and in the countenances of the officiating priests.

XII.

THE VIRGIN MARY RETURNS TO HER HOUSE.

“Accordingly, the usual ceremonies of betrothing being over, he (Joseph) returned to his own city of Bethlehem to set his house in order, and to make the needful provisions for the marriage. But the Virgin of the Lord, Mary, with seven other virgins of the same age, who had been weaned at the same time, and who had been appointed to attend her by the

priest, returned to her parents' house in Galilee." (Gospel of St. Mary, vi. 6, 7.)

Of all the compositions in the Arena Chapel I think this the most characteristic of the noble time in which it was done. It is not so notable as exhibiting the mind of Giotto, which is perhaps more fully seen in subjects representing varied emotion, as in the simplicity and repose which were peculiar to the compositions of the early fourteenth century. In order to judge of it fairly, it ought first to be compared with any classical composition—with a portion, for instance, of the Elgin frieze,—which would instantly make manifest in it a strange seriousness and dignity and slowness of motion, resulting chiefly from the excessive simplicity of all its terminal lines. Observe, for instance, the pure wave from the back of the Virgin's head to the ground; and again, the delicate swelling line along her shoulder and left arm, opposed to the nearly unbroken fall of the drapery of the figure in front. It should then be compared with an Egyptian or Ninevite series of figures, which, by contrast, would bring out its perfect sweetness and grace, as well as its variety of expression: finally, it should be compared with any composition subsequent to the time of Raffaëlle, in order to feel its noble freedom from pictorial artifice and attitude. [These three comparisons cannot be made carefully without a sense of profound reverence for the national spirit* which could produce a design so majestic, and yet remain content with one so simple.]

The small *loggia* of the Virgin's house is noticeable, as being different from the architecture introduced in the other pictures, and more accurately representing the Italian Gothic of the dwelling-house of the period. The arches of the windows have no capitals; but this omission is either to save time, or to prevent the background from becoming too conspicuous. All the real buildings designed by Giotto have the capital completely developed.

* *National*, because Giotto's works are properly to be looked on as the *fruit* of their own age, and the *fool* of that which followed.

XIII.

THE ANNUNCIATION.—THE ANGEL GABRIEL.

This figure is placed on one side of the arch at the east end of the body of the chapel; the corresponding figure of the Virgin being set on the other side. It was a constant practice of the mediæval artists thus to divide this subject; which, indeed, was so often painted, that the meaning of the separated figures of the Angel and Mary was as well understood as when they were seen in juxtaposition. Indeed, on the two sides of this arch they would hardly be considered as separated, since very frequently they were set to answer to each other from the opposite extremities of a large space of architecture.*

The figure of the Angel is notable chiefly for its serenity, as opposed to the later conceptions of the scene, in which he sails into the chamber upon the wing, like a stooping falcon.

The building above is more developed than in any other of the Arena paintings; but it must always remain a matter of question, why so exquisite a designer of architecture as Giotto should introduce forms so harsh and meagre into his backgrounds. Possibly he felt that the very faults of the architecture enhanced the grace and increased the importance of the figures; at least, the proceeding seems to me inexplicable on any other theory.†

XIV.

THE ANNUNCIATION.—THE VIRGIN MARY.

Vasari, in his notice of one of Giotto's Annunciations, praises him for having justly rendered the *fear* of the Virgin at the address of the Angel. If he ever treated the subject

* As, for instance, on the two opposite angles of the façade of the Cathedral of Rheims.

† (Note by a friend:) "I suppose you will not admit as an explanation, that he had not yet turned his mind to architectural composition, the Campanile being some thirty years later?"

in such a manner, he departed from all the traditions of his time ; for I am aware of no painting of this scene, during the course of the thirteenth and following centuries, which does not represent the Virgin as perfectly tranquil, receiving the message of the Angel in solemn thought and gentle humility, but without a shadow of fear. It was reserved for the painters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to change angelic majesty into reckless impetuosity, and maiden meditation into panic dread.

The face of the Virgin is slightly disappointing. Giotto never reached a very high standard of beauty in feature ; depending much on distant effect in all his works [and therefore more on general arrangement of colour and sincerity of gesture, than on refinement of drawing in the countenance.]

 xv.

THE SALUTATION.

This picture, placed beneath the figure of the Virgin Annunciate at the east end of the chapel, and necessarily small, (as will be seen by the plan), in consequence of the space occupied by the arch which it flanks, begins the second or lower series of frescoes ; being, at the same time, the first of the great chain of more familiar subjects, in which we have the power of comparing the conceptions of Giotto not only with the designs of earlier ages, but with the efforts which subsequent masters have made to exalt or vary the ideas of the principal scenes in the life of the Virgin and of Christ. The two paintings of the Angel Gabriel and the Virgin Annunciate hardly provoke such a comparison, being almost statue-like in the calm subjection of all dramatic interest to the symmetrical dignity and beauty of the two figures, leading, as they do, the whole system of the decoration of the chapel ; but this of the Salutation is treated with no such reference to the architecture, and at once challenges comparison with the works of later masters.

Nor is the challenge feebly maintained. I have no hesitation in saying, that, among all the renderings of this scene which now exist, I remember none which gives the pure depth and plain facts of it so perfectly as this of Giotto's. Of majestic women bowing themselves to beautiful and meek girls, both wearing gorgeous robes, in the midst of lovely scenery, or at the doors of Palladian palaces, we have enough; but I do not know any picture which seems to me to give so truthful an idea of the action with which Elizabeth and Mary must actually have met,—which gives so exactly the way in which Elizabeth would stretch her arms, and stoop and gaze into Mary's face, and the way in which Mary's hand would slip beneath Elizabeth's arms, and raise her up to kiss her. I know not any Elizabeth so full of intense love, and joy, and humbleness; hardly any Madonna in which tenderness and dignity are so quietly blended. She not less humble, and yet accepting the reverence of Elizabeth as her appointed portion, saying, in her simplicity and truth, "He that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy is His name." The longer that this group is looked upon, the more it will be felt that Giotto has done well to withdraw from it nearly all accessories of landscape and adornment, and to trust it to the power of its own deep expression. We may gaze upon the two silent figures until their silence seems to be broken, and the words of the question and reply sound in our ears, low, as if from far away:

"Whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?"

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

XVI.

THE NATIVITY.

I am not sure whether I shall do well or kindly in telling the reader any thing about this beautiful design. Perhaps the less he knows about early art or early traditions, the more

deeply he will feel its purity and truth : for there is scarcely an incident here, or anything in the manner of representing the incidents, which is not mentioned or justified in Scripture. The bold hilly background reminds us that Bethlehem was in the hill-country of Judah. But it may seem to have two purposes besides this literal one : the first, that it increases the idea of *exposure* and loneliness in the birth of Christ ; the second, that the masses of the great hills, with the angels floating round them in the horizontal clouds, may in some sort represent to our thoughts the power and space of that heaven and earth whose Lord is being laid in the manger-cradle.

There is an exquisite truth and sweetness in the way the Virgin turns upon the couch, in order herself to assist in laying the Child down. Giotto is in this exactly faithful to the scriptural words : "*She wrapped the Child in swaddling-clothes, and laid Him in a manger.*" Joseph sits beneath in meditation ; above, the angels, all exulting, and, as it were, confused with joy, flutter and circle in the air like birds.—three looking up to the Father's throne with praise and thankfulness, one stooping to adore the Prince of Peace, one flying to tell the shepherds. There is something to me peculiarly affecting in this disorder of theirs : even angels, as it were, breaking their ranks with wonder, and not knowing how to utter their gladness and passion of praise. There is noticeable here, as in all works of this early time, a certain confidence in the way in which the angels trust to their wings, very characteristic of a period of bold and simple conception. (Modern science has taught us that a wing cannot be anatomically joined to a shoulder ; and in proportion as painters approach more and more to the scientific, as distinguished from the contemplative state of mind, they put the wings of their angels on more timidly, and dwell with greater emphasis upon the human form, and with less upon the wings, until these last become a species of decorative appendage,—a mere *sign* of an angel.) But in Giotto's time an angel was a complete creature, as much believed in as a bird ; and the way in which it would or might cast itself into the air, and lean hither and thither upon its plumes, was as naturally apprehended as the manner of flight of a chough

N.B.
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or a starling. Hence Dante's simple and most exquisite synonym for angel, "Bird of God;" and hence also a variety and picturesqueness in the expression of the movements of the heavenly hierarchies by the earlier painters, ill replaced by the powers of foreshortening, and throwing naked limbs into fantastic positions, which appear in the cherubic groups of later times.

It is needless to point out the frank association of the two events,—the Nativity, and appearance of the Angel to the Shepherds. They are constantly thus joined; but I do not remember any other example in which they are joined so boldly. Usually the shepherds are seen in the distance, or are introduced in some ornamental border, or other inferior place. <The view of painting as a mode of suggesting relative or consecutive thoughts, rather than a realisation of any one scene, is seldom so fearlessly asserted, even by Giotto, as here, in placing the flocks of the shepherds at the foot of the Virgin's bed.>

This bed, it will be noticed, is on a shelf of rock. This is in compliance with the idea founded on the Protevangelion and the apocryphal book known as the Gospel of Infancy, that our Saviour was born in a cave, associated with the scriptural statement that He was laid in a manger, of which the apocryphal gospels do not speak.

The vain endeavour to exalt the awe of the moment of the Saviour's birth has turned, in these gospels, the outhouse of the inn into a species of subterranean chapel, full of incense and candles. "It was after sunset, when the old woman (the midwife), and Joseph with her, reached the cave; and they both went into it. And behold, it was all filled with light, greater than the light of lamps and candles, and greater than the light of the sun itself." (Infancy, i. 9.) "Then a bright cloud overshadowed the cave, and the midwife said: This day my soul is magnified." (Protevangelion, xiv. 10.) The thirteenth chapter of the Protevangelion is, however, a little more skilful in this attempt at exaltation. "And leaving her and his sons in the cave, Joseph went forth to seek a Hebrew midwife in the village of Bethlehem. But as I was going, said

Joseph, I looked up into the air, and I saw the clouds astonished, and the fowls of the air stopping in the midst of their flight. And I looked down towards the earth and saw a table spread, and working-people sitting around it; but their hands were on the table, and they did not move to eat. But all their faces were fixed upwards." (Protevangelion, xiii. 1-7.)

It would, of course, be absurd to endeavor to institute any comparison between the various pictures of this subject, innumerable as they are; but I must at least deprecate Lord Lindsay's characterising this design of Giotto's merely as the "Byzantine composition." It contains, indeed, nothing more than the materials of the Byzantine composition; but I know no Byzantine Nativity which at all resembles it in the grace and life of its action. And, for full a century after Giotto's time, in northern Europe, the Nativity was represented in a far more conventional manner than this;—usually only the heads of the ox and ass are seen, and they are arranging, or holding with their mouths, the drapery of the couch of the Child, who is not being laid in it by the Virgin, but raised upon a kind of tablet high above her in the centre of the group. All these early designs, without exception, however, agree in expressing a certain degree of languor in the figure of the Virgin, and in making her recumbent on the bed. It is not till the fifteenth century that she is represented as exempt from suffering, and immediately kneeling in adoration before the Child.

XVII.

THE WISE MEN'S OFFERING.

This is a subject which has been so great a favourite with the painters of later periods, and on which so much rich incidental invention has been lavished, that Giotto's rendering of it cannot but be felt to be barren. It is, in fact, perhaps the least powerful of all the series; and its effect is further marred by what Lord Lindsay has partly noted, the appear-

ance—perhaps accidental, but if so, exceedingly unskilful—of matronly corpulence in the figure of the Madonna. The unfortunate failure in the representation of the legs and chests of the camels, and the awkwardness of the attempt to render the action of kneeling in the foremost king, put the whole composition into the class—not in itself an uninteresting one—(of the slips or shortcomings of great masters.) One incident in it only is worth observing. In other compositions of this time, and in many later ones, the kings are generally presenting their offerings themselves, and the Child takes them in His hand, or smiles at them. The painters who thought this an undignified conception left the presents in the hands of the attendants of the Magi. But Giotto considers how presents would be received by an actual king; and as what has been offered to a monarch is delivered to the care of his attendants, Giotto puts a waiting angel to receive the gifts, as not worthy to be placed in the hands of the Infant.

 XVIII.

THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

This design is one of those which are peculiarly characteristic of Giotto as the head of the Naturalisti.* No painter before his time would have dared to represent the Child Jesus as desiring to quit the arms of Simeon, or the Virgin as in some sort interfering with the prophet's earnest contemplation of the Child by stretching her arms to receive Him. The idea is evidently a false one, quite unworthy of the higher painters of the religious school; and it is a matter of peculiar interest to see what must have been the strength of Giotto's love of plain facts, which could force him to stoop so low in the conception of this most touching scene. The Child does not, it will be observed, merely stretch its arm to the Madonna, but is even struggling to escape, violently raising the

* See account of his principles above, p. 17, head C.

left foot. But there is another incident in the composition, witnessing as notably to Giotto's powerful grasp of all the facts of his subject as this does to his somewhat hard and plain manner of grasping them ;—I mean the angel approaching Simeon, as if with a message. The peculiar interest of the Presentation is for the most part inadequately represented in painting, because it is impossible to imply the fact of Simeon's having waited so long in the hope of beholding his Lord, or to inform the spectator of the feeling in which he utters the song of hope fulfilled. Giotto has, it seems to me, done all that he could to make us remember this peculiar meaning of the scene ; for I think I cannot be deceived in interpreting the flying angel, with its branch of palm or lily, to be the Angel of Death, sent in visible fulfilment of the thankful words of Simeon : “Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.” The figure of Anna is poor and uninteresting ; that of the attendant, on the extreme left, very beautiful, both in its drapery and in the severe and elevated character of the features and head-dress.

 XIX.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Giotto again shows, in his treatment of this subject, a juster understanding of the probable facts than most other painters. It becomes the almost universal habit of later artists to regard the flight as both sudden and secret, undertaken by Joseph and Mary, unattended, in the dawn of the morning, or “by night,” so soon as Joseph had awaked from sleep. (Matt. ii. 14.) Without a continuous miracle, which it is unnecessary in this case to suppose, such a lonely journey would have been nearly impracticable. Nor was instant flight necessary ; for Herod's order for the massacre could not be issued until he had been convinced, by the protracted absence of the Wise Men, that he was “mocked of them.” In all probability the exact nature and extent of the danger was revealed to Joseph ;

and he would make the necessary preparations for his journey with such speed as he could, and depart "by night" indeed, but not in the instant of awakening from his dream. The ordinary impression seems to have been received from the words of the Gospel of Infancy: "Go into Egypt *as soon as the cock crows.*" And the interest of the flight is rendered more thrilling, in late compositions, by the introduction of armed pursuers. Giotto has given a far more quiet, deliberate, and probable character to the whole scene, while he has fully marked the fact of divine protection and command in the figure of the guiding angel. Nor is the picture less interesting in its marked expression of the night. The figures are all distinctly seen, and there is no broad distribution of the gloom; but the vigorous blackness of the dress of the attendant who holds the bridle, and the scattered glitter of the lights on the Madonna's robe, are enough to produce the required effect on the mind.

The figure of the Virgin is singularly dignified: the broad and severe curves traced by the hem and deepest folds of her dress materially conducing to the nobleness of the group. The Child is partly sustained by a band fastened round the Madonna's neck. The quaint and delicate pattern on this band, together with that of the embroidered edges of the dress, is of great value in opposing and making more manifest the severe and grave outlines of the whole figure, whose impressiveness is also partly increased by the rise of the mountain just above it, like a tent. A vulgar composer would have moved this peak to the right or left, and lost its power.

This mountain background is also of great use in deepening the sense of gloom and danger on the desert road. The trees represented as growing on the heights have probably been rendered indistinct by time. In early manuscripts such portions are invariably those which suffer most; the green (on which the leaves were once drawn with dark colours) mouldering away, and the lines of drawing with it. But even in what is here left there is noticeable more careful study of the distinction between the trees with thick spreading foliage, the

group of two with light branches and few leaves, and the tree stripped and dead at the bottom of the ravine, than an historical painter would now think it consistent with his dignity to bestow.

XX.

MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

Of all the series, this composition is the one which exhibits most of Giotto's weaknesses. All early work is apt to fail in the rendering of violent action : but Giotto is, in this instance, inferior not only to his successors, but to the feeblest of the miniature-painters of the thirteenth century ; while his imperfect drawing is seen at its worst in the nude figures of the children. It is, in fact, almost impossible to understand how any Italian, familiar with the eager gesticulations of the lower orders of his countrywomen on the smallest points of dispute with each other, should have been incapable of giving more adequate expression of true action and passion to the group of mothers : and, if I were not afraid of being accused of special pleading, I might insist at some length on a dim faith of my own, that Giotto thought the actual agony and strivings of the probable scene unfit for pictorial treatment, or for common contemplation ; (and that he chose rather to give motionless types and personifications of the soldiers and women, than to use his strength and realistic faculty in bringing before the vulgar eye the unseemly struggle or unspeakable pain.) The formal arrangement of the heap of corpses in the centre of the group ; the crowded standing of the mothers, as in a choir of sorrow ; the actual presence of Herod, to whom some of them appear to be appealing,—all seem to me to mark this intention ; and to make the composition only a symbol or shadow of the great deed of massacre, not a realisation of its visible continuance at any moment. I will not press this conjecture ; but will only add, that if it be so, I think Giotto was perfectly right ; and that a picture thus conceived might have been deeply impressive, had it been more successfully exe-

cutted; and a calmer, more continuous, comfortless grief expressed in the countenances of the women. Far better thus, than with the horrible analysis of agony, and detail of despair, with which this same scene, one which ought never to have been made the subject of painting at all, has been gloated over by artists of more degraded times.

XXI.

THE YOUNG CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

This composition has suffered so grievously by time, that even the portions of it which remain are seen to the greatest disadvantage. Little more than various conditions of scar and stain can be now traced, where were once the draperies of the figures in the shade, and the suspended garland and arches on the right hand of the spectator; and in endeavouring not to represent more than there is authority for, the draughtsman and engraver have necessarily produced a less satisfactory plate than most others of the series. But Giotto has also himself fallen considerably below his usual standard. The faces appear to be cold and hard; and the attitudes are as little graceful as expressive either of attention or surprise. The Madonna's action, stretching her arms to embrace her Son, is pretty; but, on the whole, the picture has no value; and this is the more remarkable, as there were fewer precedents of treatment in this case than in any of the others; and it might have been anticipated that Giotto would have put himself to some pains when the field of thought was comparatively new. The subject of Christ teaching in the Temple rarely occurs in manuscripts; but all the others were perpetually repeated in the service-books of the period.

XXII.

THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST.

This is a more interesting work than the last ; but it is also gravely and strangely deficient in power of entering into the subject ; and this, I think, is common with nearly all efforts that have hitherto been made at its representation. I have never seen a picture of the Baptism, by any painter whatever, which was not below the average power of the painter ; and in this conception of Giotto's, the humility of St. John is entirely unexpressed, and the gesture of Christ has hardly any meaning: it neither is in harmony with the words, "Suffer it to be so now," which must have been uttered before the moment of actual baptism, nor does it in the slightest degree indicate the sense in the Redeemer of now entering upon the great work of His ministry. In the earlier representations of the subject, the humility of St. John is never lost sight of ; there will be seen, for instance, an effort at expressing it by the slightly stooping attitude and bent knee, even in the very rude design given in outline on the opposite page. I have thought it worth while to set before the reader in this outline one example of the sort of traditional representations which were current throughout Christendom before Giotto arose. This instance is taken from a large choir-book, probably of French, certainly of Northern execution, towards the close of the thirteenth century ;* and it is a very fair average example of the manner of design in the illuminated work of the period. The introduction of the scroll, with the legend, "This is My beloved Son," is both more true to the scriptural words, "Lo, a voice from heaven," and more reverent, than Giotto's introduction of the visible figure, as a type of the First Person of the Trinity. The boldness with which this type is introduced increases precisely as the religious sentiment of art decreases ; in the fifteenth century it becomes utterly revolting.

* The exact date, 1290, is given in the title-page of the volume.

I have given this woodcut for another reason also : to explain more clearly the mode in which Giotto deduced the strange form which he has given to the stream of the Jordan.



In the earlier Northern works it is merely a green wave, rising to the Saviour's waist, as seen in the woodcut. Giotto, for the sake of getting standing-ground for his figures, gives

shores to this wave, retaining its swelling form in the centre,—a very painful and unsuccessful attempt at reconciling typical drawing with laws of perspective. Or perhaps it is less to be regarded as an effort at progress, than as an awkward combination of the Eastern and Western types of the Jordan. In the difference between these types there is matter of some interest. Lord Lindsay, who merely characterises this work of Giotto's as “the Byzantine composition,” thus describes the usual Byzantine manner of representing the Baptism :

“The Saviour stands immersed to the middle in Jordan (*flowing between two deep and rocky banks*), on one of which stands St. John, pouring the water on His head, and on the other two angels hold His robes. The Holy Spirit descends upon Him as a dove, in a stream of light, from God the Father, usually represented by a hand from Heaven. Two of John's disciples stand behind him as spectators. Frequently *the river-god of Jordan* reclines with his oars in the corner.

. . . In the Baptistery at Ravenna, the rope is supported, not by an angel, but by the river-deity *Jordann* (Jordanes?), who holds in his left hand a reed as his sceptre.”

Now in this mode of representing rivers there is something more than the mere Pagan tradition lingering through the wrecks of the Eastern Empire. A river, in the East and South, is necessarily recognised more distinctly as a beneficent power than in the West and North. The narrowest and feeblest stream is felt to have an influence on the life of mankind; and is counted among the possessions, or honoured among the deities, of the people who dwell beside it. Hence the importance given, in the Byzantine compositions, to the name and speciality of the Jordan stream. In the North such peculiar definiteness and importance can never be attached to the name of any single fountain. Water, in its various forms of streamlet, rain, or river, is felt as an universal gift of heaven, not as an inheritance of a particular spot of earth. Hence, with the Gothic artists generally, the personality of the Jordan is lost in the green and nameless wave; and the simple rite of the Baptism is dwelt upon, without endeavouring, as

Giotto has done, to draw the attention to the rocky shores of Bethabara and Ænon, or to the fact that "there was much water there."

XXIII.

THE MARRIAGE IN CANA.

It is strange that the sweet significance of this first of the miracles should have been lost sight of by nearly all artists after Giotto; and that no effort was made by them to conceive the circumstances of it in simplicity. The poverty of the family in which the marriage took place,—proved sufficiently by the fact that a carpenter's wife not only was asked as a chief guest, but even had authority over the servants,—is shown further to have been distressful, or at least embarrassed, poverty by their want of wine on such an occasion. It was not certainly to remedy an accident of careless provision, but to supply a need sorrowfully betraying the narrow circumstances of His hosts, that our Lord wrought the beginning of miracles. Many mystic meanings have been sought in the act, which, though there is no need to deny, there is little evidence to certify: but we may joyfully accept, as its first indisputable meaning, that of simple kindness; the wine being provided here, when needed, as the bread and fish were afterwards for the hungry multitudes. The whole value of the miracle, in its serviceable tenderness, is at once effaced when the marriage is supposed, as by Veronese and other artists of later times, to have taken place at the house of a rich man. For the rest, Giotto sufficiently implies, by the lifted hand of the Madonna, and the action of the fingers of the bridegroom, as if they held sacramental bread, that there lay a deeper meaning under the miracle for those who could accept it. How all miracle *is* accepted by common humanity, he has also shown in the figure of the ruler of the feast, drinking. This unregarding forgetfulness of present spiritual power is similarly marked by Veronese, by placing the figure of a fool with his bauble immediately underneath that of Christ, and

by making a cat play with her shadow in one of the wine-vases.

It is to be remembered, however, in examining all pictures of this subject, that the miracle was not made manifest to all the guests ;—to none indeed, seemingly, except Christ's own disciples : the ruler of the feast, and probably most of those present (except the servants who drew the water), knew or observed nothing of what was passing, and merely thought the good wine had been " kept until now."

XXIV.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

In consequence of the intermediate position which Giotto occupies between the Byzantine and Naturalist schools, two relations of treatment are to be generally noted in his work. As compared with the Byzantines, he is a realist, whose power consists in the introduction of living character and various incidents, modifying the formerly received Byzantine symbols. So far as he has to do this, he is a realist of the purest kind, endeavouring always to conceive events precisely as they were likely to have happened ; not to idealise them into forms artfully impressive to the spectator. But in so far as he was compelled to retain, or did not wish to reject, the figurative character of the Byzantine symbols, he stands opposed to succeeding realists, in the quantity of meaning which probably lies hidden in any composition, as well as in the simplicity with which he will probably treat it, in order to enforce or guide to this meaning : the figures being often letters of a hieroglyphic, which he will not multiply, lest he should lose in force of suggestion what he gained in dramatic interest.

None of the compositions display more clearly this typical and reflective character than that of the Raising of Lazarus. Later designers dwell on vulgar conditions of wonder or horror, such as they could conceive likely to attend the resuscitation of a corpse ; but with Giotto the physical reanimation is

the type of a spiritual one, and, though shown to be miraculous, is yet in all its deeper aspects unperturbed, and calm in awfulness. It is also visibly gradual. "His face was bound about with a napkin." The nearest Apostle has withdrawn the covering from the face, and looks for the command which shall restore it from wasted corruption, and sealed blindness, to living power and light.

Nor is it, I believe, without meaning, that the two Apostles, if indeed they are intended for Apostles, who stand at Lazarus' side, wear a different dress from those who follow Christ. I suppose them to be intended for images of the Christian and Jewish Churches in their ministration to the dead soul: the one removing its bonds, but looking to Christ for the word and power of life; the other inactive and helpless—the veil upon its face—in dread; while the principal figure fulfils the order it receives in fearless simplicity.

 LXV.

THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

This design suffers much from loss of colour in translation. Its decorative effect depends on the deep blue ground, relieving the delicate foliage and the local colours of dresses and architecture. It is also one of those which are most directly opposed to modern feeling: the sympathy of the spectator with the passion of the crowd being somewhat rudely checked by the grotesque action of two of the foremost figures. We ought, however, rather to envy the deep seriousness which could not be moved from dwelling on the real power of the scene by any ungracefulness or familiarity of circumstance. Among men whose minds are rightly toned, nothing is ludicrous: it must, if an act, be either right or wrong, noble or base; if a thing seen, it must either be ugly or beautiful: and what is either wrong or deformed is not, among noble persons, in anywise subject for laughter; but, in the precise degree of its wrongness or deformity, a subject of horror.

All perception of what, in the modern European mind, falls under the general head of the ludicrous, is either childish or profane ; often healthy, as indicative of vigorous animal life, but always degraded in its relation to manly conditions of thought. It has a secondary use in its power of detecting vulgar imposture ; but it only obtains this power by denying the highest truths.

 XXVI.

THE EXPULSION FROM THE TEMPLE.

More properly, the Expulsion from the outer Court of the Temple (Court of Gentiles), as Giotto has indicated by placing the porch of the Temple itself in the background.

The design shows, as clearly as that of the Massacre of the Innocents, Giotto's want of power, and partly of desire [to represent rapid or forceful action.] The raising of the right hand, not holding any scourge, resembles the action afterwards adopted by Oreagna, and finally by Michael Angelo in his Last Judgment : and my belief is, that Giotto considered this act of Christ's as partly typical of the final judgment, the Pharisees being placed on the left hand, and the disciples on the right. From the faded remains of the fresco, the draughtsman could not determine what animals are intended by those on the left hand. But the most curious incident (so far as I know, found only in this design of the Expulsion, no subsequent painter repeating it), is the sheltering of the two children, one of them carrying a dove, under the arm and cloak of two disciples. Many meanings might easily be suggested in this ; but I see no evidence for the adoption of any distinct one.

 XXVII.

THE HIRING OF JUDAS.

The only point of material interest presented by this design is the decrepit and distorted shadow of the demon, respecting

which it may be well to remind the reader that all the great Italian thinkers concurred in assuming decrepitude or disease, as well as ugliness, to be a characteristic of all natures of evil. Whatever the extent of the power granted to evil spirits, it was always abominable and contemptible; no element of beauty or heroism was ever allowed to remain, however obscured, in the aspect of a fallen angel. Also, the demoniacal nature was shown in acts of betrayal, torture, or wanton hostility; never in valiancy or perseverance of contest. I recollect no mediæval demon who shows as much insulting, resisting, or contending power as Bunyan's Apollyon. They can only cheat, undermine, and mock; never overthrow. Judas, as we should naturally anticipate, has not in this scene the nimbus of an Apostle; yet we shall find it restored to him in the next design. We shall discover the reason of this only by a careful consideration of the meaning of that fresco.

 XXVIII.

THE LAST SUPPER.

I have not examined the original fresco with care enough to be able to say whether the uninteresting quietness of its design is redeemed by more than ordinary attention to expression; it is one of the least attractive subjects in the Arena Chapel, and always sure to be passed over in any general observation of the series (nevertheless, however unfavourably it may at first contrast with the designs of later masters, and especially with Leonardo's, the reader should not fail to observe that Giotto's aim, had it been successful, was the higher of the two, as giving truer rendering of the probable fact.) There is no distinct evidence, in the sacred text, of the annunciation of coming treachery having produced among the disciples the violent surprise and agitation represented by Leonardo. Naturally, they would not at first understand what was meant. They knew nothing distinctly of the machinations of the priests; and so little of the character or pur-

poses of Judas, that even after he had received the sop which was to point him out to the others as false ;—and after they had heard the injunction, “That thou doest, do quickly,”—the other disciples had still no conception of the significance, either of the saying, or the act : they thought that Christ meant he was to buy something for the feast. Nay, Judas himself, so far from starting, as a convicted traitor, and thereby betraying himself, as in Leonardo’s picture, had not, when Christ’s first words were uttered, any immediately active intention formed. The devil had not entered into him until he received the sop. The passage in St. John’s account is a curious one, and little noticed ; but it marks very distinctly the paralysed state of the man’s mind. He had talked with the priests, covenanted with them, and even sought opportunity to bring Jesus into their hands ; but while such opportunity was wanting, the act had never presented itself fully to him for adoption or rejection. He had toyed with it, dreamed over it, hesitated, and procrastinated over it, as a stupid and cowardly person would, such as traitors are apt to be. But the way of retreat was yet open ; the conquest of the temper not complete. Only after receiving the sop the idea *finally* presented itself clearly, and was accepted, “To-night, while He is in the garden, I can do it ; and I will.” And Giotto has indicated this distinctly by giving Judas still the Apostle’s nimbus, both in this subject and in that of the Washing of the Feet ; while it is taken away in the previous subject of the Hiring, and the following one of the Seizure : thus it fluctuates, expires, and reilluminates itself, until his fall is consummated. This being the general state of the Apostles’ knowledge, the words, “One of you shall betray me,” would excite no feeling in their minds correspondent to that with which we now read the prophetic sentence. What this “giving up” of their Master meant became a question of bitter and self-searching thought with them,—gradually of intense sorrow and questioning. But had they understood it in the sense we now understand it, they would never have each asked, “Lord, is it I ?” Peter believed himself incapable even of *denying* Christ ; and of giving him up to death for money,

every one of his true disciples *knew* themselves incapable ; the thought never occurred to them. In slowly-increasing wonder and sorrow (*ἤροξαντο λυπεῖσθαι*, Mark xiv. 19), not knowing what was meant, they asked one by one, with pauses between, "Is it I?" and another, "Is it I?" and this so quietly and timidly that the one who was lying on Christ's breast never stirred from his place ; and Peter, afraid to speak, signed to him to ask who it was. One further circumstance, showing that this was the real state of their minds, we shall find Giotto take cognisance of in the next fresco.

 XXIX.

THE WASHING OF THE FEET.

In this design, it will be observed, there are still the twelve disciples, and the nimbus is yet given to Judas (though, as it were, setting, his face not being seen).

Considering the deep interest and importance of every circumstance of the Last Supper, I cannot understand how preachers and commentators pass by the difficulty of clearly understanding the periods indicated in St. John's account of it. It seems that Christ must have risen while they were still eating, must have washed their feet as they sate or reclined at the table, just as the Magdalen had washed His own feet in the Pharisee's house ; that, this done, He returned to the table, and the disciples continuing to eat, presently gave the sop to Judas. For St. John says, that he having received the sop, went *immediately* out ; yet that Christ had washed his feet is certain, from the words, "Ye are clean, but not all." Whatever view the reader may, on deliberation, choose to accept, Giotto's is clear, namely, that though not cleansed by the baptism, Judas was yet capable of being cleansed. < The devil had not entered into him at the time of the washing of the feet, and he retains the sign of an Apostle. >

The composition is one of the most beautiful of the series, especially owing to the submissive grace of the two standing figures.

XXX.

THE KISS OF JUDAS.

For the first time we have Giotto's idea of the face of the traitor clearly shown. It is not, I think, traceable through any of the previous series; and it has often surprised me to observe how impossible it was in the works of almost any of the sacred painters to determine by the mere cast of feature which was meant for the false Apostle. Here, however, Giotto's theory of physiognomy, and together with it his idea of the character of Judas, are perceivable enough. It is evident that he looks upon Judas mainly as a sensual dullard, and foul-brained fool; a man in no respect exalted in bad eminence of treachery above the mass of common traitors, but merely a distinct type of the eternal treachery to good, in vulgar men, which stoops beneath, and opposes in its appointed measure, the life and efforts of all noble persons, their natural enemies in this world; (as the slime lies under a clear stream running through an earthly meadow). Our careless and thoughtless English use of the word into which the Greek "Diabolos" has been shortened, blinds us in general to the meaning of "Devilry," which, in its essence, is nothing else than slander, or traitorhood;—the accusing and giving up of good. In particular it has blinded us to the meaning of Christ's words, "Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a traitor and accuser?" and led us to think that the "one of you is a devil" indicated some, greater than human wickedness in Judas; whereas the practical meaning of the entire fact of Judas' ministry and fall is, that out of any twelve men chosen for the forwarding of any purpose,—or, much more, out of any twelve men we meet,—one, probably, is or will be a Judas.

The modern German renderings of all the scenes of Christ's life in which the traitor is conspicuous are very curious in their vulgar misunderstanding of the history, and their consequent endeavours to represent Judas as more diabolic than

selfish, treacherous, and stupid men are in all their generations. They paint him usually projected against strong effects of light, in lurid chiaroscuro;—enlarging the whites of his eyes, and making him frown, grin, and gnash his teeth on all occasions, so as to appear among the other Apostles invariably in the aspect of a Gorgon.

How much more deeply Giotto has fathomed the fact, I believe all men will admit who have sufficient purity and abhorrence of falsehood to recognise it in its daily presence, and who know how the devil's strongest work is done for him by men who are too bestial to understand what they betray.

XXXI.

CHRIST BEFORE CAIAPHAS.

Little is to be observed in this design of any distinctive merit; it is only a somewhat completer version of the ordinary representation given in illuminated missals and other conventual work, suggesting, as if they had happened at the same moment, the answer, "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil," and the accusation of blasphemy which causes the high-priest to rend his clothes.

Apparently distrustful of his power of obtaining interest of a higher kind, Giotto has treated the enrichments more carefully than usual, down even to the steps of the high-priest's seat. The torch and barred shutters conspicuously indicate its being now dead of night. That the torch is darker than the chamber, if not an error in the drawing, is probably the consequence of a darkening alteration in the yellow colours used for the flame.

XXXII.

THE SCOURGING OF CHRIST.

It is characteristic of Giotto's rational and human view of all subjects admitting such aspect, that he has insisted here

chiefly on the dejection and humiliation of Christ, making no attempt to suggest to the spectator any other divinity than that of patience made perfect through suffering. Angelico's conception of the same subject is higher and more mystical. He takes the moment when Christ is blindfolded, and exaggerates almost into monstrosity the vileness of feature and bitterness of sneer in the questioners, "Prophesy unto us, who is he that smote thee;" but the bearing of the person of Christ is entirely calm and unmoved; and his eyes, open, are seen through the binding veil, indicating the ceaseless omniscience.

This mystical rendering is, again, rejected by the later realistic painters; but while the earlier designers, with Giotto at their head, dwelt chiefly on the humiliation and the mockery, later painters dwelt on the physical pain. In Titian's great picture of this subject in the Louvre, one of the executioners is thrusting the thorn-crown down upon the brow with his rod, and the action of Christ is that of a person suffering extreme physical agony.

No representations of the scene exist, to my knowledge, in which the mockery is either sustained with indifference, or rebuked by any stern or appealing expression of feature; yet one of these two forms of endurance would appear, to a modern habit of thought, the most natural and probable.

XXXIII.

CHRIST BEARING HIS CROSS.

This design is one of great nobleness and solemnity in the isolation of the principal figure, and removal of all motives of interest depending on accessories, or merely temporary incidents. Even the Virgin and her attendant women are kept in the background; all appeal for sympathy through physical suffering is disdained. Christ is not represented as borne down by the weight of the Cross, nor as urged forward by the impatience of the executioners. The thing to be shown,—the

unspeakable mystery,—is the simple fact, the Bearing of the Cross by the Redeemer. It would be vain to compare the respective merits or value of a design thus treated, and of one like Veronese's of this same subject, in which every essential accessory and probable incident is completely conceived. The abstract and symbolical suggestion will always appeal to one order of minds, the dramatic completeness to another. Unquestionably, the last is the greater achievement of intellect, but the manner and habit of thought are perhaps loftier in Giotto. Veronese leads us to perceive the reality of the act, and Giotto to understand its intention./

XXXIV.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

The treatment of this subject was, in Giotto's time, so rigidly fixed by tradition that it was out of his power to display any of his own special modes of thought; and, as in the Bearing of the Cross, so here, but yet more distinctly, the temporary circumstances are little regarded, the significance of the event being alone cared for. But even long after this time, in all the pictures of the Crucifixion by the great masters, with the single exception perhaps of that by Tintoret in the Church of San Cassano at Venice, there is a tendency to treat the painting as a symmetrical image, or collective symbol of sacred mysteries, rather than as a dramatic representation. Even in Tintoret's great Crucifixion in the School of St. Roch, the group of fainting women forms a kind of pedestal for the Cross. The flying angels in the composition before us are thus also treated with a restraint hardly passing the limits of decorative symbolism. The fading away of their figures into flame-like cloud may perhaps be founded on the verse, "He maketh His angels spirits; His ministers a flame of fire" (though erroneously, the right reading of that verse being, "He maketh the winds His messengers, and the flam-

ing fire His servant"); but it seems to me to give a greater sense of possible truth than the entire figures, treading the clouds with naked feet, of Perugino and his successors.

XXXV.

THE ENTOMBMENT.

I do not consider that in fulfilling the task of interpreter intrusted to me, with respect to this series of engravings, I may in general permit myself to unite with it the duty of a critic. But in the execution of a laborious series of engravings, some must of course be better, some worse; and it would be unjust, no less to the reader than to Giotto, if I allowed this plate to pass without some admission of its inadequacy. It may possibly have been treated with a little less care than the rest, in the knowledge that the finished plate, already in the possession of the members of the Arundel Society, superseded any effort with inferior means; be that as it may, the tenderness of Giotto's composition is, in the engraving before us, lost to an unusual degree.

(It may be generally observed that the passionateness of the sorrow both of the Virgin and disciples, is represented by Giotto and all great following designers as reaching its crisis at the Entombment, not at the Crucifixion.) The expectation that, after experiencing every form of human suffering, Christ would yet come down from the cross, or in some other visible and immediate manner achieve for Himself the victory, might be conceived to have supported in a measure the minds of those among His disciples who watched by His cross. But when the agony was closed by actual death, and the full strain was put upon their faith, by their laying in the sepulchre, wrapped in His grave-clothes, Him in whom they trusted, "that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel," their sorrow became suddenly hopeless; a gulf of horror opened, almost at unawares, under their feet; and in the paignancy of her astonished despair, it was no marvel that the

agony of the Madonna in the "Pietà" became subordinately associated in the mind of the early Church with that of their Lord Himself;—a type of consummate human suffering.

XXXVI.

THE RESURRECTION.

Quite one of the loveliest designs of the series. It was a favorite subject with Giotto; meeting, in all its conditions, his love of what was most mysterious, yet most comforting and full of hope, in the doctrines of his religion. His joy in the fact of the Resurrection, his sense of its function, as the key and primal truth of Christianity, was far too deep to allow him to dwell on any of its minor circumstances, as later designers did, representing the moment of bursting the tomb, and the supposed terror of its guards. With Giotto the leading thought is not of physical reanimation, nor of the momentarily exerted power of breaking the bars of the grave; but the consummation of Christ's work in the first manifesting to human eyes, and the eyes of one who had loved Him and believed in Him, His power to take again the life He had laid down. This first appearance to her out of whom He had cast seven devils is indeed the very central fact of the Resurrection. The keepers had not seen Christ; they had seen only the angel descending, whose countenance was like lightning: for fear of him they became as dead; yet this fear, though great enough to cause them to swoon, was so far conquered at the return of morning, that they were ready to take money-payment for giving a false report of the circumstances. The Magdalen, therefore, is the first witness of the Resurrection; to the love, for whose sake much had been forgiven, this gift is also first given; and as the first witness of the truth, so she is the first messenger of the Gospel. To the Apostles it was granted to proclaim the Resurrection to all nations; but the Magdalen was bidden to proclaim it to the Apostles.

In the chapel of the Bargello, Giotto has rendered this

scene with yet more passionate sympathy. Here, however, its significance is more thoughtfully indicated through all the accessories, down even to the withered trees above the sepulchre, while those of the garden burst into leaf. This could hardly escape notice when the barren boughs were compared by the spectator with the rich foliage of the neighbouring designs, though, in the detached plate, it might easily be lost sight of.

 XXXVII.

THE ASCENSION.

Giotto continues to exert all his strength on these closing subjects. None of the Byzantine or earlier Italian painters ventured to introduce the entire figure of Christ in this scene: they showed the feet only, concealing the body; according to the text, "a cloud received Him out of their sight." This composition, graceful as it is daring, conveys the idea of ascending motion more forcibly than any that I remember by other than Venetian painters. Much of its power depends on the continuity of line obtained by the half-floating figures of the two warning angels.

I cannot understand why this subject was so seldom treated by religious painters: for the harmony of Christian creed depends as much upon it as on the Resurrection itself; while the circumstances of the Ascension, in their brightness, promise, miraculousness, and direct appeal to all the assembled Apostles, seem more fitted to attract the joyful contemplation of all who received the faith. How morbid, and how deeply to be mourned, was the temper of the Church which could not be satisfied without perpetual representation of the tortures of Christ; but rarely dwelt on His triumph! How more than strange the concessions to this feebleness by its greatest teachers; such as that of Titian, who, though he paints the Assumption of the Madonna rather than a Pietà, paints the Scourging and the Entombment of Christ, with his best power,—but never the Ascension!

THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

This last subject of the series, the quietest and least interesting in treatment, yet illustrates sadly, and forcibly, the vital difference between ancient and modern art.

The worst characters of modern work result from its constant appeal to our desire of change, and pathetic excitement ; while the best features of the elder art appealed to love of contemplation. It would appear to be the object of the truest artists to give permanence to images such as we should always desire to behold, and might behold without agitation ; while the inferior branches of design are concerned with the acuter passions which depend on the turn of a narrative, or the course of an emotion. Where it is possible to unite these two sources of pleasure, and, as in the Assumption of Titian, an action of absorbing interest is united with perfect and perpetual elements of beauty, the highest point of conception would appear to have been touched : but in the degree in which the interest of action *supersedes* beauty of form and colour, the art is lowered ; and where real deformity enters, in any other degree than as a momentary shadow or opposing force, the art is illegitimate. Such art can exist only by accident, when a nation has forgotten or betrayed the eternal purposes of its genius, and gives birth to painters whom it cannot teach, and to teachers whom it will not hear. The best talents of all our English painters have been spent either in endeavours to find room for the expression of feelings which no master guided to a worthy end, or to obtain the attention of a public whose mind was dead to natural beauty, by sharpness of satire, or variety of dramatic circumstance.

The work to which England is now devoting herself withdraws her eyes from beauty, as her heart from rest ; nor do I conceive any revival of great art to be possible among us while the nation continues in its present temper. As long as it can bear to see misery and squalor in its streets, it can neither invent nor accept human beauty in its pictures ; and so long as in passion of rivalry, or thirst of gain, it crushes

the roots of happiness, and forsakes the ways of peace, the great souls whom it may chance to produce will all pass away from it helpless, in error, in wrath, or in silence. Amiable visionaries may retire into the delight of devotional abstraction, strong men of the world may yet hope to do service by their rebuke or their satire; but for the clear sight of Love there will be no horizon, for its quiet words no answer; nor any place for the art which alone is faithfully Religious, because it is Lovely and True.]

The series of engravings thus completed, while they present no characters on which the members of the Arundel Society can justifiably pride themselves, have, nevertheless, a real and effective value, if considered as a series of maps of the Arena frescoes. Few artists of eminence pass through Padua without making studies of detached portions of the decoration of this Chapel, while no artist has time to complete drawings of the whole. Such fragmentary studies might now at any time be engraved with advantage, their place in the series being at once determinable by reference to the woodcuts; while qualities of expression could often be obtained in engravings of single figures, which are sure to be lost in an entire subject. The most refined character is occasionally dependent on a few happy and light touches, which, in a single head, are effective, but are too feeble to bear due part in an entire composition, while, in the endeavour to reinforce them, their vitality is lost. I believe the members of the Arundel Society will perceive, eventually, that no copies of works of great art are worthily representative of them but such as are made freely, and for their own purposes, by great painters: the best results obtainable by mechanical effort will only be charts or plans of pictures, not mirrors of them. / Such charts it is well to command in as great number as possible, and with all attainable completeness; but the Society cannot be considered as having entered on its true functions until it has obtained the hearty co-operation of European artists, and by the increase of its members, the further power of representing the subtle studies of masterly painters by the aid of exquisite engraving.

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NA 2550 .R7 1890 SMC
Ruskin, John,
The poetry of architecture
St. Mark's ed. --

